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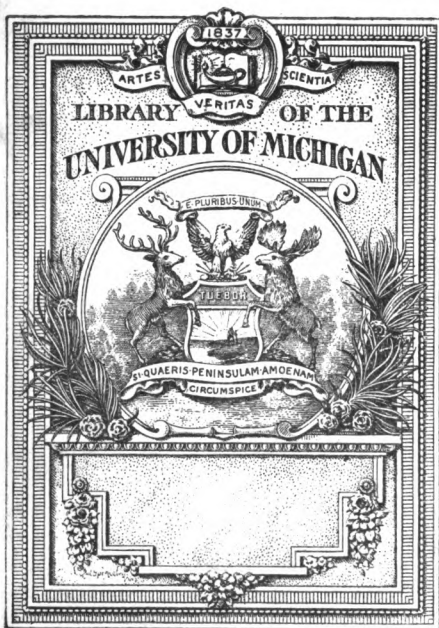
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HEYWOOD'S  
DRAMATIC WORKS.



**T**HE DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
THOMAS HEYWOOD NOW  
FIRST COLLECTED WITH  
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND  
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR  
IN SIX VOLUMES

*Aut prodesse solent aut delectare*

VOLUME THE SIXTH



LONDON  
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN  
1874



THE  
ROYALL  
KING,  
AND

The Loyall Subject.

As it hath beene Acted with great  
Applause by the Queenes Majesties  
Servants.

volunt

*Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.—*

Written by *Thomas Heywood.*

LONDON,

Printed by *Nich. and John Okes* for *James  
Becket*, and are to be sold at his shop at the  
inner Temple neare the Gate. 1637.







## *The Prologue to the Stage.*

TO give content to this most curious Age,  
The gods themselves we' have brought  
downe to the Stage,  
And figur'd them in Planets; made even Hell  
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell,  
(Saving the *Muses* rapture) further, we  
Have traffickt by their helpe; no History  
We have left unrifled, our Pens have beene dipt  
As well in opening each hid Manuscript,  
As Tracts more vulgar, whether read, or fung  
In our domesticke, or more forraigne tongue:  
Of Fairy Elves, Nymphs of the Sea, and Land;  
The Lawnes and Groves, no number can be  
scan'd  
Which we' have not given feet to, nay 'tis  
knowne  
That when our Chronicles have barren growne  
Of Story, we have all *Invention* stretcht,  
Div'd low as to the Center, and then reacht  
Unto the *Primum mobile* above:  
(Nor scapt things intermediate) for your love,  
These have beene Acted often, all have past  
Censure, of which some live, and some are cast:  
For this in agitation, stay the end,  
Though nothing please, yet nothing can offend.



## Drammatis Personæ.

**T***He King of England.*

*The Lord Martiall.*

*The Earl of Chester.*

*The Lord Lacy.*

*The Lord Clinton.*

*The Lord Audley.*

*The Lord Bonville.*

*The Princeffe.*

*Isabella the Martials  
eldest Daughter.*

*Margaret, the Martials  
younger Daughter.*

*The Lady Mary Audley.*

*Two Gentlemen in a Bro-  
thel house.*

*The Prince of England.*

*Captaine Bonville.*

*Corporall Cocke.*

*Langsprisado Match.*

*The Clowne.*

*A Welch-man.*

*An Host of the Ordinary.*

*Foure young Gallants at  
the Ordinary.*

*A Servant.*

*A Bawd.*

*Two Courtezans.*

*Attendants, &c.*



# The Royall King,

AND

# The Loyall Subiect.

---

*Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*Enter the King of England, the Lord Lacy, Clinton, Chester, and the Martiall, Audley, and Bonvile.*

*King.*



Thus from the Holy Warres are we re-  
turn'd,  
To slumber in the Summer of soft peace,  
Since those proud enemies that late blas-  
phem'd  
And spit their furies in the face of Heaven,  
And now laid low in dust.

*Chester.* Dread Sovereigne,  
The Heavens have shew'd their bounty unto us,  
In guarding your most deare and sacred life  
From opposit hatred, and that imminent perill  
To which you were ingag'd.

*Clinton.* When in one battaile you were twice un-  
horst,  
Guirt with the opposit rankes of Infidels,  
That had not timely rescue come from Heaven,  
Mortall assistance had beene us'd in vaine.

*King.* Ey, now you load me with a furplussadge  
Of compleesse debt to this thrice valiant Lord  
My noble Martiall, twice that perillous day  
Did he bestride me, and beneath his Targe  
Methought that instant did I lie as safe  
As in my best and strongest Cittadell ;  
The whilst his bright Sword like the Bolt of *Ioue*,  
Pierc't the steele-crests of barbarous Infidels,  
And flatted them with earth ; although my Subject,  
Yet in this one thou hast prov'd my Lord :  
For when my life was forfeit to the Warres,  
Thou by thy valour didst redeeme it freely,  
And gav'st it me, whilst thou ingag'st thy life :  
For which if ever by like chance of Warre,  
Lawes forfeiture, or our prerogative,  
Thy life come in like danger, here we sweare  
By our earths honours, and our hopes divine,  
As thou for us, wee'le ours ingage for thine.

*Mart.* You give my Lord, to Duty Attributes  
Too high for her submissee humility ;  
I am your vassall, and ten thousand lives  
Of equall ranke with mine, subjects and servants,  
Be over-rated if compar'd with yours.

*King.* When I forget thee, may my operant parts  
Each one forget their office : We create thee  
Next to our selfe of power, we but except  
The name of King, all other dignities  
We will communicate to thee our friend.

*Mart.* May I no longer use these Royalties,

Or have the power to enjoy them, then I wholly  
Devote them to your service.

*Prince.* Noble Martiall,  
If I survive *Englands* Inheritance,  
Or ever live to sit on *Iacobs* Stone,  
Thy love shall with my Crowne be hereditary.

*Mart.* And gracious Prince, since Heaven hath bin  
as liberall  
To grace me with your favour, as my birth  
Was to endow me richly ; all your graces  
Shall with my great and ample revenues  
Be ever to your vertues serviceable.

*King.* We know it, and have beene observers  
long  
Of thy choice vertues, neither could we yet  
Fasten that love on thee, which came not home  
With double use and ample recompence.

*Clint.* These graces are beyond dimension,  
They have nor height, nor depth, uncircumscrib'd,  
And without bounds. He like a broad arm'd tree  
O're-shadows us, and throw his spacious bowes,  
We that grow under cannot see the Sunne,  
Nor taste the cheerefull warmth of his bright  
beames.

These branches we must loppe by fire or Thunder,  
Or by his shadowy armes be still kept under.

*Chest.* I was borne Eagle-fighted, and to gaze  
In the Suns fore-head ; I will brooke no cloud  
To stand betwixt me and his glorious fire,  
I'll have full light, or none ; either soare high,  
Or else sinke low ; my ominous Fate is cast,  
Or to be first, or of all abjects last.

*King.* You shall renowned Martiall feast for us  
The Embassadors that come from forraigne Lands,  
To gratulate our famous victories.

*Mar.* I shall my Lord, and give them intertain-  
ment  
To *Englands* honour, and to suite the place  
Of which I beare the name.

*King.* We doubt it not :  
 We understand Lords, in these tedious warres  
 Some forward spirits have beene at great expence  
 To furnish them like noble Gentlemen ;  
 And many spent most part of their revenues  
 In honour of their Countrey, some undone  
 In purfuit of these warres : now if fuch come  
 For their reliefe by suite petitionary,  
 Let them have gracious hearing, and supply  
 Or by our service, or our Treafury.

*Audley.* I have one Kinsman hath spent all his  
 land,  
 And is return'd a begger, and fo tatter'd,  
 As that I can but blush to acknowledge him :  
 But in the Warres he spent it, and for me,  
 Warres fhall relieve him. He was a noble Heire,  
 But what these loft, let other Warres repaire.

*King.* Lords all, once more we greeete your safe  
 returne,  
 With generall welcome, we invite you all  
 To feaft with us, and joy what we have wonne,  
 Happieft in these, our Martiall, and our sonne. *Exit.*

*Enter the Clowne and a Welch-man.*

*Clowne.* It seemes thou hast not beene in the  
 Warres my Friend, but art new come up to *London*.

*Welch.* Heeven plesse thee from all his mercies, and  
 his graces : It was told us in *Wales*, that you have  
 great pigge Organ in *Pauls*, and pigger by a great  
 deale than our Organ at *Rixam*, which made me  
 make my travels and my journies on the pare hooft  
 up to *London*, to have resolutions and certifications in  
 that pifinesse, that when I returne into my Countries  
 and habitations, I may give notice to mine Uncle, *Rice*  
*ap Davy, ap Morgan, ap Evan, ap Iones, ap Geffrey.*  
 I pray where apout stands *Pauls* Church, can you tell  
 her ?

*Clown.* O very easily ; stand with thy face that

way, and follow thy nose, and thou wilt be there presently. But doest thou heare *Brittan*, take my word, our Organ of *Powles* is much bigger and better than yours of *Rixam*, by as much as *Powles* Church is bigger and better than Saint *Pancridge*.

*Welch.* Awe man, you prittle and prattle nothing but leasings and untruths : now will you but ease your posteriors a little, and I will quickly shew you your Organ of *Pauls*.

*Clowne.* Very good, I like your demonstration well ; but doest thou thinke your Organ of *Rixam* can compare with ours for all that ?

*Welch.* Lend me but your eares and your apprehensions, and I will make you easily to acknowledge your errors.

*Clowne.* But first shew me your case in which you carry your two paire of Organs, sure those slops will not hold them : but in the meane time walke with me to the next red Lettice, and I will give thee two Cannes, and wet thine Organ-pipes well I warrant thee.

*Welch.* I will take your courtesies, and if ever I shall meet you in *Glamorgan*, or *Rednock-shire*, I will make bold to requite some part of your kindnesse.

*A loud winding of Hornes within.*

*Clowne.* The very noise of that Horne hath frightened my courtesie, but all's one, fare-well for this time, and at our next meeting ten to one I will be as good as my word.

*Welch.* Say you so man, why then Cad keepe you from all his mercies, and good fortunes, and make us all his servants.

*Sound againe.*

*Enter the King, Martiall, &c.*

*King.* Come, we will to the chace, be neare us Martiall,

I'll try to day which of our two good steeds  
Can speed it best ; let the most swift take both.



*Mar.* So please your Grace, but I shall surely  
loose ;  
Yours is the best for prooffe, though mine for show.

*King.* That will we try, the wager growes not  
deepe  
Equals the lay, and what we winne, wee'le keepe,  
Mount, mount. *Exeunt.*

*Chester.* Greater and greater still, no plot, no  
tricke  
To have him quite remov'd from the Kings Grace,  
To slander him ?

*Clin.* The King will lend no eare  
To any just complaint that's made of him ;  
What can our scandals doe them ?

*Cheft.* Challenge him  
Of Treason then, and that may haply call  
His Loyalty into suspect and question,  
Which in the King at least will breed a coldnesse,  
If not a deadnesse of affection.

*Clin.* Of Treason ? say he crave the combate  
then,  
For that's the least he can ; which of us two  
Shall combate him ? I know his blowes too well.  
Not I.

*Cheft.* I should be loath.

*Clin.* How doe you relish this ?  
His vertue and his bounty wonne him grace,  
On that wee'le build to ruine all his favours,  
And worke him to disgrace.

*Cheft.* Pray teach me how ?

*Clin.* First, praise him to the King, give all his  
vertues  
Double their due, adde unto every thing,  
Ey, and Hyperbolize in all his deeds :  
Let his knowne vertues be the common Theame  
Of our discourse to stale him, rate his worth,  
To equalize, if not to exceed the King :  
This cannot but beget distast at least.

*Chest.* But further.

*Clin.* Thus ; then fall off from his praise,  
And question his best deeds, as it may be  
His noble bounty is but popular grace,  
And his humility but inward pride :  
His vulgar suffrage and applause abroad,  
A way to climbe and feat himselfe aloft,  
You understand me ?

*Chest.* Fully ; come to horse, *Hornes.*  
And as we ride, our further plots digest,  
To finde what may disturbe, what ayd us best. *Exit.*

*Enter Martiall, and Servant.*

*Mar.* Spurre to the King, his steed's unshod  
before,  
The wayes be stony, and hee'le spoyle his beast :  
Here take these shooes and hammer, brought of purpose  
For mine owne use.

*Serv.* My Lord, have you pluck't the shooes off  
from your owne horse, to set them on anothers, a  
thousand to one but you will spoyle your owne Gueld-  
ing quite.

*Mar.* No matter, doe as I command thee  
firrah ;  
Hollow him streight, I know he loves that horse,  
And would not ride him bare for any gold.

*Serv.* Your horse is as good as his I am sure, and  
I think you love him as well.

*Mar.* No matter, if he aske thee where thou hadst  
them,  
Tell him, thou broughtst them with thee for my use.  
Away, I'll gallop after, and over-take thee.

*Serv.* Put your shooes on another horses feete, and  
let your owne goe bare-foot ? a Jest indeed.

*Mar.* The King affects both his good horse and  
Game,  
I'll helpe to further both.

*The Royall King, and**Enter the King, and Martiall: Winde horne.*

*King.* You have fetcht me up at length, that's to  
your fortune,  
Or my misfortune, for I lost a shooe.  
Martiall you ride well furnisht to the field.

*Mar.* My Lord, so Horsemen should, and I am  
glad  
My man was so well furnisht, and the rather  
Since we are farre from helpe; my man is cunning,  
Your Highnesse to his skill may trust your horse.

*King.* Thou couldst not have presented me a gift  
I could have tasted better, for that beast  
I much esteeme: you were out-stript at length.

*Mar.* Till I was forc't to alight, my horse with  
yours  
Kept equall speed.

*Enter the Lords.*

*King.* Our Lords? now Gentlemen,  
How doe you like the Chace?

*Audl.* 'Twas excellent.

*King.* Had not my horse beene by mischance  
unshod,  
My Martiall here and I had led you still.

*Chest.* You were the better horst.

*King.* And you the worst,  
Witnesse the hugenessse of your way behind:  
Is not my horse yet shod?

*Serv.* He is my Lord.

*King.* Then let us mount againe.

*Clin.* Your horse my Lord, is not in state to ride,  
He wants two shooes before.

*King.* Whose doth, the Martials?

*Mart.* Oft such mischances happen.

*King.* Were you furnisht  
For us, and for your selfe kept no supply?

*Mar.* So I may have my Lord to furnish you,

I care not how my selfe want.

*King.* Apprehension

Helpe mee, for every circumstance apply  
Thou hast done me an unwonted courtesie ;  
You spy'd my losse first.

*Mar.* I did my Lord.

*King.* And then alighted.

*Mar.* True.

*King.* Vpon my life 'tis so,  
To unshoe thine owne good steed, and furnish  
mine,  
Was't not ? upon thy life resolve me true.

*Mar.* What I have done my Lord, I did to you.

*King.* You will exceed me still, and yet my  
courtesie

Shall ranke with thine ; for this great duty showne,  
I pay thee thus, both steeds are now thine owne.

*Clint.* They wager love.

*Mar.* The best thing I can doe  
In me is duty ; the worst, Grace in you.

*King.* Th'art ours ; come mount, we wil returne to  
Court,

To order the great Turnament prepar'd  
To doe our sonne grace ; in which we intreat  
Martiall, your ayde, because your skill is great. *Exit.*

*Enter Corporall and Cocke ragged.*

*Corpor.* We have visited all our familiars, is it not  
now time that we revisite our Captaine ?

*Cock.* With all my heart good Corporall, but it  
had not bin amisse, if we had gone to *Burchen-lane*  
first to have suited us : and yet it is a credit for a man  
of the sword to goe thread bare, because by his appar-  
rell he may be taken to be an old Soldier.

*Corp.* *Cocke*, thy father was a fresh water-soldier,  
thou art not ;  
Thou hast beene powdred, witnesse thy flaxe & touch-  
box.

*Enter Match.*

*Cocke.* But who comes yonder, my Match? I am glad I have met thee.

*Match.* I knew Cock, at one time or other thou wouldst meete with thy Match. What, shall we goe to my Captains lodging?

*Enter Captaine extreame ragged.*

*Corp.* Spare that paines, yonder he appears in his colours.

*Capt.* *Fortun' de la guere*; I that have flourisht, no colours like me, nay, no Trumpet thou in his highest key, have nothing now but ragges to flourish; I that have fac't the enemy, have not so much as any facing left me: were my fuite but as well pointed as I have seene some, and stood I but in the midst of my followers, I might say I had nothing about me but tagge and ragge. I am descended nobly; for I am descended so low, that all the cloaths of my backe are scarce worth a Noble: I was borne to thousands, and yet a thousand to one, they will now scarce acknowledge mee where I was borne.

*Corp.* Health to our worthy Captaine.

*Capt.* Thanks my most worthy foldiers; and yet if I should examine your worths, what at the most could all you make?

*Corp.* I would not have your Worship to examine our outsidés.

*Capt.* And for your insides I'll passe my word.

*Cock.* Cannot all your worships credit afford you a new suit?

*Cap.* Credit me, no; my revenues were a thousand a yeere, part of which I lavish't amongst gallants, riotted in Tavernes, havockt in Ordinaries; and when my estate began to ebbe, as my last refuge, I laid all my hopes upon the last wars, but failing there, (as the world imagins) I am return'd as you see. The King hath promised supply and reliefe to all that have spent

their estates in his expeditions, but many like my selfe have beene borne to be poore, that scorne to be beggars ; as many have beene borne to be rich, that can never leave it ; the truth is, I am my selfe as my proceedings will expresse me further.

*Cor.* Will you cashiere us Captaine, or shall wee follow your future fortunes ?

*Capt.* You shall not leave me ; my purpose is to try the humours of all my friends, my Allies, my ancient associates, and see how they will respect me in my supposed poverty : though I loose their acquaintance, I will loose none of my retinew. How say you Gentlemen, will you copart with me in this my dejectednesse ?

*Corp.* As I am Corporall, so will I prove true Squire to thy body.

*Cock.* And as I am true Cocke, so will I crow at thy service, waite on thee with a combe for thy head, with fire to thy Peece, with water to thy hands, and be cocke fure in any imployment whatsoever.

*Match.* And as I am true Match, I shall scorne that any of them shall o're-match me in duty.

*Capt.* Attend me then ; if I rise, you shall ascend ; if fall, I will lie flat with you. First then I will make some tryall of my Friends at the Court, and in good time : here's the King.

*Sound, Enter the King discoursing with Chester, and Clinton, Audley, and Bonville.*

*King.* You have perfwaded much, and I begin To censure strangely of his emulous love.

*Cheft.* Further my Lord, what can his smoothnesse meane,  
His courtesie, and his humility,  
But as fly baites to catch the peoples hearts,  
And weane them from your love.

*Clin.* Doth he not strive  
In all things to exceed your courtesie,

Of purpose to out-shine your Royall deeds,  
 And dazell your brightnesse, that himselfe may shine ?  
 Is he not onely popular my Liege ?  
 Is not the peoples suffrage sole to him,  
 Whilst they neglect your fame, his traine doth  
 equall,  
 If not exceed yours ; still his Chamber throng'd  
 With store of suitors : where the Martiall lies,  
 There is the Court, all eyes are bent on him,  
 And on his glories ; there's no Theame abroad,  
 But how he fav'd you from the Pagans sword,  
 How his sole hand swayes, guides, and guards the  
 Realme.

*Chest.* Thinke but my Lord on his last game at  
 Chess,

'Twas his past odds, but when he saw you moov'd,  
 With what a sly neglect he lost the mate,  
 Onely to make you bound to' him.

*Clin.* For all the favours, graces, honours, loves  
 Bestow'd upon him from your bounteous hand,  
 His cunning was to thinke to quit you all,  
 And pay you with a horse-shoee.

*Chest.* In the Turnament  
 Made by the Prince your sonne, when he was Peere-  
 lesse,  
 And without equall, this ambitious Martiall  
 Strives to exceed, and did ; but when he saw  
 Your Highnesse moov'd to see the Prince disgrac't,  
 He lost the Prize ; but how ? that all the people  
 Might see it given, not forfeit, which did adde  
 Rather than derogate : briefly my Lord,  
 His courtesie is all ambition.

*King.* And well it may be ; is he not our vassall ?  
 Why should the Martiall then contend with us,  
 To exceed in any vertue ? we observe him.  
 His popularity, how affable  
 He's to the people, his hospitality,  
 Which addes unto his love ; his forwardnesse,  
 To entertaine Embassadors, and feast them,



Which though he doo't upon his proper charge,  
And for our honour ; yet it may be thought  
A smoothnesse, and a cunning, to grow great ;  
It must be so. A project we intend  
To proove him faithlesse, or a perfect friend. *Exit.*

*Chest.* It takes, these jealous thoughts we must  
pursue,  
And to his late doubts still adde something new.

*Cap.* Your speech being ended, now comes in  
my cue.  
My honourable Lord.

*Chest.* What begger's this ?

*Cap.* Beggar my Lord ? I never begg'd of you :  
But were I a begger, I might be a Courtiers fellow ;  
Could I begge suites my Lord as well as you,  
I need not goe thus clad ; or were you free  
From begging as I am, you might ranke me.

*Chest.* Comparisons ? Away. *Exit.*

*Cap.* Folly and pride  
In Silkes and Lace their imperfections shew,  
But let pure vertue come in garments torne  
To begge reliefe, she gets a courtly scorne ;  
My Lord you know me ?

*Clin.* I have seene that face.

*Cap.* Why 'tis the same it was, it is no changing,  
It beares the selfe-same front ; 'tis not like yours,  
Paled with the least disgrace, or puffed with braggies,  
That smiles upon gay cloaths, and frownes on rags.  
Mine's stedfast as the Sunne, and free as Fate,  
Whose equall eyes looke upon want and state.

*Clin.* And doth not mine so too ? Pray what's your  
business ?

*Cap.* Onely that you would know me : the Kings  
favour hath made you a Baron, and the Kings warres  
have made me a bare one : there's lesse difference in  
the Accent of the word, than in the cost of our weeds :  
This is the same face you were once acquainted with,  
though not the same habite : I could know your

face, though your diseas'd body were wrapt in sheepe-skins.

*Clin.* This fellow offends me.

*Cap.* Goe churle, passe free,  
Thou knowst my forfeit lands, though forget't me :  
Nay, you would be going too, you are as affraid of a  
torne suite, as a younger brother of a Serjeant, a rich  
corne-master of a plentifull yeere, or a troublesome  
Attourney to heare of suits put to compremize.  
Sir, I must challenge you, you are my kinsman ;  
My Grandfir was the first that rais'd the name  
Of *Bonvile* to this height, but Lord to see  
That you are growne a Lord, and know not me.

*Bonv.* Cousin, I know you, you have bin an un-  
thrifft,  
And lavisht what you had ; had I so done,  
I might have ebb'd like you, where I now flow.

*Cap.* Yet I can purchase that, which all the wealth  
you have will never winne you.

*Bon.* And what's that I pray ?

*Cap.* Wit : is the word strange to you, wit ?

*Bon.* Whither wilt thou ?

*Cap.* True,  
Wit will to many ere it come to you.

*Bon.* Feed you upon your purchase, I'll keepe  
mire.

*Cap.* Have you the wit to doo't ?

*Bou.* I have wit to buy,  
And you to sell, which is the greater gaine ?

Cousin, I'll keepe my wealth, keep you your brain.

*Cap.* The wealth of *Mydas* choak thee ere th'art  
old,

And even the bread thou feed'st on change to gold.  
My Lord, you heare how I pray for my Kinred,  
I have a little more charity for my friend : with you  
I have some businesse.

*Aud.* I am in haste now.

*Cap.* I pray you stay.

*Audl.* Not now indeed.

*Cap.* Pardon, for here's no way  
Before you heare me.

*Aud.* Prithee be brieft.

*Cap.* Your daughter lives I hope.

*Aud.* What's that to thee ?

*Cap.* Somewhat 'twill proove, ey, and concerning  
me ;

Before I laid my fortunes on these warres,  
And was in hope to thrive, by your consent,  
Nay, by your motion our united hearts  
Were made more firme by contract ; well you know  
We were betroth'd.

*Aud.* Sir, I remember't not.

*Cap.* I doe, and thus proceed :  
I was in hope to have rais'd my fortunes high,  
And with them to have pull'd her by degrees  
Vnto that eminence at which I aime :  
I venter'd for it, but instead of wealth  
I purchast nought but wounds. Honour I had,  
And the repute of valour ; but my Lord,  
These simply of themselves are naked Titles,  
Respectlesse, without pride, and bombast wealth,  
And to the purblind world shew seeming bad,  
Behold in me their shapes, they thus goe clad.

*Aud.* You said you would be brieft.

*Cap.* All that I had,  
I spent upon my Soldiers, we tooke no spoile.  
The warres have grated on me ev'n to this  
That you now see : Now my last refuge is,  
To raise my selfe by her.

*Aud.* And spend her meanes  
As thou hast done thine owne vile unthrift ? no,  
I know no Contract.

*Cap.* I have one to shew.

*Aud.* No matter ; think'st thou that I'le vent my  
bagges  
To suite in Sattin him that Jets in ragges ? *Exit.*

*Cap.* The world's all of one heart, this blaze  
I can,

All love the money, none esteemes the man.  
 These be our friends at Court, and fine ones too,  
 Are they not pray ? where be our followers ?

*Cock.* Here noble Captaine.

*Cap.* You see how our friends grace us, what hopes  
 we have to preferre you ?

*Corp.* I see sufficient : Captaine, I will discharge  
 my selfe,  
 I meane to seeke else-where for preferment.

*Cap.* All leave me if you please ; but him that  
 staves,  
 If e're I mount, I'll with my fortunes raife.

*Match.* Captaine, I desire your passe, I meane to  
 march along with my Corporall.

*Cap.* Wilt thou goe too ?

*Cock.* I leave you ? who I ? for a little diversity,  
 for a wet storme ? no Sir, though your out-sides fall  
 away, I'll cleave as close to you as your linings.

*Cap.* Gramercy yet, away without reply ?

*Corp.* *Futre* for thy base service.

*Cap.* Away, sfoot how am I false out of my  
 humour ? and yet this strangeness of my nearest  
 friends and alliance deserves a little contemplating ;  
 is't possible, that even Lords, that have the best edu-  
 cating, whose eares are frequent to the most fluent  
 discourse, that live in the very braine of the Land, the  
 Court, that these should be gull'd with shadows, and  
 not be able to distinguish a man when they see him ;  
 thou knowest me, yet these doe not.

*Cock.* Why may not a poore man have as good  
 eyes as another ? their eares indeed may be larger  
 than mine, but I can see as far without spectacles as  
 the best Lord in the land.

*Cap.* These superficiall Lords that thinke every  
 thing to be as it appeares, they never question a mans  
 wit, his discretion, his language, his inward vertues,  
 but as hee seemes, he passes.

*Cock.* I warrant if I should looke like an Ass,  
 They would take mee for one too.

*Cap.* The next I try is my betroth'd, if she acknowledge this hand that hath received hers, this heart, this face, and knowes the person from the garment, I shall say, Woman, there is more vertue in thee than Man.

*Cock.* There's no question of that; for they say, they will hold out better: But Sir, if we be no better habited, I make a question how we shall get in at the Court-gate; for I'll assure you your fashion is not in request at the Court.

*Cap.* My vertue is not to be imitated;  
I'll hold my purpose though I be kept backe,  
And venter lashing in the Porters Lodge.  
Come, follow me, I will goe see my Mistresse,  
Though guirt with all the Ladies of the Court:  
Though ragged Vertue oft may be kept out,  
No grate so strongly kept above the Center,  
But Asses with gold laden, free may enter.

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*Actus secundus, Scena secunda.*

*Enter the Prince, the Princeffe, the Martiall, and the Lady Mary Audley.*

*Prince.* Lord Martiall, we are much in debt to you,  
For by your favour we obtain'd the prize  
In the last Tourney: we acknowledge it.

*Mar.* I could not love my Sovereigne Gracious Prince,  
Without extent of duty to the sonne.

*Princeffe.* 'Twas nobly ply'd on both sides, both had honour;

Yet brother to be modest in your praise,  
You had the best.

*Prince.* You please to grace me Sister.  
Martiall, I heare you are a widdower late :  
How long is't since your beauteous Countesse dy'd ?

*Mar.* My Lord, you make me now unfoldier-like  
Forget the name of Martiall, to become  
A passionate husband ; her remembrance drawes  
Teares from mine eyes ; thee dy'd some three Moneths  
since,

Good Lady thee's now gone.

*Princesse.* A kinde Husband  
I'll warrant him : it e're I chance to bride,  
Heaven grant I finde no worse.

*Prince.* Have you no children by her ?

*Mar.* Two sweet Girles,  
Now all my hopes and solace of this earth,  
Whom next the zeale I owe unto my King,  
I prise above the world.

*Prince.* Why noble Sir,  
Are they not brought up to be train'd at Court,  
To attend our Sister ?

*Mar.* They are young and tender,  
And e're I teach them fashon, I would gladly  
Traine them in vertue, and to arme their youth  
Against the smooth and amorous baits of Court.

*Princesse.* As kind a Father as a Husband now :  
If e're I chance to wedde, such Heaven grant me.

*Prince.* Why Heaven may heare your prayer :  
here's one I warrant

That dreames not on a Husband.

*Princesse.* Yet e're long  
Shee may both dreame, and speake as much as I.  
No question but she thinks as much already ;  
And were her voyce and her election free,  
Shee would not sticke to say this man for me.

*Prince.* You make the Lady blush.

*Princesse.* Why to change face,  
They say in modest Maides are signes of grace :

Yet many that like her hold downe the head,  
Will ne're change colour when they're once in bed.

*Prince.* You'le put the Lady out of countenance  
quite.

*Princesse.* Not out of heart ; for all of her complexion,  
Shew in their face the fire of their affection :  
And even the modest wives, this know we too,  
Oft blush to speake what is no shame to doe.

*Mar.* Lady, the Princesse doth but try your  
spirit,  
And prove your cheeke, yet doe not take it ill,  
Hee'le one day come will act the Husbands part.

*Enter Captaine and Cocke.*

*Princesse.* Here enters one, I hope it be not he.

*Cap.* Attend me sirrah into the presence, and if  
any of the Guard repulse thee, regard him not.

*Cocke.* I'le march where my Captaine leads, wer't  
into the Presence of the great *Termagaunt*.

*Cap.* My duty to the Prince, Madam your favour,  
Lord Martiall, yours.

*Prince.* What will the fellow doe ?

*Cap.* Lady, your lip.

*Princesse.* My Lord, how like you this ?  
Shee'd blush to speake, that doth not blush to kisse.

*Cocke.* Well said Mistris.

*Prince.* A good bold fellow.

*Cap.* You are not asham'd to acknowledge me in  
this good company : I have brought thee all that the  
warres have left of me ; were I better worth, 'twere all  
thine ; thou canst have no more of the Cat but his  
skinne, I have brought thee home the same eyes that  
first saw thee, the same tongue that first courted thee,  
the same hand that first contracted thee, and the same  
heart that first affected thee : More I have not, lesse I  
cannot : nay quickly sweet Wench, and let mee know  
what to trust to.

*Lady Mary.* Were you more worth, I could not love you more,  
 Or lesse, affect you lesse ; you have brought me home  
 All that I love, your selfe, and you are welcome.  
 I gave no faith to Money, but a Man,  
 And that I cannot loose possessing you :  
 'Tis not the robe or garment I affect,  
 For who would marry with a suite of cloaths ?  
 Diamonds, though set in Lead, reteine their worth,  
 And leaden Knives may have a golden sheath.  
 My love is to the Jewell, not the Case,  
 And you my jewell are.

*Cap.* Why god amercy Wench : come sirrah. *Exit.*

*Cock.* Here's a short horse soone curried.

*Princeesse.* Is this your sweet-heart ? I had need wish you much joy, for I see but a little towards :  
 Where did you take him up by the hye-way, or did you not fall in love with him hanging on a Gibbet ?

*Prince.* What is he for Heavens sake ? can no man give him his true character ?

*Mar.* I can my Lord, he's of a noble House,  
 A *Bonvile*, and great Heire ; but being profuse,  
 And lavish in his nonage, spent the most  
 Of his knowne meanes, and hoping now at last  
 To raise his fortunes by the warres now ceast,  
 His hopes have fail'd him, yet we know him valiant  
 And fortunate in service : One whose minde  
 No fortune can deject, no favour raise  
 Above his vertues pitch.

*Prince.* If he be such,  
 Wee'll move the King in his behalfe, and helpe  
 To cherish his good parts.

*Enter Chester.*

*Chest.* My Lord the Prince,  
 The King calls for you ; for he dines to day  
 In the great Hall with great solemnity,  
 And his best state : Lord Martiall, you this day



Must use your place, and waite, so all the Lords.

*Prince.* Come, wee'le goe see the King.

*Mar.* I shall attend your Grace.

*Exit.*

*Princesse.* And in faith Lady can you be in love with this ragge of honour?

*Lady Ma.* Madam, you know I am my Fathers heire,

My possibilities may raise his hopes  
To their first height: should I despise my hand  
In a torne glove, or taste a poysonous draught  
Because presented in a Cup of Gold?

Vertue will last when wealth flies, and is gone:  
Let me drinke *Nectar* though in earth or stone.

*Princesse.* But say your Father now, as many Fathers are, proove a true worldling, and rather than bestow thee on one dejected, dis-inherite thee? how then?

*Lady Ma.* My Father is my Father, but my Husband,

He is my selfe: my resolution is  
To professe constancy, and keepe mine honour;  
And rather than to Queene it where I hate,  
Begge where I love: I wish no better fate.

*Princesse.* By my faith good counsell; if I live long enough,  
It may be I may have the grace to follow it. *Exit.*

*Sound: enter two banquets brought forth, at one the King and the Prince in their State, at the other the Lords: the Martiall with his Staffe and Key, and other offices borne before him to waite on the King.*

*King.* This Anniverfary doe we yeerely keepe  
In memory of our late victories.  
In joy of which we make a publicke feast,  
And banquet all our Peeres thus openly.  
Sit Lords, those onely we appoint to waite,  
Attend us for this day: and now to crowne

Our Festivall, we will begin this health.  
 Who's that so neare our elbow ? Martiall ? you ?  
 Stand off we wish you, further.

*Mar.* Me my Lord ?

*King.* Ey you my Lord.

*Mar.* Your Highnesse will's a law,  
 I shall obey.

*King.* You are too neare us yet : what are we  
 King,

Or have we countermanders ?

*Chest.* Note you that ?

*Clint.* Now it begins.

*Mar.* I feare some Sycophants  
 Have dealt ignobly with us to the King :  
 No matter I am arm'd with innocence,  
 And that dares front all danger.

*King.* Lords this Health :

*The King drinks, they all stand.*

See it goe round, 'twas to our victory.

*Mar.* With pardon, can your Highnesse that re-  
 member,

And so forget me ?

*King.* Thou doest prompt me well,  
 You are our Martiall.

*Mar.* I have us'd that place.

*King.* Your Staffe ? support it, and resolve me  
 this :

Which of yon Lords there seated at the bord,  
 Hast thou beene most in opposition with ?  
 Or whom dost thou least favour ?

*Mar.* I love all :

But should you aske me who hath wrong'd me most,  
 Then should I point out *Chester*.

*King.* *Chester* then.

Beare him that Staffe, giv't up into his hand,  
 Say, I commend me to him by the name  
 Of our High Martiall ; take your place below,  
 And let him waite on us : what doe you pause ?  
 Or shall we twice command ?

*Mar.* Ile doo't my Lord :

*Chester*, the King commends his love to you,  
And by my mouth he styles you by the name  
Of his High Martiall, which this Staffe of Office  
Makes good to you ; my place I thus resigne,  
And giv't up freely as it first was mine.  
You must attend the King, it is a place  
Of honour *Chester*, and of great command,  
Use it with no lesse modesty than he  
That late enjoy'd it, and resignes it thee.

*Chest.* I need not your instruction ; the Kings  
bounty  
Bestows it freely, and I take my place.

*Mar.* And I mine here, th' allegiance that I owe  
him

Bids me accept it, were it yet more low.

*King.* Attend us *Chester*, wait upon our Cup,  
It is an honour due to you this day.

*Chest.* I shall my Lord.

*Clin.* Oh my Lord you are welcome, wee have not  
had your company amongst us long.

*Mar.* You ever had my heart, though the Kings  
service

Commanded still my person : I am eas'd  
Of a great burden so the King rest pleas'd.

*Aud.* I have not seene a man hath borne his  
disgrace with more patience ; especially to be forc't  
with his owne hand to deliver up his honours to his  
enemy.

*Bonv.* It would have troubl'd me, I should not  
brooke it.

*King.* Command yon fellow give his golden  
Key

To the Lord *Clinton* ; henceforth we debarre him  
Accesse unto our Chamber, see it done.

*Chest.* The King commands you to give up your  
Key

Vnto that Lord that neares you : henceforth Sir,  
You to his person are deny'd accesse,

But when the King commands.

*Mar.* Say to my Liege,  
The proudest foe he hath, were he an Emperor,  
Should not have forc't the least of these from me :  
But I acknowledge these, and all I have,  
To be sole his ; my life too, which as willingly  
To please him I will send : I thanke his High-  
nesse

That fees so into my debility,  
That he hath care to ease me of these loads  
That have oppress'd me long ; so Sir 'tis done :  
Come Lords, now let's be merry, and drinke round;  
After great tempests we a calme have found.

*Aud.* This Lord is of an unwonted constancy,  
He entertaines his disgraces as merrily as a man dyes  
that is tickled to death.

*King.* Cannot all this stirre his impatience up ?  
I'll search his breast but I will finde his gaulle :  
Command him give his Staffe of Councell up.  
We will bestow it elsewhere where we please.

*Chest.* The King would have you to forbear the  
Councel,  
And to give up your Staffe.

*Mar.* I shall turne man,  
Kings cannot force to beare more than we can.

*Chest.* Sir you are moov'd ?

*Mar.* Those that are wronged may speake :  
My Lord, I let you know my innocence,  
And that my true and unstain'd Loyalty  
Deserves not this disgrace : none ever bore  
Like eminence with me that hath discharg'd it  
With better zeale and conscience ; for my service  
Let my wounds witnesse, I have some to shew ;  
That had I not my body interpos'd,  
Had beene your skarres : all my deserved honours  
You have bestow'd upon my enemies,  
Ey such as have whole skinnnes,—  
And never bled but for their ease and health.  
You might with as much Iustice take my life,

As feaze my honours : howfoe're my Lord  
Give me free leave to speake but as I finde,  
I ever have beene true, you now unkind.

*King.* Will you contest ?

What have you Sir that is not held from us ?  
Or what can your owne vertue purchase you  
Without our grace ? Are not your fortunes, favours,  
And your renewes ours ? where should they end  
But where they first began ? have we not power  
To give our owne ? or must we aske your counsell  
To grace where you appoint ? neede we a Guar-  
dian,

Or aime you at the place ?

*Mar.* Oh my dread King,

It forrows me that you misprize my love,  
And with more freedome I could part with life  
Than with your Grace : my offices alas,  
They were my troubles, but to want your favours,  
That onely thus afflicts my loyall thoughts,  
And makes me bold to tearme your Grace unkind.

*King.* Sir, we command you to abandon Court,  
And take it as a favour that we now  
Not question of your life ; without reply  
Leave us.

*Mar.* I'll leave the Court as I would leave my  
burden,

But from your Highnesse in this kind to part,  
Is as my body should forsake my heart.

*Exit.*

*King.* Shall we not be our selfe, or shall we  
brooke

Competitors in reigne ? act what we doe  
By other mens appointment ? he being gone,  
We are unrival'd ; wee'le be sole, or none.

*Prince.* The Martiall's gone in discontent my  
Liege.

*King.* Pleas'd, or not pleas'd, if we be *Englands*  
King,

And mightiest in the Spheare in which we moove,  
Wee'le shine alone, this *Phaeton* cast downe,

Wee'le state us now midst of our best affected :  
 Our new created Martiall first lead on,  
 Whose Loyalty we now must build upon. *Exit.*

*Enter Captaine and Clowne.*

*Cap.* Sir, now attend me, I'll to the Ordinary,  
 And see if any of my ancient friends will take  
 note of me.  
*Where's the good man? within?*  
*Clown.* There's none dwells here : you may speak  
 with the Master of the house if you will.

*Enter the Host.*

*Clown.* Captaine, Captaine, I have descri'd an  
 Host.  
*Cap.* An Host? where? which way march they?  
*Clown.* Mine Host of the house, see where he  
 marches.  
*Cap.* Here take my cloake, what is't not Dinner-  
 time?  
 Are there no gallants come yet?  
*Host.* Why Sir, doe you meane to dine here to  
 day?  
*Cap.* Here doe I meane to cranch, to munch, to  
 eate,  
 To feed, and be fat my fine *Cullapolis*.  
*Host.* You must pardon me Sir, my house in-  
 tertaines none but Gentlemen; if you will stand at  
 gate, when Dinner's done, I'll helpe you to some frag-  
 ments.  
*Cap.* Sirrah, if your house be free for Gentle-  
 men, it is fit for me; thou seest I keepe my man, I've  
 Crownes to spend with him that's bravest here: I'll  
 keepe my roome in spight of Silkes and Sattins.  
*Host.* I would I were well rid of this ragge-  
 muffin.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* How goes the day?

2. *Gent.* It cannot yet be old, because I see no more gallants come.

1. *Gent.* Mine Host, what's here?

*Host.* A Tatterdemalean, that stayes to sit at the Ordinary to day.

2. *Gent.* Doeſt know him?

*Host.* I did when he was flush, and had the Crownes ; but ſince he grew poore, he is worne quite out of my remembrance. He is a decay'd Captaine, and his name is *Bonville*.

1. *Gent.* I would he would leave this place, and ranke himſelfe with his companions.

*Enter two more.*

2. *Gent.* Morrow Gentlemen.

3. *Gent.* The morning's paſt, 'tis mid-day at the leaſt.

4. *Gent.* What is the roome ſo empty?

*Host.* And pleaſe your Worſhips, Here's more by one than it can well receive.

3. *Gent.* What Tatter's that that walkes there?

4. *Gent.* If he will not leave the roome, kicke him downe ſaires.

*Cap.* There's ne're a filken outſide in this company

That dares preſent a foot to doe that office :

I'll toſſe that heele a yard above his head

That offers but a ſpurne.

1. *Gent.* Can we not be private?

*Cap.* I am a man like you perhaps well bred,  
Nor want I coyne, for harke, my pockets chinke :  
I keepe my man to attend me more perhaps,  
Than ſome can doe that goe in coſtlier Silke.  
Are you ſo fearefull of a ragged ſuite?  
They were firſt paid for e're they were put on ;

A man may question whether yours were so.  
Who kicks first, ha, come ; have you minde to  
game ?

I'll cast, or set at thus much ; will you card

A rest for this ? no ? then let's to dinner :

Come serve in meate.

1. *Gent.* Mine Host, prithee put this fellow out of  
the room,  
And let him not drop his shooe-clouts here.

2. *Gent.* Sfoot dost thou meane we shall goe louzie  
out of the house ?

3. *Gent.* If he will not goe out by faire meanes,  
Send for a Constable.

4. *Gent.* And fend him to Bridewell Ordinary ;  
whipping cheere is best for him.

*Host.* Nay pray fir leave my house, you see the  
Gentlemen will not endure your company.

*Cap.* Mine Host, thou knewst me in my flourishing  
prime :

I was the first brought custome to thine house,  
Most of my meanes I spent here to enrich thee ;  
And to set thee up, I've cast downe my ielfe.

*Host.* I remember fir some such matter, but you  
see the times change. Nay, will you leave the Gen-  
tlemen ?

*Cap.* The Lease of this house hadst thou not from  
me ?

Did I not give thee both the Fyne and the Rent ?

*Host.* I must needs say you were bountifull when  
you had it, but in troth fir, if you will not be gone,  
I shall be forc't to turne you out by the head and  
shoulders.

*Cap.* And is not all this worth the trusting for an  
Ordinary ?

*Host.* Nay if you prate, I shall use you somewhat  
extraordinary.

*Gent.* Downe with the Rogue.

*Cap.* Since you hate calmes, and will move stormy  
weather,



Now Host and guest shall all downe staires together.

*Clown.* Ah well done Master, tickle them noble Captaine.

*Cap.* Come *Cock*, I have tooke some of their stomacks away from them before Dinner.

*Enter the Martiall with his two men, and his two Daughters.*

*Mar.* We are at peace now, and in threatned death

We doe enjoy new life : my onely comforts,  
The image of my late deceased wife,  
Now have I time to surfeit on your sight,  
Which Court-employments have debarr'd me long.  
Oh Fortune, thou didst threaten misery,  
And thou hast paid me comfort ; neede we ought  
That we should seeke the suffrage of the Court ?  
Are we not rich ? are we not well renew'd ?  
Are not the Countrey-pleasures farre more sweete  
Than the Court-cares ? Instead of balling suiters  
Our eares receive the musicke of the Hound ;  
For mounting pride and lofty ambition,  
We in the Ayre behold the Falcons Tower,  
And in that Morall mock those that aspire.  
Oh my good King, instead of threat and wrong,  
Thou hast brought me rest which I have wisht so long.

*Ifabella.* Sir, we have long beene Orphans in the Countrey,

Whilst you still followed your affaires at Court ;  
We heard we had a Father by our Guardian,  
But scarce till now could we enjoy your sight.

*Katherine.* Nor let it seeme offensive to your love,  
That we in your retirement should take pride,  
The King in this pursues our greater happineffe,  
And quickens most where he would most destroy.

*Mar.* You are mine owne sweet girles, & in your  
 vertues  
 I place my sole blisse ; you are all my honours,  
 My favours, state, and offices at Court :  
 What are you not ? Let the King take my lands,  
 And my possession, and but leave me you,  
 He leaves me rich ; more would I not desire,  
 And lesse he cannot grant.

*Enter a servant.*

*Serv.* One from the King  
 Attends your honour, and his urgency  
 Craves quicke dispatch.

*Mar.* Ladies withdraw a little,  
 I long to know what mischief's now afoot ;  
 Wee'le front it be it death, ey and march towards it.  
 A Chaire, admit the Herald, let him in ;  
 We are arm'd 'gainst what can come, our breast is  
 true,  
 And that's one *Maxim*, what is forc't, is wrong,  
 We can both keepe our heart and guide our tongue.

*Enter the servant ushering in Chester.*

*Chest.* Sir, the King greets you, and commands you  
 effect  
 His will in this ; you know the Character.

*Mar.* My good Lord Martiall you are welcome  
 hither,  
 These Lines I kisse because they came from him.

*Chest.* You'le like the letter better than the  
 style :  
 Ha, change your face ? is your blood moov'd to the  
 tyde,  
 Or ebbes it to your heart ?

*Mar.* Thou hast two Daughters, *He reads.*  
 Faire by report, her whom thou lov'st best  
 Send to the Court : it is thy Kings behest,

Doe this on thy allegiance.

*Chest.* Sir your Answer ?

*Mar.* I pray Sir deale with men in misery  
Like one that may himselfe be miserable :  
Infult not too much upon men distrest,  
Play not too much upon my wretchednesse ;  
The noble minds still will not when they can.

*Chest.* I cannot stay for answer, pray be brieve.

*Mar.* You are more welcome than your message  
Sir,

And yet that's welcome comming from my King ;  
Pray Sir forbear me, 'tis the Kings command,  
And you shall know mine answer instantly :  
Receive him nobly.

*Chest.* I shall waite your pleasure.

*Mar.* Malice, revenge, displeasure, envy, hate,  
I had thought that you had onely dwelt at Court,  
And that the Countrey had beene cleere and free :  
But from Kings wraths no place I finde is safe.  
My fairest daughter ? had the King commanded  
One of my hands, I had sent it willingly ;  
But her ! yet Kings must not be dallied with,  
Somewhat I must resolve to breed of force  
Treason or to my blood, or to my King,  
False Father, or false Subject I must proove,  
Be true to him I serve, or her I love,  
Somewhat I must : my Daughters, call them in :

*Enter one ushering the Ladies.*

Leaue them and us.

Ladies I must be blunt, the King's displeas'd,  
And hearing of two children whom I love,  
My patience and my loyalty to try,  
Commands that she whom I love best must dye.

*Isab.* Dye ? 'las that's nothing ; must not all  
men so ?

And doth not Heaven crowne martyr'd innocence ?

D 2

I was affraid my Lord the King had sent  
 To have strumpetted the fairest of your blood :  
 An innocent death my Lord is crowne of rest,  
 Then let me dye as her whom you love best.

*Kath.* If but to dye, prove that you love me  
 then ;

Death were most welcome to confirme your love.  
 Alas my Sister, she hath not the heart  
 To looke upon a rough Tormenters face :  
 I am bold and constant, and my courage great ;  
 As token of your love then point out me.

*Mar.* Alas my girles for greater ills prepare,  
 Death would end yours, and somewhat ease my  
 forrōws :

What I must speake, containes Heavens greatest  
 curse,

Search all the world, you can finde nought so ill,

*Ifab.* Speak't at once.

*Mar.* Her whom I best affect,  
 The King intends to strumpet.

*Kath.* Blessie me Heaven !

*Mar.* Should he,

*Kath.* By all my joyes I'll sooner dye  
 Then suffer it.

*Ifab.* And so by Heaven will I.

*Mar.* Now you are mine indeed, who would fore-  
 goe

One of these jemmes so fine, and valued so ?  
 But passion give me leave, the King commands,  
 I must obey. The fairest he sent for ;  
 None of my daughters have beene seene at Court,  
 Nor hath the ambitious *Chester* view'd them yet :  
 My eldest then shall goe, come hither girle ;  
 I send thee, (Heaven knowes) whether to thy death  
 Or to thine honour ; though he envie me,  
 Yet in himselfe the King is honourable,  
 And will not stretch his malice to my child.  
 The worst I feare, and yet the best I hope,

I charge thee then even by a fathers name,  
If the King daine to take thee to his bed  
By name of Queene, if thou perceiv'st thy selfe  
To be with child, conceale it even from him ;  
Next, when thou find'st him affable and free,  
Find out some talke about thy Sister here,  
As thus; thy Father sent thee but in jest,  
Thy Sister's fairest, and I love her best.

*Ifab.* It may incense the King.

*Mar.* What I intend

Is to my selfe, inquire no further of it.

*Ifab.* I shal performe your will, and thus resolve

To be a Martyr e're a Concubine.  
But if the King afford me further favour,  
In my close bosome your last words I'll place.

*Mar.* Sister and Sister part, be you not seene  
Bid her farewell, a Martyr or a Queene.  
They cannot speake for teares, alas for woe,  
That force should part Sister and Sister thus,  
And that the Child and Father of one heart,  
Commands, and powerfull threats should thus divide.  
But *Chester* staves, within there ?

*Enter servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord ?

*Mar.* Have you receiv'd Earle *Chester* honourably ?

*Serv.* The noblest welcome that the house could yeeld

He hath had my Lord, nothing was held too deere :  
He much extolls your bounty.

*Mar.* Vther him in, we are now ready for him.

*Serv.* I shall my Lord.

*Enter Chester.*

*Chest.* Sir, I have stay'd your leasure, now your Answer ?

*Mar.* That I obey, the fairest of my girles  
I send the King.

*Chest.* I easily can beleieve  
That this the fairest is, her like in Court  
Lives not ; she is a Present for a King.

*Mar.* Say to the King I give her, but conditionally,  
That if he like not this fairest of the two,  
Vnstaïn'd he will his gift send backe againe.

*Chest.* I shall, come Lady.

*Mar.* My Lord, I doe not load you with commends  
And duties which I could doe to the King :  
I know your love, your memory may faile you,  
And you them all may scatter by the way.  
Doe thou a Fathers duty thus in teares,  
And send me how thou speed'st to free these feares.

*Exeunt.*

### *Actus tertius.*

*Enter Clowne and the Lady Mary.*

*Mary.* Came you from him ?

*Clown.* Yes if it please your Maidenship ; my  
Master sends you word he is the old man, and his  
suite is the old suite still, and his cloaths the old  
cloaths : He scornes to be a changeling, or a shifter ;  
he feares nothing but this, that hee shall fall into the  
Lord your fathers hands for want of reparations.

*Mary.* We know thy meaning, here beare him this  
gold,  
And bid him suite him like the man he was,  
Bid him to face the proudest hee in Court ;  
He shall not want whilst we have.

*Clowne.* That was out of my Commission Lady,  
Gold tempts, I have commandment not to touch

it ; 'tis another thing he aymes at : it is a thing, but I know not what manner of thing ; but something it is, and he vowes not to shift a shirt till he be further resolv'd : hee onely sends you Commendations, and withall to know if you would stand to your word.

*Mary.* He wrongs me to cast doubts :  
Tell him I am the same I ever was,  
And ever will continue as I am.  
But that he should disdain this courtesie  
Being in want, and coming too from me,  
Doth somewhat trouble me.

*Clowne.* We want Madam ? you are deceiv'd, wee have store, of ragges ; plenty, of tatters ; abundance, of jagges ; huge rents, witnesse our breeches ; ground enough to command, for we can walke where we will, none will bid us to Dinner ; houses rent-free, and goodly houses to chuse where we will ; the Martialsie, the Counter, Newgate, Bridewell ; and would a man desire to dwell in stronger buildings ? and can you say that we are in want ? No Lady, my Captaine wants nothing but your love, and that he intreats you to send by me the bearer.

*Mary.* I doe, with all the best affection  
A Virgin can bestow upon her friend.

*Clowne.* I dare sweare he is an honest man, but I dare not say he is a true man.

*Mary.* How, not a true man ?

*Clowne.* No ; for hee hath sworne to steale you away, and thus I prove it : if he steale you away, I am sure you wil not goe naked ; he cannot steale you, but hee must steale the cloaths you have on ; and he that steales apparrell, what is he but a Theefe ? and hee that is a Theefe cannot be a true man *Ergo.*

*Mary.* That is no theft when men but steale their owne,  
And I am his, witnesse this Diamond,  
Which beare him, and thus say, that no disaster  
Shall ever part me from his company.

*Clown.* I shall beare this with as good will  
as you would beare him, *Vicunque volumus.*

*Mary.* What are we but our words? when they  
are past,  
Faith should succceed, and that should ever last.  
My Father?

*Enter Audley.*

*Aud.* Wots thou who's returnd,  
The unthrift *Bonvile*, ragged as a scarre-crow,  
The Warres have gnaw'd his garments to the skinne :  
I met him, and he told me of a Contract.

*Mary.* Sir, such a thing there was.

*Aud.* Vpon condition if he came rich.

*Mary.* I heard no such exception.

*Aud.* Thou doest not meane to marry with a beg-  
ger?

*Mary.* Vnlesse he be a Gentleman, and *Bonvile*  
Is by his birth no lesse.

*Aud.* Such onely gentile are, that can maintaine  
Gentility.

*Mary.* Why, should your state faile you,  
Can it from you your honours take away?  
Whilst your Allegiance holds, what need you more,  
You ever shall be noble although poore.

*Aud.* They are noble that have nobles; gentle  
they  
That appeare such.

*Mary.* Indeed so worldlings say :  
But vertuous men proove they are onely deare  
That all their riches can about them beare.

*Sound : Enter the King, Clinton, Bonvile, Prince,  
Princesse.*

*King.* Is not Earle *Chester*  
Return'd yet with an answer from the Martiall?  
*Princ.* Not yet my Lord.



*King.* For such contention we now scorne re-  
venge,  
Wee'll try the utmost of his patience now :  
He would exceed our love, if it appeare,  
He will hold nothing for his King too deere.

*Aud.* Earle *Chester* is return'd.

*Enter Chester and Isabella.*

*King.* Hast brought her *Chester* ?

*Chest.* Her whom her father the most faire  
esteemes,  
He hath sent by me, onely with this request,  
That if his free gift doe not like your Highnesse,  
You'll send her backe untoucht to his embrace.

*King.* I feare we shall not, she appeares too faire,  
So streightly to part with : what is he would  
Attempt such virgin-modesty to staine  
By hopes of honour, flatteries; or constraint ?  
How doe you like her ? your opinions Lords ?

*Prince.* A beauteous Lady, one that hath no  
peere  
In the whole Court.

*King.* Therefore I hold her precious.

*Princesse.* A fairer face in Court who ever saw ?  
Her beauty would become the name of Queene.

*Clin.* One of more state or shape where shall we  
finde ?

*Aud.* Her modesty doth doe her beauty grace,  
Both in her cheeke have chus'd a soveraigne feate.

*King.* You have past censure Lady, now you're  
mine,  
And by your Fathers free gift you are so,  
To make, or marre ; to keepe, or to bestow.

*Isab.* It glads me I am present to a King,  
Whom I have alwayes heard my father tearme  
Royall in all things ; vertuous, modest, chaste :  
And to have one free attribute besides,  
Which even the greatest Emperour need not scorne,

Honest ; to you if you be such my Liege,  
 A Virgins love I prostrate, and a heart  
 That wishes you all goodnesse with the duty  
 Of a true subject, and a noble father ;  
 Then mighty Prince report your subject noble,  
 Since all those vertues you receive in me.

*King.* Thou hast o'recome us all ; that thou hast  
 tearm'd us,  
 Wee'le strive to be, and to make good those attri-  
 butes

Thou hast bestow'd upon us, rise our Queene,  
 Thy vertue hath tooke off the threatning edge  
 Of our intended hate : though thou art ours  
 Both by free gift and duty, which we challenge  
 As from a subject ; though our power could stretch  
 To thy dishonour, we proclaime thee freed,  
 And in this grace thy father we exceed.

*Prince.* The King in this shews honour : Princes  
 still  
 Should be the Lords of their owne appetites,  
 And cherish vertue.

*King.* Have I your applause ?

*Bon.* Your Highnesse shews both Royalty and  
 Iudgment  
 In your faire choice.

*King.* Are your opinions so ?

*Aud.* Farre be it mighty King we should distast  
 Where you so well affect.

*Princesse.* For grace and feature  
*England* affords not a more compleate Virgin,

*Clin.* Were she not the Martials daughter,  
 I'd tearme her worthy for my Soveraignes Bride.

*Chest.* Ey that's the grieve.

*King.* This kisse then be the Seale,  
 Thou art our Queene, and now art onely mine.

*Isab.* May I become your vassall and your Hand-  
 maid,  
 Titles but equall to my humble birth :  
 But since your Grace a higher title daines,

Envy must needs obey where power compells.

*King.* Give expeditious order for the Rites  
Of these our present Nuptials which shall be  
Done with all State, and due solemnity ;  
And Martiall in this businesse thou shalt finde  
Thy selfe defective, and not us unkind.

*Enter servant.*

*Serv.* Health to your Highnesse.

*King.* Whence ?

*Ser.* From my sad Master,  
Your Martiall once, now your dejected vassall,  
And thus he bid me say : If the King daine  
To grace my daughter with the stile of Queene,  
To give you then this Casket which containes  
A double dower ; halfe of this mighty summe  
He out of his renewes had afforded,  
Had she bin match but to a Barons bed ;  
But since your Highnesse daines her for your Bride,  
And his Alliance scornes not to disdain,  
He saith a double dower is due to you.

*King.* He strives to exceed us still ; this emulation  
Begets our hate, and questions him of life.  
This Dower we take, his Daughter entertaine,  
But him we never shall receive to grace.  
Beare not from us so much as love or thanks :  
We onely strive in all our actions  
To be held peerelesse for our courtesie  
And Royall bounty, which appears the worse,  
Since he a Subject would precede his Prince :  
And did we not his Daughter dearly love,  
Wee'd fend her backe with scorne, and base neglect.  
But her we love, though him in heart despise,  
Pay him that thanks for all his courtesies.

*Serv.* In this imployment I will strive to doe  
Th' office of a subject, and of servant too.

*King.* Since to that emulous Lord we have sent  
our hate

Come to our Nuptials let's passe on in state. *Exit.*

*Enter Captaine and Clowne.*

*Cap.* The humours of Court, Citty, Campe, and Country I have tract, and in them can finde no man, but money; all subscribe to this Motto, *Malo pecuniam viro.* Oh poverty, thou art esteem'd a finne worfe than whoredome, gluttony, extortion, or usury :

And earthy gold, thou art preferr'd 'fore Heaven.  
Let but a poore man in a thred-bare suite,  
Or ragged as I am, appeare at Court,  
The fine-nos'd Courtiers will not sent him ; no,  
They shunne the way as if they met the Pest :  
Or if he have a suite, it strikes them deafe,  
They cannot heare of that side.

*Clown.* Come to the Citty, the Habberdasher will fooner call us blockheads, than blocke us ; come to the Sempsters, unlesse we will give them money, we cannot enter into their bands : though we have the Law of our sides, yet wee may walke through Burchinlane and be non-suited : come bare-foot to a Shooemaker, though he be a Constable, he will not put us into his Stocks ; though the Girdler be my brother, yet he will not let his leather imbrace me ; come to the Glover, his gloves are either so little that I cannot plucke them on, or so great that I cannot compasse. And for the Campe, there's honour cut out of the whole peece, but not a ragge of money.

*Cap.* The Countrey hath alliance with the rest : my purpose is now I have so thorowly made prooffe of the humours of men, I will next assay the dispositions of women, not of the choicest, but of those whom wee call good wenches.

*Clowne.* Pray Master if you goe to a house of good fellowship, give me something to spend upon my Cockatrice ; if I have nothing about me, I shall never get in.

*Cap.* Ther's for you sirrah; doth not the world wonder I should be so flush of money, and so bare in cloaths? the reason of this I shall give account for hereafter: But to our purpose, here they say dwells my Lady Bawdy-face, here will we knock.

*Enter Bawd.*

*Bawd.* Who's there? what would you have? ha?

*Cap.* Sweet Lady we would enter; nay by your leave.

*Bawd.* Enter? where? here be no breaches for you to enter truly.

*Cap.* And yet we are souldiers, and have venter'd upon as hot service as this place affords any.

*Bawd.* Away you base companions, we have no breaches for such tatter'd breeches, we have no patches to suite with your ragges.

*Cap.* Nay, pray give way.

*Bawd.* Away you rogues, doe you come to shake your ragges here? doe you thinke we can vent our ware without money you rascals? get you from my doore you beggerly companions, or I'll wash you hence with hot scalding water.

*Clown.* Nay I warrant her, wenches can afford her that at all times.

*Bawd.* Doe I keepe house to entertaine Tatterdemaleans with a Poxe, you will be gone?

*Cap.* We must forbear, the gallants are out of patience, stand aside.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* I would faine goe in, but I have spent all my mony.

2. *Gent.* No matter, they shall not know so much till we get in, and then let me alone, I'll not out till I be fir'd out.

1. *Gent.* Then let's set a good face of the matter,

By your leave Lady.

*Bawd.* You're welcome Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* What fellows be yon ?

*Bawd.* Two poore souldiers that came for an almes and please you, that stay for some reverfions ; there's none fuch come into my house I warrant you.

2. *Gent.* Save you fweet Lady.

*Bawd.* Where be those kitchinstuffes here, shall we have no attendants ? shew these Gentlemen into a close roome, with a standing bed in't, and a truckle too ; you are welcome Gentlemen.

*Cap.* 'Tis generall thorow the world, each state esteemes

A man not what he is, but what he seemes :

The purest flesh rag'd can no entrance have,

But It'ch and all difease if it come brave,

Wide open stand the gates of lust and fin,

And those at which the wide world enters in.

Madam, to be short, I must have a wench, though I am ragged outward, I am rich inward ; here's a brace of Angels for you, let me have a pritty wench, I'll be as bountifull to her.

*Bawd.* Your Worship's very heartily welcome : wher's *Sis* ? Where's *Joyce* ? the best roome in the house for the Gentleman : call Mistris *Priscilla*, and bid her keepe the Gentleman company.

*Cap.* I'll make bold to enter.

*Bawd.* Your Worship's most lovingly welcome : let the Gentlemen have attendance, and cleane linnen if he need any ; whither would you, you rogue ?

*Clown.* Marry I would after my Master.

*Bawd.* Thy Master ? why is yon raggamuffin able to keep a man ?

*Clown.* Ey that is he able to keep a man, and himselfe too.

*Bawd.* Then that man must be able to pay for himselfe too, or else he may coole his heeles without if his appetite be hot.

*Clown.* Then shall I not goe in ?

*Bawd.* No by my Mayden-head shal you not, nor any such beggerly companion shall enter here but he shall come thorow me too.

*Clown.* No ? what remedy ? ha, ha ; hee that rings at a doore with such a Bell, and cannot enter ? *Shakes* Well, if there be no remedy, I'll even stay *a purse*. without.

*Bawd.* Oh me ! is it you Sir ? and are so strange, to stand at the doore ? Pray will you come neare ? your Master is new gone in afore : Lord, Lord, that you would not enter without trusting ! you were even as farre out of my remembrance as one that I had never seene afore.

*Clown.* I cannot blame you to forget me, for I thinke this be the first time of our meeting.

*Bawd.* What would you have Sir ?

*Clown.* Nothing as they say, but a congratulation for our first acquaintance. I have it here old bully bottom, I have it here.

*Bawd.* I have it here too : nay, pray sir come in, I am loath to kisse at doore, for feare my neighbours should see.

*Clowne.* Speake, shall you and I condogge together ?  
I'll pay you to a haire.

*Bawd.* Nay, I beseech you sir, come in : a Gentleman, and stand at doore. ? I'll lead the way, and you shal come behind.

*Clown.* No, no ; I will not salute you after the *Italian* fashion : I'll enter before.

*Bawd.* Most lovingly, pray draw the latch sir.

*Exit.*

*Enter the two Gentlemen with the two wenches.*

1. *Gent.* Nay faith sweet rogue thou shalt trust me for once.

1. *Whore.* Trust you ? come up, can't thou pay the hackny for the hire of a horse, and think'st thou to breath me upon trust ?

1. *Gen.* Thou bid'st me come up, and shal I not ride?

1. *Whore.* Yes the gallows as foone.

2. *Whore.* A Gentleman, and have no money? marry you make a most knightly offer.

2. *Gen.* How? to offer thee no money?

2. *Whore.* How can they offer that have none?

2. *Gen.* I'le either give thee ware or money, that's as good.

2. *Whore.* Ey but sir, I'le deale with no such chapmen.

*Enter Bawd, Captaine, and Clowne.*

*Bawd.* What's the matter here? ha? can you not agree about the bargaine?

1. *Whore.* Here's Gallants would have us breath'd, and forfooth they have no money.

2. *Whore.* They thinke belike, dyet, lodging, ruffes, cloaths, and holland-smocks can all be had without money, and a diseafe, if wee should catch it, Heaven bleffe us, can be cur'd without money.

*Bawd.* That's fine yfaith: if my beds be shaken out of their joynts, or my cords broken, must not the Ioyner and the Rope-maker both have money? if my rugges be rub'd out with your toes, can they be repair'd without money? if my linnen be foul'd, can I pay my landresse without money? besides, we must have something to maintaine our broken windows I hope; the Glazier wil not mend them without mony.

1. *Gen.* Come, come, let's run a score for once.

*Bawd.* You shall not score of my tally, out of my doores.

*Enter Captaine.*

*Cap.* Why shall we not be bosom'd? have we paid, and must we not have wenches?

*Bawd.* You shal have the choicest of my house gentlemen.



1. *Gent.* Who, those Rascalls?

*Bawd.* They be Rascalls that have no money; those be Gentlemen that have Crownes; these are they that pay the Ioyner, the rope-maker, the Vpholster, the Launder, the Glazier; will you get out of my doores, or shall wee scolde you hence?

*Clown.* That you shall never by thrusting them out of doores.

1. *Gent.* Who but a mad man would be so base as to be hir'd, much more to hire one of those bruitists, that make no difference betwixt a Gentleman and a begger, nay, I have seene enough to be soone intrated.

2. *Gent.* You shall not need to feare me, I am gone:

Hee's past before, nor will I stay behinde;  
I have seene enough to loath all your sifterhood.

*Bawd.* Marry farewell frost. Now Sir, will you make your choice, and your man after?

*Cap.* I'll have both, these are mine.

*Clown.* Goe you then with your paire of Whores, I'll goe with this old skuller that first ply'd me.

*Bawd.* I see thou lovest to goe by water; come, shall we dally together? sit upon my knee my sweet boy, what money hast thou in thy purse? wilt thou bestow this upon me my sweet chicke?

*Clowne.* I'll see what I shall have first for my money by your favour.

1. *Whore.* And shall I have this?

2. *Whore.* And I this?

*Cap.* Both these are mine, we are agreed then?  
But I am asham'd, being such a tatter'd rogue, to lye with two such fine gentlewomen; besides, to tell you truely, I am louzie.

1. *Whore.* No matter, thou shalt have a cleane shirt, and but pay for the washing, and thy cloaths shall in the meane time be cast into an Oven.

*Cap.* But I have a worse fault, my skinne's not perfect:

What should I say I am?

2. *Whore.* Itchy? Oh thou shalt have Brimstone and Butter.

*Cap.* Worse than all these, my body is diseased, I shall infect yours.

1. *Whore.* If we come by any mischance, thou hast money to pay for the cure: come, shall's withdraw into the next chamber?

*Cap.* You are not women, you are devils both, And that your Damme; my body save in warres, Is yet unskarr'd, nor shall it be with you. Say the last leacher that imbrac't you here, And folded in his armes your rottennesse, Had beene all these, would you not all that filth Vomite on me? or who would buy diseases, And make his body for a Spittle fit, That may walke sound? I came to schoole you Whoore,

Not to corrupt you; for what need I that When you are all corruption; be he lame, Have he no Nose, be all his body stung With the French Fly, with the *Sarpego* dry'd: Be he a *Lazar*, or a Leper, bring Coyne in his fist, he shall embrace your lust Before the purest flesh that sues of trust.

*Bawd.* What *Diogenes* have we here? I warrant the Cinnick himselfe sayd not so much when he was seene to come out of a Bawdy house.

*Cap.* He sham'd not to come out, but held it finne

Not to be pardon'd, to be seene goe in. But I'll be modest: nay, nay, keepe your Gold To cure those hot diseases you have got, And being once cleere, betake you to one man, And study to be honest, that's my counsell: You have brought many like yon Gentlemen That jet in Silkes, to goe thus ragg'd like us, Which did they owne our thoughts, these rags would change

To shine as we shall, though you think it strange.  
Come, come, this house is infected, shall we goe?

*Clowne.* Why Sir, shall I have no sport for my money, but even a snatch and away?

*Cap.* Leave me, and leave me ever, and observe  
This rule from me, where there is lodg'd a Whore,  
Thinke the Plagues crosse is set upon that doore.

*Clowne.* Then Lord have mercy upon us: where have we beene?

*The Clowne goes learing away, and shaking  
his head.*

*Bawd.* Hift, hift; heere's a rayling companion indeed.

*i. Whore.* I know not what you call a rayling companion: but such another discourse would make me goe neere to turn honest.

*Bawd.* Nay, if you be in that minde, I'll fend for your love: the plague in my house? the Pox is as soone: I am sure there was never man yet that had *Lord have mercy upon us* in his minde, that would ever enter here: Nay will you goe?

*Sound, enter the King, Prince, Princeffe, all the Lords,  
the Queene, &c.*

*King.* Before you all I here acknowledge Lords,  
I never held me happy but in this  
My vertuous choice, in having your applause,  
Me-thinks I had the sweet consent of Heaven.

*Prince.* This noble Lady, now my royall Mother,  
Hath by her love to you, regard to us,  
And courteous affability to all,  
Attain'd the generall suffrage of the Realme.

*Princeffe.* Her modest carriage shall be rules to  
me,  
Her words instructions, her behaviour precepts,  
Which I shall ever study to observe.

*Queen.* I feele my body growing by the King,  
And I am quicke although he know it not;

Now comes my fathers last injunction  
To my remembrance, which I must fulfil,  
Although a Queene, I am his daughter still.

*King.* Lords, and the rest forbear us till we  
call,

A chaire first, and another for our Queene,  
Some private conference we intend with her :  
Now leave us.

*Exeunt Lords.*

*King.* My fairest *Ifabella*, the choice jewell  
That I weare next my heart ; I cannot hide  
My love to thee, 'tis like the Sunne invelopt  
In watery clouds, whose glory will breake thorow,  
And spite oppofure, scornes to be conceal'd ;  
Saving one thing, aske what my kingdome yeelds,  
And it is freely thine.

*Queen.* What's that my Lord ?

*King.* I cannot speake it without some distaste  
To thee my Queene, yet if thy heart be ours  
Name it not to me.

*Queen.* I am onely yours.

*King.* Begge not thy fathers free repeale to  
Court,  
And to those offices we have bestow'd,  
Save this, my Kingdome, and what it containes,  
Is thy wills subject.

*Queen.* You are my King, and Husband ;  
The first includes allegiance, the next duty,  
Both these have power above a Fathers name,  
Though as a daughter I could wish it done,  
Yet since it stands against your Royall pleasure,  
I have no suite that way.

*King.* Thou now hast thrust thy hand into my  
bosome,  
And we are one : Thy beauty, oh thy beauty !  
Never was King blest with so faire a wife.  
I doe not blame thy Father to preferre  
Thee 'fore thy sister both in love and face,  
Since *Europe* yeelds not one of equall grace :  
Why smiles my love ?

*Queen.* As knowing one so faire,  
With whom my pale cheeke never durst compare :  
Had you but feene my Sifter, you would say,  
To her the blushing Corral should give way :  
For her cheeke stains it ; Lillies to her brow  
Must yeeld their Ivory whitenesse, and allow  
Themselves o'recome. If e're you saw the skie  
When it was clear'd, it never could come nigh  
Her Azure veines in colour ; shee's much clearer,  
Ey, and her love much to my Father dearer.

*King.* We by our noble Martiall made request  
For the most faire, and her whom he best lov'd :  
Durst he delude us ?

*Queen.* What I speake is true,  
So will your selfe say when shee comes in place.

*King.* Our love to thee shall not o'recome that  
hate  
We owe thy Father, though thou bee'st our Queene.

*Queen.* He keeps her as his Treasure, locks her  
safe  
Within his armes : he onely minded me  
As one he lov'd not, but thought meerely lost.

*King.* Thou art lost indeed, for thou hast lost my  
heart,  
Nor shalt thou keepe it longer : all my love  
Is swallowed in the spleene I beare thy Father,  
And in this deepe disgrace put on his King,  
Which wee'le revenge.

*Enter Prince, Princeffe, Chester, Clinton, Bonvile,  
and Audley.*

*King.* It shall be thus :  
*Chester* beare hence this Lady to her Father  
As one unworthy us, with her that dower  
The double dower he by his servant sent :  
Thy teares nor knee shall once prevaile with us.  
As thou art loyall, without further language

Depart our prefence, wee'le not heare thee fpeake.

*Cheft.* What fhall I further fay ?

*King.* Command him on his life to fend to Court

His tother Daughter, and at our firft fummons,  
Left we proclaime him Traytor : this fee done  
On thy Allegiance.

*Cheft.* Now the goale is ours.

*King.* None dare to censure or examine this,  
That we fhall hold our friend, or of our blood :  
Subjects that dare againft their Kings contend,  
Hurle themfelves downe whilft others hie afcend.

*Exit.*

*Actus quartus.*

*Enter the Martiall and his daughter Katherine.*

*Mar.* I fee the King is truly honourable :  
All my difgraces and difparagements  
He hath made good to me in this, to queene my  
child,

And which more glads me, with fuch ardency  
He feemes to affect her, and to hold her deare,  
That nothing's valued, if compar'd with her.  
Now Heaven whilft thou this fecond happineffe  
And bliffe wilt lend me, I fhall ftill grow great  
In my content, opinion, and my fate,  
In fpight of whifperers, and Court-flatterers.

*Kath.* Had you beft lov'd my Sifter, and leffe  
me,

I had beene Queene before her ; but ſhe venter'd  
For her preferment, therefore 'tis her due ;  
Out of our feares and loves her honours grew.

*Mar.* Whilft I may keepe thy beauty in mine  
eye,

And with her new rais'd fortunes fill mine eare,  
I second none in blisse ; she's my Court comfort,  
Thou my home happinesse : in these two blest,  
Heaven hath enrich't me with a crowne of rest.

*Kath.* Nor doe I covet greater Royalties  
Than to enjoy your prefence, and your love,  
The best of these I prize above all fortunes,  
Nor would I change them for my Sisters state.

*Mar.* Her beauty and her vertues mixt, have  
won  
The King my Sovereigne to be tearm'd my son.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Earle *Chester*, with the Queene your princely  
daughter  
Are without traine alighted at the gate,  
And by this entred.

*Mar.* Thou hast troubled me,  
And with a thousand thoughts at once perplex't  
My affrighted heart : admit them ; soft, not yet ;  
What might this meane ? my daughter in the  
charge

Of him that is my greatest opposite,  
And without traine, such as becomes a Queene ?  
More tempest towards *Kate* ? from which sweete  
child,

If I may keepe thee, may it on my head  
Powre all his wrath, even till it strike me dead.

*Kath.* Rather, my Lord, your Royall life to free,  
All his sterne fury let him showre on me.

*Ser.* My Lord shall I admit them ?

*Mar.* Prithee stay,  
Fate threatens us, I would devise a meanes  
To shun it if we might : thou shalt withdraw,  
*To his Daughter.*

And not be feene ; something we must devise  
To guard our selves, and stand our opposites :  
Goe keepe your chamber, now let *Chester* in.

*Serv.* I shall my Lord.

*Mar.* My Loyalty for me, that keepe me still ;  
A Tower of safety, and a shield 'gainst Fate.

*Entering the servant ushering Chester and the Queene.*

*Chest.* The King thy daughter hath in scorne sent  
backe.

*Mar.* Pause there, and as y'are noble answer me  
E're you proceed, but to one question.

*Chest.* Propound it.

*Mar.* Whence might this distaste arise ?  
From any loose demeanor, wanton carriage,  
Spouse-breach, or disobedience in my daughter ?  
If so, I'll not receive her, shee's not mine.

*Queen.* That let mine enemy speake, for in this  
kind  
I would be tax't by such.

*Chest.* Vpon my foule  
There is no guilt in her.

*Mar.* Bee't but his humour,  
Th' art welcome, both my daughter and my Queene ;  
In this my Palace thou shalt reigne alone,  
I'll keepe thy state, and make these armes thy  
Throne :

Whil'st thou art chaste, thy stile with thee shall stay,  
And reigne, though none but I and mine obey.  
What can you further speake ?

*Chest.* Her double Dower  
The King returnes thee.

*Mar.* We accept it, see  
It shall maintaine her port even with her name,  
Being my Kings wife, so will I love his Grace,  
Shee shall not want, will double this maintaine her.

*Chest.* Being thus discharg'd of her, I from the  
King  
Command thee send thy fairer Girle to Court,  
Shee that's at home, with her to act his pleasure.



*Mar.* Sir, you were sent to challenge, not to kill ;  
These are not threats, but blowes, they wound, they wound.

*Cheft.* If Treasons imputation thou wilt shun,  
And not incur the forfeit of thy life,  
Let the Kings will take place.

*Mar.* You have my offices,  
Would you had now my griefe ; but that alone  
I must endure : would thou hadst both, or none.  
Sentence of death when it is mildly spoke,  
Halfe promises life ; but when your doome you  
mixe

With such rough threats, what is't but twice to kill ?  
You tyrannize Earle *Chester*.

*Chester.* Will you send her ?

*Mar.* That you shall know anon. Tell me my  
Queene,

How grew this quarrell 'twene the King and thee ?

*Queen.* By you was never Lady more belov'd,  
Or wife more constant than I was to him :  
Have you forgot your charge, when I perceiv'd  
My selfe so growne, I could no longer hide  
My greatnesse, I began to speake the beauties  
Of my faire Sister, and how much she excell'd,  
And that you sent me thither as a jest,  
That shee was fairest, and you lov'd her best ?

*Mar.* Enough ; th' art sure with child, and neare  
thy time.

*Queen.* Nothing more sure.

*Mar.* Then that from hence shall grow  
A fable for all our late indignities :  
Pray doe my humble duty to the King,  
And thus excuse me, that my daughter's sicke,  
Crazed, and weake, and that her native beauty  
Is much decay'd ; and should she travell now,  
Before recovered, 'twould ingage her life  
To too much danger : when she hath ability  
And strength to journey, I will send her safe

Vnto my King ; this as I am a subiect,  
And loyall to his Highnesse.

*Chest.* Your excule  
Hath ground from love and reason : This your answer  
I shall returne to the King.

*Mar.* With all my thanks :  
That since my daughter doth distaste his bed,  
He hath sent her backe, and home to me her  
father,  
His pleasure I withstand not, but returne  
My zeale, and these doe not forget I pray.

*Chest.* I shall your words have perfect, and repeate  
them  
Vnto the King.

*Mar.* I should disgrace her beauty  
To send it maim'd and wayning ; but when she  
Attaines her perfectnesse, then shall appeare  
The brightest Starre fix'd in your Courtly Spheare.

*Chest.* The King shall know as much.

*Mar.* It is my purpose;  
All my attempts to this one head to draw,  
Once more in courtesies to o'come the King.  
Come beauteous Queene, and thy faire Sister cheere,  
Whom this sad newes will both amaze and feare.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bonvile in all his bravery, and his man in  
a new livery.*

*Cap.* Sirrah, are all my lands out of morgage, and  
my deeds redeem'd ?

*Clowne.* I cannot tell that Sir ; but wee have had  
whole chest-fulls of writings brought home to our  
house.

*Cap.* Why then 'tis done, I am possesst againe  
Of all my Fathers ancient revenues.

*Clowne.* But how came you by all this money to  
buy these new suits ? methinks we are not the men we  
were.

*Cap.* Questionlesse that ; for now those that before despis'd us, and our company, at meeting give us the *bonjour*.

Oh Heaven, thou ever art Vertues sole Patron,  
And wilt not let it sinke : all my knowne fortunes  
I had ingag'd at home, or spent abroad :  
But in the warres, when I was held quite bankrupt

Of all good happ, it was my chance to quarter  
In such a house when we had sack't a Towne,  
That yeelded me inestimable store  
Of gold and jewells, those I kept till now  
Vnknowne to any, pleading poverty,  
Onely to try the humour of my friends ;  
Which I have proov'd, and now know how to  
finde

Fixt upon wealth, to want unnaturall.

*Enter Match and Touch-boxe.*

*Clown.* See Sir, yonder are my old fellows, *Match* and *Touch-boxe* ; I doe not thinke but they come to offer their service to you.

*Touch.* Save thee noble Captaine, hearing of thy good fortunes, and advancement, I am come to offer my selfe to be partaker of the fame, and to follow thee in the same colours that thou hast suited the rest of thy fervants.

*Clown.* God-a-mercy horse, you shall not stand to my livery.

*Match.* You see our old clothes sticke by us still, good Captaine see us new moulded.

*Cap.* You are flies, away ; they that my Winter fled,

Shall not my Summer taste : they onely merit  
A happy harbour, that through stormy Seas  
Hazard their Barkes, not they that sayle with ease.  
You taste none of my fortunes.

*Clown.* Corporall, you see this Livery ? if you had

stay'd by it, we had beene both cut out of a peece :  
*Match*, if you had not left us, you had beene one of  
 this guard : Goe, away, betake you to the end of the  
 the Towne ; let me finde you betweene *Woods close-  
 stile* and *Islington*, with will it please your Worship to  
 bestow the price of two Cannes upon a poore souldier,  
 that hath serv'd in the face of the *Souldan*, and so  
 forth, *Apage*, away, I scorne to be fellow to any that  
 wil leave their Masters in adverstity : if he entertaine  
 you, he shall turne away me, that's certaine.

*Match*. Then good your Worship bestow something  
 upon a poore souldier, I protest——

*Clown*. Loe, I have taught him his lesson already ;  
 I knew where I should have you ?

*Cap*. There's first to make you beggers ; for to  
 that all such must come that leave their Masters poore.  
 Begon, and never let me see you more.

*Touch*. God be with you good Captaine : come  
*Match*, let us betake us to our randevous at some out  
 end of the City.

*Cap*. Hee makes a begger first that first relieves  
 him ;

Not Vfurers make more beggers where they live,  
 Than charitable men that use to give.

*Clown*. Here comes a Lord.

*Enter Clinton.*

*Clin*. I am glad to see you Sir.

*Cap*. You know me now ? your Worship's wondrous  
 wife ;

You could not know me in my last disguise.

*Clin*. Lord God you were so chang'd.

*Cap*. So am I now

From what I was of late : you can allow  
 This habite well, but put my tother on,  
 No congie then, your Lordship must be gon.  
 You are my Summer-friend.

*Enter Bonvile.*

*Bonv.* Cousin, well met.

*Cap.* You should have said well found,  
For I was lost but late, dead, under ground  
Our Kinred was : when I redeem'd my Land,  
They both reviv'd, and both before you stand.

*Bon.* Well, well, I know you now.

*Cap.* And why not then ?  
I am the same without all difference ; when  
You saw me last, I was as rich, as good,  
Have no additions since of name, or blood ;  
Onely because I wore a thread-bare suite,  
I was not worthy of a poore salute.  
A few good cloaths put on with small adoo,  
Purchase your knowledge, and your kinred too.  
You are my filken Unkle : oh my Lord,

*Enter Audley and his Daughter.*

You are not in haste now ?

*Aud.* I have time to stay,  
To aske you how you doe, being glad to heare  
Of your good fortune, your repurchaft lands,  
And state much amplified.

*Cap.* All this is true ;  
Ey but my Lord, let me examine you :  
Remember you a Contract that once past  
Betwixt me and your daughter ? here shee stands.

*Aud.* Sir, since you did vnmorgage all your  
meanes,  
It came into my thoughts ; trust me, before  
I could not call't to minde.

*Cap.* Oh mens weake strength,  
That aime at worlds, when they but their meere  
length  
Must at their end enjoy : Thou then art mine,  
Of all that I have proov'd in poverty,  
The onely test of vertue : what are these ?

Though they be Lords, but worldlings, men all  
earth.

Thou art above them ; vertuous, that's divine ;  
Onely thy heart is noble, therefore mine.

*Mary.* And to be yours, is to be what I wish ;  
You were to me as welcome in your ragges,  
As in these Silkes. I never did examine  
The out-side of a man, but I begin  
To censure first of that which growes within.

*Cap.* Onely for that I love thee : These are  
Lords

That have bought Titles. Men may merchandize  
Wares, ey, and trafficke all commodities  
From Sea to Sea, ey and from shore to shore,  
But in my thoughts, of all things that are sold,  
'Tis pittie Honour should be bought for gold.  
It cuts off all desert.

*Enter the Host.*

*Clowne.* Master, who's here ? mine Host of the  
Ordinary ?

*Cap.* Your businesse fir ? what by petition ?

*Host.* Falne to a little decay by trusting, and  
knowing your Worship ever a bountifull young Gentle-  
man, I make bold to make my wants first knowne  
to you.

*Cap.* Pray what's your suite ?

*Host.* Onely for a cast suite, or some small remun-  
eration.

*Cap.* And thou shalt have the suite I last put off :  
Fetch it me *Cock.*

*Cock.* I shall Sir.

*Cap.* Falne to decay ? I'll fit you in your kind.

*Cock.* I have a suite to you Sir, and this it is.

*Cap.* In this suit came I to thine Ordinary,  
In this thou would'st have thrust me out of doores,  
Therefore with this that then proclaim'd me poore,  
I'll salve thy wants, nor will I give thee more.

Base worldlings, that despise all such as need ;  
Who to the needy begger are still dumbe,  
Not knowing unto what themselves may come.

*Host.* I have a cold suite on't if I be forc't to wear  
it in winter. I bid your worship farewell.

*Clown.* So should all that keepe Ordinaries, bid  
their guests farewell, though their entertainment be  
never so ill. Well sir, I take you but for an ordinary  
fellow, and so I leave you. Master, who will not  
say that you are a brave fellow, and a most noble  
Captaine, that with a word or two can discomfit an  
Host.

*Cap.* I know you, therefore know to rate your  
worths

Both to their height and depth, their true dimen-  
sions

I understand ; for I have try'd them all :

But thou art of another element,

A mirrour of thy sexe, that canst distinguish

Vertue from wealth, thee as my owne I elect,

And these according to themselves despise.

A Courtier henceforth I my selfe professe,

And thee my wife, thou hast deserv'd no lesse.

*Enter the King, the Prince, and the Princeffe,  
and Chester.*

*King.* No newes yet from our Martiall ? we three  
moneths

Have stay'd his leasure, but receive not yet

That daughter we sent for.

*Prince.* Shee peradventure

Hath not her strength recovered, or her beauty

Loft by her sicknesse, to the full regain'd.

*Chest.* Vpon my life my Lord, when she is  
perfect,

And hath receiv'd her full ability,

Shee shall attend your pleasure.

*Princeffe.* But your Queene,

That vertuous Lady, when I thinke on her,  
I can but grieve at her dejectednesse.

*King.* Heaven knowes I love her above all the  
world,  
And but her Father, this contends with us  
When we in all our actions strive to exceed :  
We could not brooke her absence halfe so long,  
But we will try his patience to the full.

*Enter Bonvile, Audley, Captaine, Clinton, Mary,  
the Clowne.*

*Cap.* My prostrate duty to the King my Master  
I here present.

*Prince.* This is the Gentleman  
Commended for his valour in your warres,  
Whose ruin'd fortunes I made suite to raise ;  
I would intreat your Highnesse to respect him.

*King.* All his proceedings we partake at large,  
Know both his fall and height ; we shall regard  
him

Even with his worth : be neare us, of our chamber.  
Sir, we shall use your wisedome, and preferre it  
According to your worth. Be this your hope  
We know you.

*Cap.* Onely in that I am happy.

*Enter the Servant.*

*Serv.* Health to your Majesty.

*King.* Whence ?

*Serv.* From my Master,  
The poorest subject that your land containes,  
Rich onely in his truth and loyalty.

*King.* Speake, hath he sent his daughter ?

*Serv.* Yes my Liege,  
He hath sent his daughters, please you rest satisfied,  
And patiently peruse what he hath sent.

*King.* We are full of expectations, pray admit



Those Presents that he meanes to greete us with.

*Serv.* You shall my Lord.

*Sound, enter with two Gentlemen-ushers before them,  
the Queen crown'd, her sister to attend her as her  
waiting-maid, with a traine.*

*Serv.* Your Queene and wife crown'd with a wreath  
of gold

Of his owne charge, with that this double dower  
Doubled againe, and guarded with this traine  
Of Gentlewomen according to her state,  
My Lord presents you : this his younger daughter,  
He hath bestow'd a hand-maide to your Queene,  
A place that may become her, were she child  
Vnto your greatest Peere ; had he had more,  
More had he sent ; these worthlesse as they be,  
He humbly craves you would receive by me.

*King.* His bounty hath no limit, but my Queene !  
Her bright aspect so much perswades with me,  
It charmes me more than his humility.  
Arise in grace, and sweet, forget your wrong.

*Queen.* My joyes unspeakable can find no tongue  
To expresse my true hearts meaning.

*King.* Beauteous Maide,  
You are our Sister, and that royall Title  
From all disgrace your freedome shall proclaime.

*Kath.* I finde your Grace the same my noble  
Father

Hath still reported you ; royall in all,  
By whom the vertuous rise, th' ignoble fall.

*What way*

*Prince.* I have not seene a Lady more com-  
pleate ;

Her modesty and beauty, both are matchlesse.

*King.* Am I a King, and must be exceeded still ?  
Or shall a subject say that we can owe ?

His bounty we will equall, and exceed ;  
We have power to better what in him's but well.

Your free opinions Lords, is not this Lady

The fairer of the twaine? how durst our subject  
Then dally with us in that high designe?

*Chest.* With pardon of the Queene, shee's  
paralell'd

By her faire Sister.

*Clin.* Were my censure free,  
I durst say better'd.

*Prince.* Were it put to me,  
I should avow she, not the Queene alone  
Excels in grace: but all that I have seene——

*King.* Dost love her?

*Prince.* As my honour, or my life.

*King.* Her whom thou so much praisest, take to  
wife.

*Prince.* You bleſſe my youth.

*Kate.* And strive to eternize me.

*Queen.* Nor in this joy have I the meanest part,  
Now doth your Grace your inward love expresse  
To me, and mine.

*King.* I never meant thee lesse:  
Thy Sister and thy daughter freely imbrace,  
That next thee hath our Kingdomes second place.  
How say you Lords, have we requited well  
Our subjects bounty? are we in his debt?

*Aud.* Your Highnesse is in courtesie invincible.

*Bonv.* And bountifull beyond comparifon.

*Chest.* This muſt not hold, prevention out of  
hand,

For if the Martiall riſe, we ſtand not long.

*Clin.* Our wits muſt then to worke.

*Chest.* They muſt of force.

This is not that to which our fortunes truſt.

*King.* Let then, our ſubject know his King hath  
power

To vanquiſh him in all degrees of honour,  
And he muſt now confeſſe himſelfe excell'd;  
With what can Heaven or Earth his want ſupply  
To equall this our lateſt courtesie?

We have the day, we riſe, and he muſt fall

As one subdu'd.

*Serv.* His Highnesse knows not all,  
One speciall gift he hath reserv'd in store,  
May happily make your Grace contend no more.

*King.* No sir? thinke you your Master will yet  
yeeld?

And leave to us the honour of the day?  
I wish him here but this last fight to see,  
To make him us acknowledge.

*Serv.* On my knee  
One boone I have to begge.

*King.* Speake, let me know  
Thy utmost suite.

*Serv.* My noble Master stayes  
Not faire from Court, and durst he be so ambitious  
As but to appeare before you, and present you  
With a rich gift exceeding all have past,  
The onely perfect token of his zeale,  
He would himselfe perpetually hold vanquish't  
In all degrees of love and courtesie.

*King.* For our Queenes love, and our faire daughters  
fake,

We doe not much care if we grant him that.  
Admit him, and his presence urge with speed;  
Well may he imitate, but not exceed.

*Chest.* I feare our fall; if once the Martiall rise,  
Downe, downe must we.

*Clin.* Therefore devise some plot  
His favour to prevent.

*Chest.* Leave it to me.

*King.* Lords, we are proud of this our unity,  
Double Alliance, of our sonnes faire choice,  
Since 'tis applauded by your generall voyce;  
The rather since so matchlesse is our Grace,  
That force perforce our subject must give place.

*Enter the Martiall, with a rich Cradle borne after him  
by two Servants.*

*Mar.* Not to contend, but to expresse a duty

Of zeale and homage I present your grace  
 With a rich jewell, which can onely value  
 These royall honours to my Daughters done.

*King.* Value our bounty? shouldst thou sell thy  
 selfe

Even to thy skin, thou couldst not rate it truly.

*Mar.* My Liege, I cannot, but in liew and  
 part,  
 Though not in satisfaction, I make bold  
 To tender you this Present.

*King.* What's the project?  
 Here's cost and art, and amply both exprest,  
 I have not view'd the like.

*Prince.* 'Tis wondrous rare,  
 I have not seene a Modell richlier fram'd.

*Princess.* Or for the quantity better contriv'd:  
 This Lord in all his actions is still noble,  
 Exceeding all requitall.

*King.* 'Tis a brave out-side.

*Mar.* This that you see my Lord is nothing yet;  
 More than its worth it hath commended bin:  
 This is the case, the jewell lyes within,  
 Pleaseth your Grace t' unvaile it.

*King.* Yes, I will:  
 But e're I open it my Lord, I doubt  
 The wealth within not equalls that without.  
 What have we here?

*Mar.* A jewell I should rate,  
 Were it mine owne, above your Crowne and Scepter.

*King.* A child?

*Mar.* A Prince, one of your royall blood:  
 Behold him King, my grand-child, and thy sonne,  
 Truly descended from thy Queene and thee,  
 The Image of thy selfe.

*King.* How can this be?

*Queen.* My royall Liege and Husband, view him  
 well,

If your owne favour you can call to minde,  
 Behold it in this Infant, limn'd to'th life;

Hee's yours and mine, no kinred can be nearer.

*King.* To this rich jewell I hold nothing equall,  
I know thee vertuous, and thy father loyall ;  
But should I doubt both, yet this royall Infant  
Hath such affection in my heart imprest,  
That it assures him mine : my noble subject,  
Thou hast at length o'recome me, and I now  
Shall ever, ever hold me vanquished.  
Had'st thou fought Earth or Sea, and from them  
both

Extracted that which was most precious held,  
Thou nothing could'st have found to equall this,  
This, the mixt Image of my Queene and me ;  
Here then shall all my emulation end,  
O'ercome by thee our subject, and our friend.

*Mar.* Your vassall, and your servant, that have  
strove

Onely to love you, and your royall favours :  
Not to requite, for that I never can ;  
But to acknowledge, and in what I may  
To expresse my gratitude.

*King.* Thine is the conquest :  
But shall I gee't o're thus ? 'tis in my head  
How I this lost dayes honour shall regaine,  
A gift as great as rich I have in store,  
With which to gratifie our subjects love,  
And of a value unrequitable :  
Thou hast given me a Grand-child, and a sonne,  
A royall Infant, and to me most deare,  
Yet to surpasse thee in this emulous strife,  
I give thee here a daughter and a wife.  
Now must thou needs confesse the conquest wonne  
By me thy King, thy Father, and thy sonne.

*Mar.* Your father, sonne, and subject quite surpast,  
Yeelds himselfe vanquish't, and o'recome at length.

*Princesse.* You have not my consent yet.

*Mar.* Madam, no ;  
The King doth this, his bounty to expresse.  
Your love is to your selfe, and therefore free,

Bestow it where you please.

*Princesse.* Why then on thee :

He that the Father doth so much respect,  
Should not me-thinks the daughters love despise.  
'Tis good for Maides take Husbands when they  
may,

Heaven knowes how long we may be forc't to  
stay.

*King.* Now Lords, these Nuptialls we will solem-  
nize

In all high state, in which we will include  
Yours noble *Bonville*, and with masks and revells  
Sport out the tedious nights, each hand his Bride  
Doubly by us from either part ally'd.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Cock.* Why this is as it should be ; now doe I  
smell Courtier already, I feele the Souldier steale out  
of me by degrees, for Souldier and Courtier can  
hardly dwell both together in one bosome. I have a  
kind of fawning humour creeping upon me as soone  
as I but look't into the Court-gate ; and now could I  
take a bribe, if any would be so foolish to gee't me.  
Now farewell Gun-powder, I must change thee into  
Damask-powder ; for if I offer but to smell like a  
souldier, the Courtiers will stop their noses when  
they passe by me. My Caske I must change to a  
Cap and a Feather, my Bandileero to a Skarfe to  
hang my Sword in, and indeede, fashion my selfe  
wholly to the humours of the time. My Peece I  
must alter to a Poynado, and my Pike to a Picka-  
devant : onely this is my comfort, that our provant  
will be better here in the Court than in the Campe :  
there we did use to lye hard, and seldome : here I  
must practise to lye extreemely, and often : But whil'st  
I am trifling here, I shall loose the sight of the solem-  
nity : The Prince is married, and the Martiall's mar-  
ried, and my Master's married, there will be simple

doings at night. Well, I must hence; for I beleeeve, the King, the Queene, and the rest of the Lords will use this place for their revells. *Dixi.*

*Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Clinton and Chester.*

*Clin.* And why so sad my Lord ?

*Chest.* I am all dulnesse,  
There's no life in me, I have lost my spirit,  
And fluence of my braine : observe you not  
In what a height yon fellow now resides  
That was so late dejected ; trebly grafted  
Into the Royall blood ? what can succeed,  
But that we all our honours must resigne,  
And he of them be repossesst againe ?

*Clin.* The Marriages indeed are celebrated.

*Chest.* And they have all our pointed stratagems  
Turn'd backe upon our selves.

*Clin.* What, no prevention ?

*Chest.* His Baffles are so fixt he cannot shrinke,  
Being so many wayes ingraft and planted  
In the Kings blood : but our supporters stand  
As shak't with Earthquakes, or else built on sand.

*Enter Audley and Bonville.*

*Aud.* My Lords attend the King, and cleare this  
chamber,  
For this nights revells 'tis the place prepar'd.

*Bon.* Your duties Lords, the King's upon his entrance.

*Enter the King, the Queene, the Prince, his wife, the  
Martiall and the Princeesse.*

*King.* Ey, so 't must be, each man hand his owne :  
For I am where I love ; we are even coupled,

Some Musicke then.

*Princeffe.* Here's one falls off from me.

*King.* How now my Lord, dejected in your looks?  
Or doth our sports distaste you?

*Mar.* Pardon me,  
I cannot dance my Liege.

*King.* You can looke on :  
My Lord, you take his place, wee'le have a measure,  
And I will lead it ; bid the Musicke strike.

*A measure : in the midst the Martiall goes  
discontented away.*

So, well done Ladies : but we misse the Husband  
To our faire Daughter, what's become of him?

*Chett.* Gone discontented hence.

*King.* What might this meane ?  
Doth he distaste his Bride, or envy us  
That are degree'd above him ? where's our Queene ?

*Queen.* My Liege ?

*King.* You shall unto him instantly,  
Attended with a beauteous traine of Ladies,  
And to his Chamber beare his princely Bride.  
*Bonville,* take you her royall Dower along,  
You shall receive it of our Treasurer.

*Cap.* I shall my Lord.

*King.* Vsher the Queene and Ladies, be their  
guide,  
That done, each one to bed with his faire Bride.

*Enter Martiall.*

*Mar.* I am so high, that when I looke but downe,  
To see how farre the earth is under me,  
It quakes my body, and quite chills my blood :  
And in my feare although I stand secure,  
I am like him that falls. I but a subject,  
And married to the Daughter of the King,  
Though some may thinke me happy in this match,  
To me 'tis fearefull : who would have a wife  
Above him in command, to imbrace with awe,



Whom to displease, is to distaste the King ?  
It is to have a Mistris, not a wife,  
A Queene, and not a subjects bed-fellow.  
State I could wish abroad to crowne my head,  
But never yet lov'd Empire in my bed.

*Enter servant.*

*Serv.* The Queene your daughter with your  
princely Bride,  
And other Ladies, make way towards your chamber.  
*Mar.* 'Tis open to receive them, pray them in.

*Enter Bonvile, the Queene, the Princeffe, &c.*

*Queen.* My Lord the King commends his love to  
you  
In your faire Bride, whom royally conducted  
He hath sent to be the partner of your bed.

*Mar.* Whom we receive in the armes of gratitude,  
Duty to him, and nuptiall love to her.

*Prince.* 'Tis well they brought me, trust me my  
deare Lord,  
I should have scarce had face to have come my selfe ;  
But yet their boldnesse mixt with mine together,  
Makes me to venter I yet scarce know whither.

*Mar.* 'Tis to our Nuptiall bed.

*Princeffe.* Ey so they say,  
But unto me it is a path unknowne ;  
Yet that which cheeres me, I shall doe no more  
Than those, and such as I, have done before.  
Sure 'tis a thing that must, though without skill,  
Even when you please, I am ready for your will.

*Cap.* With her the King hath sent this princely  
dower,  
In which his love and bounty hee commends.

*Mar.* You are noble Sir, and honour waites on  
you  
To crowne your future fortunes : for that Casket,

Her beauty and her birth are dower sufficient  
For me a subject.

I cannot thinke so much good to my King  
As I am owing for her single selfe :  
Then with all duty pray returne that summe.  
Her dower is in her selfe, and that I'll keepe  
Which in these loyall armes this night shall sleepe :  
That is the Kings, with that this jewell too,  
I thinke her cheape bought at that easie rate ;  
My second duty in that gift commend,  
Were I worth more, more I have will to fend.

*Cap.* An Emperour cannot shew more Royalty  
Than this brave Peere, hee's all magnificent :  
I shall with the best eloquence I have,  
Make knowne your thoughts.

*Mar.* To all at once good night :  
Save this my beauteous Bride, no wealth I prize,  
That hath my heart tooke captive in her eyes.  
Lights for the Queene and Ladies, night growes old,  
I count my Vertue treasure, not my Gold.

*Exeunt divers wayes.*

*Enter Clinton to the Earle Chester in his study.*

*Clin.* What not at rest my Lord ?

*Chest.* Why who can sleepe  
That hath a labouring braine, and fees from farre  
So many stormes and tempests threaten him ?  
It is not in my element to doo't.

*Clin.* Finde you no project yet how to remove  
him ?

*Chest.* None, none, and therefore can I finde no  
rest.

*Clin.* It growes towards day.

*Chest.* That day is night to me,  
Whil't yon Sunne shines : I had this even some con-  
ference  
In private with the King, in which I urg'd  
The Martialls discontent, withall inferr'd,

That by his looke the Princeſſe he deſpis'd :  
The King chang'd face : and could we ſecond this  
By any new conjecture, there were hope  
To draw him in diſpleaſure.

*Clin.* Watch advantage,  
And as you finde the humour of the King,  
Worke it unto the Martiall's deepe diſgrace :  
But ſoft the Prince.

*Enter the Prince and Katherine.*

*Kath.* So early up, how did you like your reſt ?

*Prince.* I found my moſt reſt in my moſt unreſt ;  
A little ſleepe ſerves a new married man :  
The firſt night of his brydalls. I have made you  
A Woman of a Maide.

*Kath.* You were up  
Both late and early.

*Prince.* Why you were abroad  
Before the Sunne was up, and the moſt wiſe  
Doe ſay 'tis healthfull ſtill betimes to riſe.  
Good day.

*Cheſt.* In one, ten thouſand.

*Prince.* Lords, you have not ſeene  
The King to day ? it was his cuſtome ever  
Still to be ſtirring early with the Sunne ;  
But here's his Majeſty.

*Enter Captaine and the King, Audley, and Bonvile.*

*King.* Not all your ſmooth and cunning Oratory  
Can colour ſo his pride, but we eſteeme him  
A flattering Traytor, one that ſcornes our love,  
And in diſdaine ſent backe our Daughters Dower :  
Your Iudgement Lords ?

*Cheſt.* Hath he refus'd the Princeſſe ?

*King.* No ; but her Dower ſent back, and info-  
lently ;  
Her whom we gave, he with a gift would buy,

A jewell: shall we merchandize our Daughter,  
As one not able to bestow her nobly,  
But that our poverty must force us sell her?

*Cap.* Your Highnesse much mispriseth his intent,  
For he had no such thought.

*King.* We know his pride,  
Which his ambition can no longer shadow.

*Cheft.* Your Highnesse might doe well to call in  
question

His insolence, and to arraigne him for't.

*King.* Be you his Iudges *Bonville, Audley*, you;  
Command him straight on his Allegiance,  
To make appearance, and to answer us  
Before our Lords of his contempt and scorne.

*Bonv.* Shall we command him hither?

*King.* From his bed,  
And if convicted, he shall surely pay for't.

*Aud.* We shall my Lord.

*Cheft.* Arraigne him on the suddaine, e're pro-  
vided;

Let him not dreame upon evasive shifts,  
But take him unprepared.

*Clin.* Shall we command  
A Barre, and call a Iury of his Peeres,  
Whil'st *Chester*, that enjoys the place of Martiall,  
Objects such allegations 'gainst his life,  
As he hath drawne out of his rude demeanor?

*King.* It shall be so; a Barre, and instantly  
We will our selfe in person heare him speake,  
And see what just excuse he can produce  
For his contempt.

*Prince.* My gracious Lord and Father,  
What he hath done to you, proceeds of honour,  
Not of disdaine, or scorne; hee's truely noble:  
And if a Regall bounty be a sinne  
In any subject, hee's onely guilty  
Of that true vertue.

*Cap.* Saw your Majesty  
With what an humble zeale, and prostrate love

He did retender your faire Daughters Dower,  
You would not his intent thus misreceive.

*Chest.* 'Tis humble pride, and meere hypocrisie  
To blinde the King, 'tis but ambitious zeale,  
And a dissembling cunning to aspire.

*Kath.* My Father call'd in question for his life ?  
Oh let not me a sad spectator be  
Of such a dismall object.

*Prince.* Nor will I,  
But leave them to their hated cruelty.

*King.* This is no place for Ladies, we allow  
Hcr absence ; of the rest let none depart,  
Till we have searh't the cunning of his heart.

*A Barre set out, the King and Chester, with Clinton,  
and the Prince, and Captaine take their seates,  
Audley and Bonvile bring him to the Barre as out  
of his bed, then take their seates.*

*Mar.* A Barre, a Iudgement feate, and Iury set ?  
Yet cannot all this daunt our innocence.

*Chest.* You have disloyally fought to exceed  
The King your Sovereaigne, and his royall deeds  
To blemish, which your fellow Peeres thus conster.  
That strengthen'd by th' alliance of the King,  
And better armed by the peoples love,  
You may prove dangerous.

In policy of state to quench the sparkes  
Before they grow to flame, and top your height,  
Before your spacious branches spread too farre,  
What to this generall motion can you say,  
Before we taxe you with particulars ?

*Mar.* With reverence to the State 'fore which I  
stand,  
That you my Lord of *Chester* appeare shallow,  
To thinke my actions can disgrace the Kings,  
As if the luster of a petty Starre  
Should with the Moone compare : Alas, my deeds  
Conferr'd with his, are like a Candles light

To out-shine the mid-dayes glory. Can the King  
 The glorious mirrour of all gratitude,  
 Condemne that vertue in anothers bosome,  
 Which in his owne shines so transparantly ?  
 Oh pardon me, meere vertue is my end,  
 Whose pitch the King doth many times transcend.

*Clin.* To taxe you more succinctly, you have first  
 Abus'd the King in sending to the Court  
 Your daughter lesse faire, and the least below'd.

*Aud.* And that includes contempt most barbarous,  
 Which you in that unsubject-like exprest :  
 Your former emulations we omit,  
 As things that may finde tolerable excuse,  
 And are indeed not matters capitall :  
 But to the best and greatest, when the King,  
 Out of his bounty and magnificence  
 Vouchsaft to stile thee with the name of sonne,  
 Being but a subject, with contorted browes  
 And lookes of scorne you tooke his courtesie,  
 And in contempt sent backe the Princeesse dower.

*Chest.* Most true ; a grounded proposition  
 To question you of life.

*Mar.* My life my lords ?  
 It pleases me, that the King in person daines  
 To grace my cause with his Majesticke eare :  
 You plead for me in this, and speake my excuse.  
 I have but two in all,  
 He sent for one, and he receiv'd them both,  
 With them a sweete and lovely Prince to boote ;  
 Who ever lost, I am sure the King hath wonne  
 At once, a wife, a daughter, and a sonne.

*Bonv.* 'Tis true my Lord, we all can witnesse it.

*Mar.* He that my discontent objects to me,  
 With the faire Princeesse, speakes uncertainly.  
 The man judicious such for fooles allowes,  
 As have their inward hearts drawne in their browes :  
 Is there in all that bench a man so honest  
 That can in this be discontent with me ?

I charge you all ; those favours I receive  
From his high Majesty, I swallow not  
With greedy appetite perhaps like you :  
When I am grac't, it comes with awe and feare,  
Lest I offend that Prince that holds me deare.  
That for my brow.

*Chest.* But for your scornfull sending  
Of the faire Princeesse dower backe to th' King,  
How can you answer that ?

*Mar.* Why *Chester* thus :  
I am a man, though subject ; if the meanest  
Lord or'e his wife ; why should that priviledge  
Be onely bard me ? should I wive an Empreffe,  
And take her dowerlesse, should we love, or hate,  
In that my bounty equals her estate.  
Witnesse that Iudge above you, I esteeme  
The Princeesse dearely, and yet married her  
But as my wife, for which I am infinitely  
Bound to the King : why should I grow ingag'd  
Above my power, since this my Lords you know,  
The lesse we runne in debt, the lesse we owe.  
Give me my thoughts, and score you on I pray,  
I wish no more than I have meanes to pay.

*Chest.* Shall we my Lord his actions censure  
freely ?

*King.* And sentence them.

*Aud.* A *Persian* History

I read of late, how the great *Sophy* once  
Flying a noble Falcon at the Herne,  
In comes by chance an Eagle fousing by,  
Which when the Hawke espyes, leaves her first  
game,  
And boldly venters on the King of Birds ;  
Long tug'd they in the Ayre, till at the length  
The Falcon better breath'd, seiz'd on the Eagle,  
And struck it dead : The Barons prais'd the Bird,  
And for her courage she was peerelesse held.  
The Emperor, after some deliberate thoughts,  
Made him no lesse : he caus'd a Crowne of gold

To be new fram'd, and fitted to her head  
 In honour of her courage : Then the Bird  
 With great applause was to the market-place  
 In triumph borne, where, when her utmost worth  
 Had beene proclaim'd, the common Executioner  
 First by the Kings command tooke off her Crowne,  
 And after with a sword strooke off her head,  
 As one no better than a noble Traytor  
 Vnto the King of Birds.

*Chest.* This use we make  
 From this your ancient *Persian* History,  
 That you a noble and a courteous Peere,  
 Prais'd for your hospitall vertues and high bounty,  
 Shall be first crown'd with Lawrell to your worth :  
 But since you durst against your Sovereigne  
 Oppose your selfe, you by your pride misled,  
 Shall as a noble Traytor loose your head.

*King.* That Sentence we confirme, and it shall  
 stand  
 Irrevocable by our streight command.

*Mar.* I am glad my Liege I have a life yet left,  
 In which to shew my bounty, even in that  
 I will be liberall, and spend it for you ;  
 Take it, 'tis the last jewell that I have,  
 In lieu of which oh grant me but a grave.

*King.* A Laurell wreath, a scaffold, and a  
 blocke,  
 Our selfe will see the Execution done :  
 Onely thy life is ours, thy goods are free.

*Mar.* My Lord, you are the life of courtesie,  
 And you are kinde unto me above measure,  
 To give away what might enrich your selfe.  
 Since they are mine, I will bestow them thus :  
 The best of those that were so late but yours,  
 My jewells, I, by will, restore you backe,  
 You shall receive them separate from the rest :  
 To you the Kings sonne, and by marriage mine,  
 On you I will bestow my Armory,  
 Stables of Horse, and weapons for the warres,



I know you love a Souldier : to the Princeffe,  
And my two Daughters I give equall portions  
From my revenue ; but if my faire wife  
Proove, and produce a Male-child, him I make  
My univerrall Heire, but if a Female,  
Her Dower is with the rest proportionable.  
The next I give, it is my Soule to Heaven,  
Where my Creator reignes : my words thus end,  
Body to Earth, my Soule to Heaven ascend.

*Enter the Queene, Katherine, the Princeffe, and  
the other Lady.*

*Princeffe.* Stay.

*Queene.* Hold.

*Kath.* Executioner forbear.

*Queen.* Heare me a Daughter for a Father  
plead.

*Princeffe.* Oh Father, heare me for my Husbands  
life,

Doubly ally'd, I am his Neece and Wife.

*Kath.* Oh Father heare me, for a Father crave.

*Queene.* Than sentence him oh let me perish  
rather ;

I pleade for him that's both my sonne and Father.

*Kath.* Oh make your mercy to this prisoner  
free.

*Queene.* Father to us.

*Princeffe.* And Husband unto me.

*King.* Hence with these womanish clamours.

*Prince.* Vnto these

Let me my Liege presume to adde another,  
Behold him kneele that is your sonne and brother.

*Kath.* Your Sister and your Daughter great King  
heare.

*Princeffe.* Your Mother and your Daughter.

*Queene.* Or like deare,  
Your Queene and Sister.

*Princeffe.* Speake, what hath he done ?

*Prince.* Whoever saw a father on a sonne  
Give sentence ? or my Royall Lord, which rather  
Addes to your guilt, a sonne condemne the father ?

*Cheft.* My Liege, command them hence, they but  
disturbe

The Traytor in his death.

*King.* A Traytor's he  
That dares so tearme him, *Chester*, we meane thee :  
Our best of subjects, with our height of grace  
We wedde thee to us, in this strict imbrace  
Thy vertues, bounties, envy'd courtesies ;  
Thy courage, and thy constancy in death,  
Thy love and Loyalty to the end continued,  
More than their clamorous importunities  
Prevaile with us : then as our best and greatest,  
Not to exceed, but, equall thee in love,  
To end betweene us this Heroick strife,  
Accept what we most precious hold, thy Life.

*Mar.* Which as your gift I'll keepe, till Heaven  
& Nature

Confine it hence, and alwayes it expose  
Vnto your love and service ; I never lov'd it,  
But since 'twas yours, and by your gift now mine.

*King.* I observe in thee  
The substance of all perfect Loyalty ;  
In you save flattery, envy, hate, and pride  
Nothing, or ought to goodnesse that's ally'd :  
Resigne those places that belong to him,  
Better than so borne noble, be unborne.  
Till you your hearts can fashion to your faces,  
We here suspend you from your stiles and places.

*Prince.* A royall doome.

*King.* Once more from us receive  
Thy beauteous Bride, as we will hand our Queene :  
The Prince already is possesst of his.  
Nay *Bonvile*, as your Bridals were together,  
So follow in your ranke, and by the stile

Of a Lord Baron, you are now no lesse  
If you dare take our word : Our Funerals thus  
Wee'le turne to feasting, and our blood to wines  
Of most choice taste, prest from the purest Grape.  
Our noble Martiall kinsman and our friend,  
In our two vertues after times shall sing,  
*A Loyall Subiect, and a Royall King.*

---



## The Epilogue to the Reader.

**T***hat this Play's old, 'tis true, but now if any  
Should for that cause despise it, we have  
many  
Reasons, both just and pregnant, to maintaine  
Antiquity, and those too, not al vaine.  
We know (and not long since) there was a time,  
Strong lines were not lookt after, but if rime,  
O then 'twas excellent: who but beleeves,  
But Doublets with stuf bellies and bigge sleeves  
And those Trunke-hose, which now the age doth  
scorn,  
Were all in fashion, and with frequence worne ;  
And what's now out of date, who is't can tell,  
But it may come in fashion, and sute well?  
With rigour therefore judge not, but with reason,  
Since what you read was fitted to that season.*

FINIS.

PLEASANT  
DIALOGUES  
AND  
DRAMMA'S,  
SELECTED OUT OF  
LUCIAN, ERASMUS, TEXTOR,  
OVID, &c.

With Sundry *Emblems* extracted from  
the most elegant Iacobus *Catfius*.

---

By THO. HEYWOOD.

*Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare—*

---

LONDON,

Printed by R. O. for R. H. and are to be sold by Thomas  
Slater at the Swan in Duck-lane. 1637.





To the Right Honourable Sir  
HENRY Lord CARY, Baron of  
*Hunfdon, Viscount Rochford,*  
Earle of DOVER, &c.

Right Honourable,

**C***Laborate Poems have ever aym'd at learned Patrons, who valued Books as your best Lapidaries praise Jewels, not by their greatnesse, but their goodnesse. This is a small Cabinet of many and choyse, of which none better than your Noble selfe can judge, some of them borrowing their luster from your own vertues, vouchsafe therefore (great Lord) their perusall, being devoted to your sole patronage, whilst the presenter wishing unto you and all yours, a long fruition of terrestriall graces here, with the fulnesse of celestiall joyes hereafter, humbly takes his leave, with that of Catullus to M. Cicero :*

Tanto pessimus omnium poeta,  
Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

*Your Lordships in all  
dutifull observance,*

THO. HEYWOOD.







*To the Generous Reader.*

**R**Eader, of what capacity or condition  
soever, I present unto thy favourable  
perusall a Miscellanie of sundry straines in  
Poetry, which me thinks should not come  
altogether unwelcome to such as affect va-  
riety: here thou shalt finde choice and  
selected Dialogues borrowed from sundry  
Authors, both for the method and matter,  
pleasant and profitable. Which though I  
met with in Prose onely, yet upon better  
acquaintance, I have taught to goe upon  
even feet and number.

For such as delight in Stage-poetry, here  
are also divers *Dramma's*, never before pub-  
lished: Which though some may condemne

## *The Epistle to the Reader.*

for their shortnesse, others againe will commend for their sweetnesse.

From famous *Iacobus Catsius*, I have extracted Emblems of rich conceit, and excellent expreffion in the originall ; Therefore I hope not to bee rejected in our native Tongue, howsoever by mee but rudely and courselly interpreted.

Here are moreover divers speeches, at fundry times, and upon severall occasions spoken, either to one or both of their sacred Majesties. And other of the same condition, before other Noble Personages.

Nor doubt I, but in the service of such change of dishes, there may be found amongst them, though not all to please every man, yet not any of them but may taste some one or others palat. For the better illustration of which, I have prefixed before every particular piece its proper Argument, with Annotations and observations of all such things as may appeare difficult

## *The Epistle to the Reader.*

or forreigne to the ignorant Reader. Which I intreat thee to accept as well in plaine inke, as were they curiously insculpt in Copper. Complement I cannot : onely thus I take my leave ; Reader farewell. Read perfectly, examine strictly, but censure charitably.

*Thine,*

THO. HEYWOOD.





## The Table.

**T***He Dialogue of Erasmus, called Naufragium*

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The Argument of *Erasmus* his Dialogue  
called N A I A G A I O N , or  
*Naufragium.*

**H**ere you may reade an accurate Narration  
Of dangers incident to Navigation :  
With diuers foolish superstitions us'd  
By Mariners, (some not to be excus'd)  
Here is describ'd a Tempest to the height :  
With casting out of Goods, to ease their freight ;  
And severall humors (to the life exprest)  
Of men in danger, and by sea distrest :  
Some to the blessed Virgin call for aid :  
By others, Vowes to severall Saints are made,  
But this our Author will approue of none  
To be invok't, but the Great God alone.

The Interlocutors or Speakers, *Antonius and Adolphos.*

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The D I A L O G U E .

*Antho.*



Houtel'st me wondrous things ;  
Is that to faile,  
Where humane helpe so little  
can prevaile ?

Forbid it Heav'n, to come into my thought,  
That euer Wit so dearely should be bought.

*Adol.* What hath as yet been spoke are trifles  
meere,  
If to what I shall speake thou lend an eare.

*Anth.* So much from thee I haue already had,  
That I still tremble, and it makes me sad,  
As I had then been present.

*Adol.* Dangers past  
Are vnto me of much more pleasing taft :  
That night there hapned what much tooke away  
All comfort from the Pilot.

*Anth.* What, I pray ?

*Adol.* Dark was the night ; when by the top-mast  
stands  
(Got thither by the help of feet and hands)  
One of the ship-men, and as from a (1) loover  
He lookt from thence, if so he might discouer  
Some part of land : when on the instant, neare  
Vnto his side was seen a fiery Spheare ;  
To Sea-men a sad *Omen*, if it shine  
Single : but twinnes, they better lucke divine :  
And in the times of old they call'd fuch too  
*Castor* and *Pollux*.

*Anth.* What had they to do  
With Mariners ? since those we understand  
Were Champions both, and vs'd to fight on land.

*Adol.* The Poets so would haue it. He at th'  
sterne  
Casting his eyes vp did the light discerne :  
Who calling said, My *Mate* (It is a word  
That Sailers interchangeably afford  
To one another) speake, dost thou not see  
The fire aboue that clings so close to thee ?  
Who answer'd thus : I do, and I pray God  
That vnto vs it no misfortune boad.  
The flaming Globe straight by the tackles slid,  
And came close to the Pilot.

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(1.) It is commonly called the Bowland.



*Anth.* I ! But did  
Not he sinke downe with feare ?

*Adol.* The fright he' endur'd,  
They being to such prodigies inur'd.  
There hauing staid a while, by the ship sides  
It rowles it selfe, but there not long abides,  
But leaping from the hatches, vanisht so.  
Towards mid-day the tempest 'gan to grow  
More and more raging. Didst thou euer see  
The Alps ?

*Anth.* I haue.

*Adol.* Those hills appeare to bee  
But warts to such sea billowes, (if compar'd :)  
Be judge then, how with us it that time far'd ;  
How often were we lifted vp so high,  
Till to the very Moone we came so nigh,  
To touch it with our fingers. Then againe  
So low cast, that the Channell rent in twaine  
To let vs downe to Hell.

*Anth.* Mad men, no doubt,  
Who leaue the land, to seeke such dangers out.

*Adol.* The Sailers striuing with the Storme some  
space,  
(But all in vaine) the Pilot with a face  
Like ashes, came to vs.

*Anth.* And now I feare,  
By his wan colour, some strange mischiefe neare.

*Adol.* I am no more your Pilot now (saith he)  
My friends, the Windes command both ship and me :  
Prepare for all extremes, there's now no hope  
Saue in our God, no trust in Saile or Rope.

*Anth.* ('Twas an hard speech.)

*Adol.* First therefore let vs ease  
Our ship (saith he) by casting in the seas  
Her weighty lading ; for so now commands  
Necessitie : It with more safety stands,  
By losse of goods, death present to preuent,  
Than with them perish here incontinent.  
The truth persuades them ; Instantly they hoise

Into the Maine, rich Wares, and Vessels choise,  
And those in plenty.

*Anth.* This a Wracke indeed  
May well be call'd.

*Adol.* Silence till I proceed.  
Amongst the rest, a rich Italian there,  
Impleyd in Embassy, who was to beare  
Some Presents into Scotland, and this Lord  
Had coffers, caskets, and stufte trunks aboard,  
With plate, rings, Jewels, change of garments.

*Anth.* Say,  
Was that man willing to cast all away ?

*Adol.* No : but being askt that question, made  
reply,  
He with his wealth would liue, or with it dy ;  
And therefore storm'd.

*Anth.* What said the Pilot then ?

*Adol.* Better it were, of these despairing men,  
That he alone should perish, than (to saue  
His proper wealth) all suffer in the waue :  
And therefore told him plainly, But if hee  
Vnto the generall safety would agree,  
(Need so compeld) that without further plea,  
Him and his wealth they'd tosse into the sea.

*Anth.* A very Sailers speech.

*Adol.* So, forc't at last,  
With his owne hands his goods away he cast,  
With many bitter curses ; much inrag'd  
With gods and diuels, that he had inrag'd  
Himselfe to such a barbarous element.

*Anth.* A meere Italians pray'r.

*Adol.* Obserue th' euent :  
(These our free-offrings notwithstanding) neither  
The windes nor waues were fated, but together  
Conspir'd : Our tackles were asunder blowne,  
And our torne sailes into the Ocean throwne.

*Anth.* Distresse indeed.

*Adol.* The Pilot comes againe.

*Anth.* To preach as at the first ?

*Adol.* In a fad straine  
He thus salutes vs : Friends, as the case stands,  
I wish you would commend you to heav'ns hands,  
And so prepare for death. Some who had been  
At sea before, and in that Art well seene,  
Askt him, How long he thought he could main-  
taine

His ship to liue? who briefly said againe,  
Not full three houres, (as being then at worst.)

*Anth.* Why was this harder doctrine than the  
first.

*Adol.* Which hauing said, the Sailers he straight  
bid

To cut the cords asunder : which they did.  
And next, To saw the main-Mast by the root :  
Who instantly apply themselues vntoo't ;  
Which, with the saile, and saile-yard, they soone  
threw

Into the sea.

*Anth.* Why so?

*Adol.* Because they knew,  
Bee'ng torne, a burthen they might rather call  
Their sailes, than helpe. (now of no vse at all)  
For all their hope was in the helme.

*Anth.* Meane space,  
What did the passengers?

*Adol.* A wretched face  
Of things you now might see : Some then in place }  
Began to sing, *Haile Mary full of Grace* ; }  
And the blest Virgin Mother to implore :  
She, who plaine *Mary* had been call'd before,  
They now stile, *The Seas Star, The Queen of*  
heav'n,

*The Lady of the world* : Titles not giv'n  
To her in sacred Scriptures.

*Anth.* I indeed  
Neuer that she at sea was yet could reed.

*Adol.* But *Venus* (I haue heard) once tooke no  
score

To haue the charge of Sailers, (as sea-borne.)  
 But thinking she had quite giv'n vp her care;  
 All their Devotions now directed are  
 In stead of her, a mother, and no maid,  
 Her that was Maid and Mother, to persuaide.

*Anth.* Come now you jest.

*Adol.* Some of them prostrat lie  
 Vpon the hatches, and for succor crie  
 Vnto the *Storme*, and (as had they been mad)  
 Pour'd out into the Maine what oile they had;  
 Flattring the raging billowes of the seas,  
 As if some angry pow'r they would appease.

*Anth.* What did they say?

*Adol.* O Sea most merciful,  
 O generous Sea, & Sea most beautifull,  
 O you the most rich Channels of the Deepe  
 Saue vs, haue mercy, vs preferue and keepe.

*Anth.* Ridiculous superstition. What the rest?

*Adol.* Their stomacks some disgorg'd; one in his  
 brest

Was meditating Vowes. An English man  
 (I well remember) said, O if I can  
 But get to land safe, Pilgrimage I'll frame  
 Vnto the blessed Maid of *Walsingham*;  
 And promis'd golden mountaines. Others vow'd  
 To such a Crosse: but that some difallow'd.  
 And nam'd another in a remoat place  
 Thence many countries distant. In like case  
 They with the Virgin *Mary* dealt, who raignes  
 In sundry Regions: and since need constraines,  
 They pray to her, but thinke they are not heard,  
 Vnlesse they name some Temple to her rear'd.

*Anth.* Vaine were such Orisons, since the Saints  
 dwell

In heav'n aboue.

*Adol.* Some said, If they came well  
 And safe to shore, Carthusians they would bee,  
 One promis'd, If the sea he once could free,  
 Bare-foot and bare head, naked saue his shirt,

And that of male clofe to his body girt,  
Nay, begging all the way, vow'd, steps hee'd tell  
To where Saint *Iames* yet liues in Compostell.

*Anth.* Did none thinke of Saint *Christopher*?

*Adol.* I heard

(Not without laughter) one to him indear'd :  
He in the chiefe Church of (2) *Lutetia* stands,  
(More like a mountaine than a man) his hands  
Lift vp : who with a voice strep'rous and loud  
(That all they in the ship might heare him) vow'd  
To fet before that Saint a waxen Light  
Big as himfelfe. To whom one that fore-right  
Before him fate, (well knowne to him) reply'd,  
(After he firft had jogg'd him on the fide)  
Take heed friend what you promise ; should you fell  
Your whole estate, which is to me knowne well,  
You cannot make it good. He then in feare,  
(Left him perchance S. *Christopher* might heare)  
Answer'd in a low voice, Peace foole, be ftill,  
Think'ft thou my words are futing to my will ;  
If once I find safe landing may be had,  
I'll of a farthing candle make him glad.

*Anth.* O stupid braine ! Some Hollander ?

*Adol.* None fuch :

He was of Zeeland fure.

*Anth.* I wonder much,

None that time of th' Apostle *Paul* did thinke ;  
(For he was wrackt, and when the ship did finke,  
Got to the shore) who knowing shipwracke beft,  
Would foone haue helpt them in that kinde diftref.

*Adol.* Of him there was no mention.

*Anth.* Did they pray ?

*Adol.* Yes ; and at once fome fung. and fome did  
fay

*Haile Virgin* : others, their Beleeve : fome mutter'd  
Certaine peculiar pray'rs, as had they vtter'd  
Soft Magicke fpells 'gainft danger.

*Anth.* How distresse  
Makes men deuout? when they thinke nothing  
lesse

Than of their God, if fortune seeme to smile,  
Or of his Saints. But what didst thou the while?  
Vowd'st thou to none of them?

*Adol.* No.

*Anth.* Why?

*Adol.* Because

Cov'nants with Saints made, are still with some  
claufe

After the forme of Contract: *This I giue,  
If thou performe*: If at this time I liue,  
Then such a thing I'll do; I'll at thy Shrine  
Offer a Taper, if I scape the Brine;  
Or if thou keepst me, vnto Rome I'll go  
On Pilgrimage.

*Anth.* But to none prayd'st thou?

*Adol.* No.

*Anth.* Shew me the cause?

*Adol.* I thought, Heav'n far extended:  
To any one Saint should I haue commended  
My safaty, say Saint *Peter*, who bee'ng neare  
Vnto the doore, most likely was to heare;  
Before he could haue left the gate, to finde  
Where God was, or deliver'd him my minde,  
I might haue perisht.

*Anth.* What then didst thou do?

*Adol.* Tooke the next course, and did direct  
vnto

The *Father* my Deuotions, and began,  
*Father which art in heav'n*, &c. I perceiv'd than,  
None of the Saints could sooner heare, nor any  
Abler to saue or helpe, though they be many.

*Anth.* Did not thy conscience picke thee the mean  
time,

Remembring with how many an hainous crime  
Thou hadst offended him?

*Adol.* Shall I speake true?

Part of my confident boldnesse it withdrew ;  
But straight it thus in my conception runne :  
No Father is so angry with his Sonne,  
But if he spy him in a brooke or lake,  
Ready to drowne, hee'l by the haire him take,  
And plucke him from the danger. 'Mongst the rest, }  
A woman who a childe had at her brest }  
Then sucking, in that feare seem'd troubled least.

*Anth.* And what did she ?

*Adol.* Nor clamor loud, nor weepe ;  
Nor promise what she neuer meant to keepe :  
Only embrac'd her infant, softly pray'd  
Vnto her selfe, none hearing what she sayd.  
Meane time the Barke inclining neere the shore,  
The Master fearing lest she would be tore  
And split to pieces ; her with cables bound  
From helme to the fore-decke.

*Anth.* Comfort vnfound.

*Adol.* Vp then a sacrificing Priest arose,  
Ag'd sixty yeares, through doublet and through hose  
His torne shirt seene, (call'd *Adam*) who his shooes  
(That had no soles) cast off, and 'gins to vnloose  
His wretched habit ; bidding all prepare  
Themselves to swim, who of their liues had care.  
And standing on the decke, begins to preach  
Alowd to vs, and out of *Gerson* teach  
Five truths ; what profit from Confession growes,  
Wishing we would make ready to dispose  
Our selves to life or death. Then present there  
Was a Dominican Frier of looke austere,  
'To whom some few confest themselves.

*Anth.* But what  
Didst thou mean space ?

*Adol.* I well perceiuing, that  
All things were full of tumult, soone confest  
My selfe to God, 'gainst whom I had transgressed  
Blaming mine owne injustice, and commended  
My selfe to him, whom I had most offended.

*Anth.* Hadst thou then perisht, whither hadst thou  
gon ?

*Adol.* That I committed vnto God alone,  
 As most vnwilling mine owne judge to be :  
 And yet a faire hope did still comfort me.  
 Whilst these things past, the Pilot came againe,  
 With his eies full of teares, and faith, In vaine  
 We striue 'gainst heav'n : each man himselfe prepare ;  
 The shaken ship in which distrest we are  
 Cannot the fourth part of an houre well last,  
 At fundry leaks the water poures so fast.  
 Soone after he brings newes he did descry  
 A Chappell afar off : bids vs apply  
 Our pray'rs, the small space that the ship still floated,  
 Vnto that Saint to whom it was deuoted :  
 When suddenly most part are groueling throwne,  
 Deuoutly praying to the Saint vnknowne.

*Anth.* Had they but nam'd him, he would sure  
 haue heard.

*Adol.* But that they knew not. Then the Pilot  
 steard

His torne ship that way, ready now to sinke,  
 (Such quantitie of water forc't to drinke)  
 And split she had in pieces in that weather,  
 Had not the cables bound her fast together.

*Anth.* 'Twas an hard case.

*Adol.* It drawing now towards even,  
 Vpon the sudden we so far were driven  
 Towards the coast, that vs th' inhabitants spy'de,  
 And seeing our extremes, call'd out and cry'de ;  
 And with their hats vpon their staues end, stand  
 Pointing to vs the safest place to land :  
 Then with their armes stretcht out, seeme to de-  
 plore

Our wretched case, distrest so neare the shore.

*Anth.* I long to know what happen'd.

*Adol.* Our Barke now

Had tooke in so much water, that I vow  
 There hardly any diffrence could be knowne,  
 Because the ship and sea appear'd all one.

*Anth.* To th' holy Anchor it was time to flye.



*Adol.* And yet small comfort, seeing death so nye.  
The Sailers hoise the boat, and let it downe  
Into the Sea : then there's a tumult growne,  
Who should presse soonest in. Some gan t'ex-  
claime,

Crying, Why throng you thus? Be rul'd for shame;  
The Boat's but small, and were you not thus rude,  
Vncapable of such a multitude.

They bid them search, and what came neereft, get  
To saue themselues. When now there was no let,  
But ev'ry one, that which came next him snatches :  
One lights vpon a piece of the torne hatches :

An empty barrell he : another takes  
A planke : that man a pole : and none but makes  
Some shift or other : so themselues commit  
Vnto the sea.

*Anth.* You haue not told me yet,  
What of the woman and the childe became,  
She only that was heard not to exclaime.

*Adol.* She got to shore first.

*Anth.* Tell me how that past ?

*Adol.* Her to a crooked planke we ty'de so fast,  
That hardly she could slide thence : in whose hand  
We put a boord (such as she might command)  
In stead of a small oare : then hauing prayd  
For her successe, as she was thereon layd,  
Expos'd her to the waues, and with a speare,  
Thrust her from off the ship, which was now neare .  
Hid in the sea, her infant she bestow'd  
In her left arme, and with her right hand row'd.

*Anth.* A stout Virago.

*Adol.* When nought else remain'd,  
One snatcheth an old Image, blur'd and stain'd,  
Part of it eat with rats, which once presented  
The mother Virgin : and with that contented,  
Begins to swim.

*Anth.* But came the boat to shore ?

*Adol.* They were the first that perisht; none be-  
fore;

For thirty had therein together got,

*Anth.* By what ill chance was that ?

*Adol.* 'Twas their hard lot ;

For e're they from the ship themfelues could free,  
The weake boat split, and funke immediately.

*Anth.* A sad difaster : But what then ?

*Adol.* I cherisht

Others, and had my felfe like to haue perisht.

*Anth.* As how ?

*Adol.* I stay'd till nothing did appeare  
Helpfull to swim.

*Anth.* Corke had been vsfull there.

*Adol.* I tell thee Friend, iust at that instant  
space

I'de rather had a Corke tree to embrace,  
Than a rich golden Candlesticke. About  
Looking, to spy what best I could finde out,  
I soone bethought me of the poore remaine  
Of the split Mast, at which I tugg'd in vaine ;  
And therefore call'd an helper. We combine  
Our double strength, and both to it incline,  
Trusting our selues to sea ; and in that fright  
He by the left part holds : I take the right.  
Thus by the billowes tost, the Predicant, whom  
I nam'd before, iust at our backs did come,  
And threw himselfe vpon vs : like an hulke,  
To us he seem'd, being of a mighty bulke,  
Wherewith mnch troubled, both aloud 'gan call,  
Who is that third who meanes to drowne vs all ?  
He gently vs bespake, and bad vs bee  
Of comfort, there was roome enough for three.

*Anth.* But wherefore did he leaue the ship so  
late ?

*Adol.* He purpos'd in the boat to try his fate  
With the Dominican Frier ; the rest to grace,  
Their Orders, willing to afford them place.  
But though they both were in the ship confest,  
Belike forgetting some word 'mongst the rest,  
They fell to it againe, and somewhat s'ed

Laying ones hand vpon the others head :  
 Meane time the boat funke, by the waues controld :  
 (For so much, after, to me *Adam* told.)

*Anth.* But what of the Dominican became ?

*Adol.* He, first invoking fundry Saints by name,  
 (So *Adam* said) did strip himselfe to th' skin ;  
 And hauing left his cloathes behinde, leapt in.

*Anth.* What Saints did he invoke ?

*Adol.* He named (thick,  
 As fast as he could speake) *S. Dominick*,  
*Saint Thomas*, and *Saint Vincent*, and one *Peter*,  
 (I know not which) but one she-Saint, with sweeter  
 And fairer words hee 'ntreated ; and her name,  
*Katherine Senenfsis*, she, it seem'd, the same  
 To whom he trusted most.

*Anth.* I, but Christs aid  
 Implor'd he not at all ?

*Adol.* So the Priest said.

*Anth.* Me thinks he better might haue far'd that  
 day,  
 Had he not cast his holy hood away.  
 For being naked like another man,  
 How could the Saint know the Dominican ?  
 Touching thy selfe proceed.

*Adol.* Whilst we were tost  
 Neere to the barke, still fearing to be lost,  
 Part of the sterne then floating, burst his thigh,  
 Who held the left part of the mast, whilst I  
 Made good the right : who soone his hold lets slip,  
 And so was drown'd. Into whose place doth skip,  
*Adam* the Priest, repeating a short prayer  
 That his soule (then departing) well might fare ;  
 Exhorting me to be of courage bold,  
 Stretch out my legs, and with my hands keepe  
 hold :

Mean time we drunke much brine out of the Ocean,  
 'Twas not a salt bath only, but salt potion.  
 (So *Neptune* then would haue it) for which he  
 (*Adam* I meane) would shew a remedie.

*Anth.* And what was that ?

*Adol.* Still as he spy'de the waue  
To come vpon vs, he himselfe to faue,  
Oppos'd it with the hinde part of his head,  
Keeping his mouth fast shut.

*Anth.* I neuer read  
Of a more stout old fellow.

*Adol.* Floating long,  
And mouing somewhat onward, he bee'ng strong,  
And wondrous tall, faith to me, Be of cheare,  
For by my foot I finde the ground is neare.  
But I that time more timorous and afraid,  
(Hoping no such good fortune) to him said,  
Most certaine we are farther from the shore,  
Than to hope land. He now encourag'd more,  
Saith to me, With my foot I touch the sand.  
Perhaps, said I, some chest driv'n neere the land,  
Wrought thither by the sea. He affirms No,  
And faith, the ground he toucheth with his to.  
We still were toft, and he againe feeles shore :  
Do what thou wilt (then said) for here no more  
I'll trust my selfe, but towards land make hast ;  
So farewell, for I'll leaue thee to thy mast.  
Then watching when the waue began to breake,  
With speed pursues it, and no more would speake ;  
But as the billow (shrinking backe) he sees,  
With either hand embracing both his knees,  
He waits for it, drencht ouer head and eares,  
(As Ducks or sea-Birds) and againe appears  
When the waue's past, and runnes. Finding his  
fate  
So well succeed, I thought to imitate  
Him in his course : There stood vpon the sands  
Some people with long javelins in their hands,  
Men strong and vs'd to stormes ; these reacht their  
staues  
To ev'ry faint hand that their succor craues.  
Who catching hold, some by that means they drew  
Safe to the shore.

*Anth.* How many of that Crew?

*Adol.* Seven only, of which, two brought to the  
fire,

But feeling warmth, did instantly expire.

*Anth.* How many were i' th ship?

*Adol.* Iust fifty eight.

*Anth.* O cruell fea, to ruine such a freight.

'T might with the tenths at most haue been suf-  
fis'd,

Priests aske no more when they are best advis'd.

But of so great a number did so few

Escape the Wracke?

*Adol.* I speake it who best knew:

And there we found a remarkt approbation

Of a most generous and indulgent Nation;

Who with alacritie and much cheare gaue

Harbor, meat, drinke, with all things we could  
craue.

*Anth.* What country?

*Adol.* Holland.

*Anth.* None I take to bee

More generous, fuller of humanitie,

Though girt with barbarous countries. But I feare

Thou'lt not to sea in haste.

*Adol.* Troth not this yeare,

No nor the next: I'le be no more such pray,

Vnlesse (quite mad) Heav'n take my wits away.

*Anth.* For such discourfes I so little loue them,  
That I had rather heare them far, than proue them.



The Argument to *Erasmus* his Dialogue, entituled PROCVS  
& PVELLA.

**E**RASMVS in this Colloquie  
*Expresseth what pure modestie*  
*There ought to be 'twixt Man and Maid,*  
*When there's a firme foundation laid*  
*Of their affections. His intent*  
*Was, how to leaue a president,*  
*All wanton Toyes to intercept,*  
*That chaste Vowes might be made and kept.*  
*As well the Prince as Peasant hence*  
*May take aduice of consequence.*  
*It shewes how true Loue should be plac't,*  
*Forbidding Marriage made in hast:*  
*And that the Choice is not confin'd*  
*Vnto the Body, but the Minde.*  
*His Project further doth imply*  
*The honour of the Nuptiall Ty,*  
*Which is not lawfull to proceed*  
*Before the Parents first agreed.*  
*Of the sincere alternate life*  
*Which ought to be 'twixt Man and Wife.*  
*Next, how their Children should be bred,*  
*As both by good Example led,*  
*And Precept taught. What ioy, what care*  
*The Good and Bad to Parents are.*  
*Wedlocke with Single life compar'd,*  
*I, and preferr'd in some regard.*

*That in the choice of any Bride  
'Tis Reason ought to be the Guide,  
And not Affection. Here's commixt  
Sport, with Philosophie: betwixt.  
Various discourse. The matter's ground  
Worthy an Author so renown'd.*

The Speakers, PAMPHILVS and MARY.

THE DIALOGUE.

*Pam.* **H**Aile to thee, oh thou Cruel, who canst  
vant

Of nothing else saue iron and Adamant.

*Mar.* Haile to thee too (at length) oh *Pamphilus*,  
How, and as oft as thou shalt please: but thus  
Wherefore You should salute me, know I not,  
It seemes to me my name you haue forgot.

*Maria* I am call'd.

*Pam.* Hadst thou thy right,  
Thou *Martia* hadst been nam'd.

*Mar.* I cannot fight,  
Nor know I what *Mars* meanes: Pray wherefore  
then

Ranke you me with that murtherer of men?

*Pam.* Because I hold thee more obdurat far  
And thirsting bloud, than is the god of War.  
He kills for sport, (but such as he doth hate)  
But thou thy Louers, (Cruell and ingrate.)

*Mar.* Good words I pray; to make me better  
skil'd.

Shew me the strage of those whom I haue kil'd?  
Or where's the bloud?

*Pam.* One Corse liuelesse and cold  
Thou look'st vpon when thou dost me behold.

*Mar.* What do I heare? Did any euer know  
A dead man (like thee) both to speake and go?  
Should no more terrible Ghosts to me appeare,  
Trust me I neuer should be strooke with feare.

*Pa.* Thou jest'st with me, and mean time strik'st  
me dead,  
And by degrees I'm hourelly massacred,  
Worse than if thou with steele shouldst pierce my  
breast;

For now with lingring death I am opprest.

*Mar.* How many childing women with wet eies  
Were present to lament your obsequies?

*Pam.* And yet my paleness argues (to my cost)  
I am more bloudlesse than a walking Ghost.

*Mar.* And yet that paleness hath a violets hew:  
You so looke pale, as we in Summer view  
The ripening Cherry, and your cheeke is dy'de  
Like th' Autumne Grape that's purpled on one side.

*Pam.* In sooth you do not well to jeere and flamm  
Me, knowing in what wretched case I am.

*Mar.* If thou beleev'st me not, there's a glasse by,  
Reach it, and that will speake as much as I.

*Pam.* No glasse I wish, no Mirror can allow,  
Saue that in which I do behold me now.

*Mar.* What Mirror's that you speake of?

*Pam.* Your cleare eies.

*Mar.* You'ar the same Sophister, and still so wise  
As you were euer: but I pray make't plaine,  
How you are liuelesse? and by me how slaine?  
Or is't the use of Shadowes to take meat?

*Pam.* They do (like me) but taste not what they  
eat.

*Mar.* What is their food?

*Pam.* Leekes, Mallowes, Pulse.

*Mar.* Indeed?

But sometimes you on Cocke and Partridge feed.

*Pam.* But to my pallat are as much default  
As should I feed on fallads without salt.

*Mar.* O miserable man! yet by this light



To me Y'appeare fat, fresh, and in good plight :  
But can the Dead discourse ?

*Pam.* Yes, they may speake,  
But with a voice (like me) low, faint, and weake.

*Mar.* And yet (but lately) when reuenge you  
vow'd

Vpon your Riual, you spake shrill and lowd.  
But tell me further, as the Shadowes talke,  
Are they (like you) appareld ? Can they walke ?  
Or do they sleepe ?

*Pam.* They do; such is their fate :  
Nay more than that, sometimes subagitate  
After their kinde.

*Mar.* You trifle finely now :

*Pam.* But will you in your judgement yeeld and  
bow,

If it by *Achillean* proofes be try'de,  
That I am dead, and you the homicide ?

*Mar.* Far be that Omen from vs : But proceed  
With that your Sophisme.

*Pam.* First then 'tis agreed,  
Death's nothing but the absence of the Soule  
From the fraile body : (none can this controule)  
And that you'l grant.

*Mar.* Well.

*Pam.* That which you agree,  
You'l not recall hereafter.

*Mar.* 'T shall not bee.

*Pam.* You'l not deny, That such as take a life  
From any other, kill ?

*Mar.* 'Tis without strife.

*Pam.* You'l likewise yeeld to that approv'd long  
since

By Authors, such as no man can convince,  
Namely, That from the body the foule moues,  
And is not where it lives, but where it loues.

*Mar.* Therein th' advantage you of me haue got ;  
Pray make't more plaine, I vnderstand it not.

*Pam.* In that I'm most vnhappy, since I see

You are not alike sensible with mee.

*Mar.* Then make me so.

*Pam.* You might with like pretence  
Bid me to teach the Adamant to haue fence.

*Mar.* I am a Maid, not stone.

*Pam.* And yet most fure,  
Than th'hardest Adamant y' are more obdure.

*Mar.* Well, recollect your selfe.

*Pam.* (Though to be' admir'd)  
All that with divine Raptures are inspir'd,  
'Tis said, nor heare, nor smell, nor see, nor feele,  
Although you wound them with transpiercing steele.

*Mar.* So I haue heard.

*Pam.* Know you the cause?

*Mar.* Not I:  
Explaine it you who reade Philosophy.

*Pam.* Because the Soule's in heav'n, when't doth  
affect,  
And absent from the flesh in that respect.

*Mar.* What then?

*Pam.* What then? thou Cruel? why this makes it  
plain,  
Thou art the Murtheresse: I the man new slain.

*Mar.* Where's then thy soule?

*Pam.* Why where it loues?

*Mar.* But who  
Hath tooke it from thee? Wherefore figh'st thou so?  
Speake freely, and vncheckt?

*Pam.* One cruell, yet  
She whom in death I neuer shall forget.

*Mar.* Y' are witty: But (my rare Philosopher)  
Why likewise take you not a soule from her,  
Repaying like with like?

*Pam.* Nor thinke it strange;  
Nothing could proue more happy than such change,  
And make me more essentially blest,  
Then myne in hers, if hers in myne would rest.

*Mar.* Shall I haue leaue (as thou but late with  
me)

That I may play the Sophister with thee ?

*Pam.* The Sophistresse.

*Mar.* Can it with probabilitie be fed,  
That the same body is alive and dead ?

*Pam.* But not at the same time.

*Mar.* The soule confine,  
The bodie's dead, nor canst thou call it thine.

*Pam.* I grant.

*Mar.* Nor quickens but when 'tis in place.

*Pam.* Well, be it so.

*Mar.* Speake then, how stands the case ?  
That being where it liues, in former state,

It keeps the body, whence it shifted late ;  
Or where it elsewhere liues, if it giue breath,  
How can it (whilst it liues) be taxt of death ?

*Pam.* In Sophistrie I see well skil'd you are,  
Yet can I easily euade this snare.

The Soule which doth the liuing body sway,  
Vnproperly (me thinks) title you may  
A soule, when those that do the men controule,  
Are truly some small reliques of the soule,  
And nothing else. As when you take a Rose,  
And smell to it, howeuer you dispose  
Of the floure after : being gon againe,  
The sent thereof will on your hand remaine.

*Mar.* I see they onely shall lost labor win,  
Who seeke to catch an old Fox in a gin :  
But there is one thing more that I demand,  
And I from you would gladly vnderstand ;  
Doth not he act, that's staine'd with murthers gilt ?  
And suffer not all such whose blouds are spilt ?

*Pam.* Most true.

*Mar.* How comes it then, when as the Wooer  
In this case may be said to be the doer,  
And she that's woo'd, the Patient (which is plaine,  
And stiffely to oppose it were but vaine)  
She that's belov'd, no such intent pursuing,  
Should not be that ? he cause of his owne ruin.

*Pam.* Quite contrarie : he (we see daily prov'd)

Suffer, who loues : she acts that is belov'd.

*Mar.* The *Areopagite* (Grammar-skil'd)  
In this cannot evince me.

*Pam.* Y'are selfe-will'd :  
Yet shall th' *Amphitryones* by Logicke doo't.

*Mar.* There's one doubt, prethee answer me  
untoo't ;

Whether is this your loue free, or constrain'd ?

*Pam.* Most willingly I loue, though thus disdaine'd.

*Mar.* Since not to loue, men likewise haue free-  
will,

Who euer loues, doth aime himselfe to kill :

And the inditement well against him laid,

'Twere great injustice to accuse the Maid.

*Pam.* She is not said the Louer to haue slaine,  
Because belov'd, but not to loue againe.

For all such persons may be said to slay,  
Who can preferue, and will not when they may.

*Mar.* Say a yong man vnlawfully should dote  
Vpon a Vestall, from the world remote ;  
Or cast his eye vpon anothers wife :

Must these lie prostrat, to preserve his life ?

*Pam.* But where this yong man his affection  
vowes,

The act both Law and Pietie allowes,

And yet is slaine. But if that murther bee

A sinne that doth appeare so sleight to thee.

I can of Witchcraft challenge thee.

*Mar.* O fie !

Witchcraft ? Forbid it you blest Pow'rs on hye :

Wouldst thou make me a *Circes* ?

*Pam.* I divine,

Thou art worfe far, because a Beare or Swine

I'de rather bee, than as thou seest me now,

Sencelesse and without life.

*Mar.* Pray tell me how,

Or by what kinde of Witchcraft do I kill ?

*Pam.* By fascination.

*Mar.* Is it then thy will

I turne my noxious eies from thee ?

*Pam.* Not so,  
But rather let them still dwell here.

*Mar.* Fie no.  
If in myne eies there be effascination,  
How comes it there is no such alteration  
In others I behold ? Now I diuine,  
The witchcraft's not in mine eies, but in thine.

*Pam.* Is't not enough, thy vow'd friend to trans-  
perfe,  
But thou wilt still insult upon his herse ?

*Mar.* O pleasant dead man, that can talke so  
free :

But I pray speake, When shall thy funerall bee ?

*Pam.* Sooner than thou do'st deeme, (I am  
afraid)

Vnlesse thou suddenly afford'st me aid.

*Mar.* Can I worke such a wonder ?

*Pam.* Thou mayst doo  
A greater act, and with small labour too,  
Restore the Dead to life.

*Mar.* Had I the weed  
Call'd *Panaces*.

*Pam.* Of Simples there's no need ;  
Onely repay my loue, that's void of lust,  
(Than which, what thing more easie, or more iust)  
There's nothing else can thee of murther cleere.

*Mar.* But at what bar shall I be call'd to appeare ?  
Before the *Arcopagite* ?

*Pam.* No,  
But at the bar of *Venus*.

*Mar.* Those that know  
That goddesse, say thee's placable.

*Pam.* So ye' haue heard ;  
But there is none to be more dread and feard.

*Mar.* Carrieth she lightning ?

*Pam.* Not.

*Mar.* Or doth she beare  
A Trident ?

*Pam.* Neither.

*Mar.* Doth she vse a speare ?

*Pam.* Not any : but shee's goddesse of the seas.

*Mar.* I do not vse to faile.

*Pam.* But more than these ;

She hath a Boy.

*Mar.* His age can none affright.

*Pam.* But hee's peruerse, reuengefull, and of might.

*Mar.* What can he do to me ?

*Pam.* What can he ? All

The gods forbid, that you should prostrat fall

Beneath his fury : loth would I presage

Ill vnto her, to whom my selfe I' engage.

*Mar.* I am not superstitious, speake thy minde.

*Pam.* I shall : If thou hereafter prov'st vnkinde,  
Or shalt appeare so peevish or so fond  
To one whose loue with thine may correspond :  
Should such a fute to *Venus* be commenc'd  
By her the Boy would be so much insenc'd,  
To aime a shaft in Stiptick poison dipt,  
By which thy hard brest on the sudden ript,  
It shall besot thee on some fould Swaine,  
Which shall thy loue repay with cold disdaine.

*Mar.* An horrid punishment thou talkest of, I  
A thousand times had rather wish to die,  
Than perditly to' affect one base and vile,  
And he his heart towards me not reconcile.

*Pam.* Yet of a Virgin subject to like fate  
There hath been knowne a sad example late.

*Mar.* What place ?

*Pam.* Aurelia.

*Mar.* Since how many yeares ?

*Pam.* How many moneths you would say. Still  
appeares

The lamentable ruine, and the fame

Is loud and frequent.

*Mar.* Speake, what was her name ?  
Why dost thou pause ?

*Pam.* I know her even as well  
As I do thee.

*Mar.* Then why dost thou not tell  
What her name is?

*Paw.* 'Tis for the Omens sake.  
Which doth not please me : I wish she could take  
Some other name vpon her. You may gather  
What hers is, by your owne.

*Mar.* Who was her father?

*Pam.* A man of qualitie, and one that liues  
Amongst the Lawyers, vnto whom he giues  
No common luster.

*Mar.* I am now ambitious  
To know what his name is.

*Pam.* Hee's call'd *Mauritius*.

*Mar.* But his surname?

*Pam.* *Aglaius*.

*Mar.* Liues her mother?

*Pam.* No, but of late chang'd this life for another.

*Mar.* But of what sicknesse dy'de she?

*Pam.* Wouldst thou know?  
Of sorrow, that her childe was shipwrackt so.  
Her father too, of valour prov'd and try'de,  
Did little want but of conceit had dy'de.

*Mar.* How was her mother styl'd, pray tell me  
true?

*Pam.* I will : *Sophronia* : one that none but knew.  
But what meane all these questions? do you thinke  
I speake a thing that's forg'd?

*Mar.* It cannot finke  
Into my head : you rather may suspect  
Our sex for that, since fables we affect.  
But say, what hapned to her then?

*Pam.* The Maid  
Was borne in honest place, as I then said,  
Of happy dower, and amiable feature :  
Why should I hold you long? She was a creature  
Fit for a Princes bed ; and fought by one

Then euery way her equall : there was none  
More meriting.

*Mar.* How call'd ?

*Pam.* The Omen doth offend : yet thus  
Receiue his name, he was calld *Pamphilus* :  
Who though he prov'd all possible waies to win her,  
Yet save disdain, when he found nothing in her,  
Griefe waisted him away : when she soone after  
Doated vpon a Groome compos'd for laughter ;  
Whom you might rather call an Ape than Man.

*Mar.* What is't you say ?

*Pam.* So poorely, that I can  
Scarce giue thereof expression.

*Mar.* She so faire,  
To dote on one deformed ?

*Pam.* Thin his haire,  
Besides, disorderd and vnkembd, his crowne  
Picked, made steeple-wise, and ouergrowue  
With scurfe and dandruffe ; bald he was beside,  
Extremely squint-eyd, and his nostrils wide  
And bending vpward, with a mouth most spacious,  
His teeth both gagg'd and furr'd, his tongue vngracious,  
Stammering at every word ; a scabbed chin,  
And easily seene, because his beard was thin ;  
Crookt-backt, gow-bellied, bending at the knee  
His legs.

*Mar.* *Thersites* thou describ'st to me.

*Pam.* Nay more ; They say he hath but one eare  
left.

*Mar.* Perhaps the tother was in war bereft.

*Pam.* Most sure 'twas lost in peace.

*Mar.* Such an affront

What's he durst giue him ?

*Pam.* Now I thinke vpon 't,  
It was the hangman.

*Mar.* Notwithstanding this,  
Perhaps what in his feature is amisse,  
His substance may make good.



*Pam.* But hee's no better  
Than a meere Bankrupt, one that is a debter  
Of his owne foule, and he hath pawnd it oft.  
And yet she that's so tender, smooth, and soft,  
Doth with this Monster bosome, drinke, and eat ;  
Nay, at his churlish hands is oft times beat.

*Mar.* A wretched tale, if truly understood.

*Pam.* And yet so *Nemesis* (1) hath thought it good.  
Most true it is, nor could the goddesse long  
Defer due vengeance for the yong mans wrong.

*Mar.* Than such a monster of a man to brooke,  
I rather wish here to be thunder-strooke.

*Pam.* Then let not *Nemesis* be justly mov'd,  
Provoke her not, love where thou art belov'd.

*Mar.* Would that suffice, with all my foule I'd  
doo't.

*Pam.* Speake not the word, vnlesse thou stand  
vntoo't.

I wish moreouer, That your loue may be  
Lasting, and only proper vnto me.  
A wife, no mistresse, I haue now in chafe.

*Mar.* I do not doubt it : yet in such a case,  
When as our vowes continue with our fate,  
Behooues vs long time to deliberate.

*Pam.* I haue long enough consider'd.

*Mar.* Left you erre,  
Take heed, for Love's but a bad Counseller,  
And as they say, hee's blinde.

*Pam.* Blinde love I scorne ;  
But that love fees, which is of judgement borne.  
Thou dost not therefore seeme to me so faire,  
Because I loue thee ; but I therefore dare  
To love thee, since thou art as thou appear'st.

*Mar.* And yet beware how you esteeme me  
dearest :  
When you pull on your shoo you best may tel  
In what part it doth chiefly pinch you.

*Pam.* Well,  
Dice must be cast for that, I and the rather,  
Because by many Auguries I gather.  
Things better may succeed.

*Mar.* An Augur too ?

*Pam.* I am.

*Mar.* But what can your sooth-saying doo ?  
Saw you the night-Crow flie ?

*Pam.* 'T had been in vaine ;  
Shee onely flies to such as haue no braine.

*Mar.* Or did you see two Turtles take their flight  
Either vpon the left hand or the right ?

*Pam.* Tush these are toyes : yet one thing I haue  
seene,  
And long time markt ; The goodnesse that hath  
beene

Deriv'd vnto you, nor doth it foretell  
Any bad Omen, to be borne so well ;  
Nor forreigne vnto me were their conditions,  
Or with how many wholsome admonitions  
Thy education from the first hath bin,  
With faire examples free from fight of sin.  
“ And better 'tis (the Dowrie to adorne)  
“ To haue one well instructed, than well borne.  
There is another Augurie beside :  
My Ancestors (I speake it not in pride)  
Are not of meanest ranke, and in times past  
With thine made league, which to this day doth last.  
And that, not vulgar, from our cradles wee  
Haue knowne each other ; but to disagree  
Were neuer knowne : there is a parity  
In our two yeares ; in the nobility,  
Riches, and honour of our parents. More,  
(Which in this match I should haue plac'd before)  
Your sweet indowments and behauior rare  
Did in all points with my condition square :  
But whether myne with yours haue suted well  
In correspondence, that I cannot tell.  
These are the Birds which I observ'd to flie,

Predicting only by their Augurie.  
And these presage a marriage to ensue,  
Happy and blest, nay alwaies seeming new.  
Vnlesse from your most delicate warbling throat  
Should now proceed some harsh vnpleasing noat  
To crosse my hopes.

*Mar.* Say, What song do you wish?

*Pam.* I will begin, now answer you to this,  
'Tis but two words, and they soone learned; *I am*  
*thine :*

Now echo vnto me, and sing, *Thou myne.*

*Mar.* 'Tis a short song, and hath as short a  
theme,

And yet it beares a long *Epiphoneme.*

*Pam.* What matters it how long, so it be sweet.

*Mar.* And yet I should be loth, as we now  
meet,

That I to any motion should consent,  
Of which perhaps in time you may repent.

*Pam.* O cease to boad vs ill.

*Mar.* I may grow strange,  
When age or sicknesse shall my beauty change.

*Pam.* Crazd or in health, thou shalt to me be  
one,

Equall in both, so deare vnto me none.

I gaze not on this building, rare and neat ;  
The guest within I loue.

*Mer.* What guest I entreat?

*Pa.* Thy mind, whose splendor with thy yeres  
doth grow.

*Mar.* He' had need of more than *Lynceus* eyes,  
that so

Can through so many rooves at once espy.

*Pam.* Thy minde by myne I see perspicuously.  
To adde to these, we in our children may,  
As we wax old, grow yonger euery day.

*Mar.* I, but Virginitie meane time is lost.

*Pam.* Tell me, if you your selfe had layd great  
cost

Vpon an Orchard, you would thinke it fin,  
Should nothing else but bare floures grow therein :  
Had you not rather (all the floures bee'ng crompt)  
To see the trees full branches vnderpropt,  
Laden with ripe fruit ?

*Mar.* O, you argue fine.

*Pam.* Or answer me : To see a drooping Vine  
Falne, and there putrifying where 'tis laid ?  
Or see one by her owne kinde claspsings staid ;  
And round about some faire growne Elme to run,  
Whilst her full clusters ripen 'gainst the Sun ?  
Which is the goodlier fight ?

*Mar.* Now answer me :  
Which of the two fights had you rather see :  
A milke white Rose still shining in its thorne :  
Or crompt, and in some durty bosome worne,  
To lose her faire leaves ?

*Pam.* As I vnderstand,  
That Rose is happier, gatherd by the hand,  
And withers, after it doth both delight .  
The nose with the sweet smell, the eye with sight.  
Rather than that which giues no more content,  
Than to the Brier forfeit both leaues and sent.  
It grew for use, first to be gathered, then  
To wither after. So the wine that men  
At merry meetings jovially downe poure,  
Is happier far, than what (vndrunke) growes foure.  
Nor is the Virgin floure maturely growne,  
Blasted as soone as crompt. Some I haue knowne,  
Before their marriage languish and looke sickly,  
Who after congresse haue recover'd quickly,  
As if they had but then begun to spring.

*Mar.* And yet Virginitie (you know's a thing)  
Gracious and plaufible to all.

*Pam.* 'Tis true,  
Than a yong Virgin, nothing to the view  
More gratefull : but what object can there bee  
Worse, than an old and wrinkled maid to see ?  
Vnlesse thy mother had let fall her floure,

Thy blossome had not flourish't at this houre.  
And if our future marriage (as I hope)  
Do not proue barren, we shall then haue scope,  
Though that Virginitie be lost and gone,  
To yeeld the world a many for that one.

*Mar.* And yet pure chastitie's a thing (they say)  
To God most gratefull.

*Pam.* And I therefore pray,  
Hee'l send me a chaste Virgin to my wife ;  
With whom to leade a chaste vnquestion'd life ;  
And by that means shall grow the greater Tye,  
Of mindes, then bodies ; so shall you and I  
Get to the publique weale, to Christ beget,  
Then how far distant is this wedlocke set  
From true Virginitie : it may so fall,  
That we in time may proue as conjugall  
As *Ioseph* liv'd with *Mary*. Meane time wee  
Shall practise 'twixt our selues a chastitie,  
To whose sublimitie none can come neare,  
Vpon the sudden.

*Mar.* What is this I heare ?  
Must chastitie be violated, and  
Then after learnd ?

*Pam.* What else ? (Pray vnderstand)  
As when by drinking of a lesser draught,  
We, by degrees, abstemioufnesse are taught :  
In this affaire with vs so stands the state.  
Which of the two hold you more temperate ;  
He at a full and furnisht table plac't,  
And of no tempting delicate will tast ;  
Than he, remov'd from all that might accite,  
Or any way prouoke his appetite ?

*Mar.* I hold him of a temp'rance far more great,  
Who, when beset with dainties, will not eat.

*Pam.* In case of Chastitie which stand you for ?  
Him that hath made himselfe an Eunuch ; or  
One that is able bodied, strong, and sound,  
And yet in whom there's no intemperance found ?

*Mvr.* Vpon the last I dare bestow the Bayes ;

On the first, madnesse, and no other praise.

*Pam.* All such as by the strictnesse of their Vow,  
No matrimoniall Contract will allow,  
What do they else but gueld themselues ?

*Mar.* You say't.

*Pam.* It is not vertue, not to copulate.

*Mar.* How is it not ?

*Pam.* Obserue me : If it were  
A vertue in itselfe, not to cohere ;  
It must be then a vice to haue congresse.  
But that to be most lawfull we may guesse,  
By mutuall consocietie. Againe,  
Marriage is honorable.

*Mar.* Make it more plaine,  
Why you infer this ?

*Pam.* Since so oft it falls :  
As, to the louing wife the husband calls  
For due beneuolence ; it only beeing  
For issues sake.

*Mar.* But say there's disagreeing,  
When it proceeds from wantonneffe and lust ;  
Then, to deny him, is't not right and iust ?

*Pam.* Rather admonish and intreate him faire ;  
That you may do : howeuer, bound you are  
To yeeld to him, beeing instant. In that straine  
Scarce heare I husbands of their wives complaine.

*Mar.* But libertie is sweet.

*Pam.* Yet further heare ;  
Virginitie's a weighty load to beare.  
But I thy King, and thou my Queen shalt bee ;  
Wee'l rule and reigne in our owne family :  
Can that appeare to thee a seruitude ?

*Mar.* But I haue oft heard marriage, by the  
rude  
And Vulgar, calld an Halter that fast ties.

*Pam.* All those that sacred mariage so despise,  
Are of an halter worthy. This decide :  
Is not thy Minde vnto thy Body ty'de ?

*Mar.* It seemes to be so.

*Pam.* Even iust as you see  
A Bird incage'd ; whom aske to be fet free,  
She will deny't : and wherefore ? Can you tell ?  
Because her bondage doth content her well.

*Mar.* Our means are but indifferent.

*Pam.* Therefore more,  
Safe. The best way then to encrease our store,  
Is your good houswifery at home, whilst I  
Abroad will vse my vtmost industry.

*Mar.* But many children still bring many cares.

*Pam.* And many pleasures too : I haue knowne  
heires,  
For all the tronbles and vncessant feares,  
The cost and charge that in their tender yeares  
They haue put their parents to ; being growne men,  
Haue payd them backe with double vse agen.

*Mar.* A miserable thing it were, I vow,  
To haue had childen, then to lose them.

*Pam.* Now,  
Are you not childelesse ? But at no good rate,  
Of doubtfull things thus ill you ominate.  
Which wish you rather to your lot might fall,  
Be borne to die, or not be borne at all ?

*Mar.* Why of the two, borne (as I am) to die.

*Pam.* So much more wretched is that Orbitie  
And deprivation, which yet never had,  
Or euer shall haue issue ; (to make glad)  
As they more happy are, borne to the earth,  
Than they, nor borne, nor euer to haue birth.

*Mar.* But who are they that are not, nor  
shall be ?

*Pam.* Nay heare me yet a little further : He  
Who humane frailties shall refuse to beare,  
(To which even all men while they sojourn here,  
Are equally obnoxious ; keepe they State,  
Or be they low degreed) must yeeld to Fate.  
But as for thee, let come what can betide ;  
For thou shalt beare but halfe, I will diuide  
The burthen with thee : nay, the greater share

I'lle cast on myne owne shoulders, (in my care)  
But so, that in each joyfull accident  
Doubled shall be thy pleasure in th' event.  
If ought disaistrous : my societie may  
Take (of the grieve) the greatest part away :  
And for your selfe (did but the Fates so please)  
I wish on me no greater joy might sease,  
Nor would I further happinesse desire,  
Than in thy swæet embraces to expire.

*M.* That which by Natures common course doth  
chance,  
You men disgest with easiest countenance.  
But I see with some parents how it fares,  
In whom their childrens manners breed more cares,  
Than can their deaths.

*Pam.* But please you be content,  
It lies in vs that danger to prevent.

*Mar.* As how ?

*Pam.* I'lle make it plaine ; because we see  
Neuer bad Fruit proceed from a good Tree,  
As touching the condition, Nor is't read,  
That ravenous Kytes of gentle Doves are bred,  
Let vs first study goodnesse ; then provide,  
That from the milke we may their youth so guide,  
By holy precepts and good admonitions,  
That we may rectifie their bad conditions :  
'Tis of great consequence, what is infus'd  
Into a Vessell when it first is vs'd.  
Adde to the rest, in our domesticke state,  
Examples, such as they may imitate.

*Mar.* 'Tis hard you speake.

*Pam.* No wonder, because faire ;  
And that's some reason why so hard you are.  
But the more difficult it seemes to be,  
'Twill aske from vs the greater industry.

*Mar.* Me of a pliant mettall you shall finde ;  
See then you cast and shape me to your minde.

*Pam.* Pronounce three words in th' interim.

*Mar.* 'Twere small paine ;



But words once past, fly neuer backe againe.  
I'll giue you counsell, and consider of it,  
Which may no doubt redownd to both our profit.  
Solicite you our parents to this match,  
They once agreed, we would make quicke dispatch.

*Pam.* You would haue me, the bush to beat  
about,

When in three words you may resolute this doubt.

*Mar.* Whether I can, is yet to me vnknowne,  
Because I am my parents, not myne owne :  
Neither did Contracts in times past proceed,  
Vnlesse by th' Elders they were first agreed.  
But howsoever, I presume, 'twixt us  
This match will proue the more auspicious,  
Lesse casuall too, to both, and much more sweet,  
If by our parents free consents we meet.  
To move them in't, your office 'tis, you know,  
Because in me it comely would not show :  
Virginitie loves to be forc't ; maids still,  
What they give freely, grant against their will.

*Pam.* Before I moue them, shall I thus indent ;  
May I presume I haue your free consent ?

*Mar.* Thou hast, my *Pamphilus*, then be of  
cheare.

*Pam.* Yare now to me religiously deare.

*Mar.* But your owne voice I'de wish you stil  
suspend,

And e're begin, consider first the end.  
Do not *Affection* vnto Counsell call,  
But summon *Reason*, which should governe all :  
For what *Affection* swayes is apt to vary,  
And is (indeed) no more than temporarie :  
But that which *Reason* dictates, be thou sure,  
Is permanent, and euer shall endure.

*Pam.* How sweetly play you the Philosopher ?  
And I shall no way from your counsels err.

*Mar.* It shall not much repent you. But againe,  
There is one doubt that much distracts my braine.

*Pam.* Now let all scruples vanish.

*Mar.* Is't your will  
I marry to a dead man ?

*Pam.* I live still,  
Reviv'd by you.

*Mar.* The scruple is remov'd ;  
And now at length, farewell my best Belov'd.

*Pam.* Be that your care.

*Mar.* I wish you a glad night.  
Whence came that deep fuspire ?

*Pam.* From no affright.  
A glad night did you say ? Now as I live,  
What you last wisht, would you had will to giue.

*Mar.* It is not fit that too much hast be made,  
For yet you see your harvest's in the blade.

*Pam.* Shall I beare nothing from you ?

*Mar.* This sweet-Ball,  
Take it to cheare your heart.

*Pam.* A kisse withall.

*Mar.* By no meanes, since to bring thee, I desire,  
A chastitie vnblemisht and intire.

*Pam.* Can that detract from modestie ?

*Mar.* Desist :  
Or would you I by others should be kist ?

*Pam.* Referue them then, as these you solely owe  
To me and to my use.

*Mar.* I'll keepe them so :  
Yet I could tell you of another cause  
Wherefore I dare not kisse.

*Pam.* Speake 't without pause.

*Mar.* You say, your whole foule, or the greater  
part  
Is fled into my body ; and your heart  
Empty'd of vitall heate, (or little there  
Remaining still) it therefore is my feare,  
Left by a kisse, the little which is left,  
I drawing, you be quite of life bereft.  
But take this hand, symbole of that affection  
Which mutually confirms our free election.  
So once againe farewell : be for my sake

Carefull (I intreat) in that you undertake.  
Mean time I'll pray, what yet remains vndone,  
May in a faire and prosp'rous course be run.

---

## The A N N O T A T I O N S upon

## PROCUS and PUELLA.

I N this Dialogue (to whose Author I am not able to give a meriting character) I presume there is nothing contained which doth deviate either from modesty or good manners. It is onely a meere expression, of what is, or ought to be, betwixt a young man and a maide, in the initiating of their affection, the prosecution of their love, and the perfecting of their contract. Here is neither childish discourse, loose language, or any impertinency, which is not agreeable, with wholsome instance, and commendable example. For in all marriages there is to bee observ'd, Parity in birth. For as *Dion* saith : *Disparity in Wedlock is a great enemy to love* : then conformity in education, and lastly equality in state. The first begetteth acquaintance, the second confirmeth it, and for the last we read *Euripides* thus : women without dowry cannot claime the priviledge to speake their owne thoughts : And *Menander* saith : That man is most unhappy who marrieth being poore, and raiseth his fortunes by a rich maide or widdow. But howsoever marriage in it selfe is honorable : in so much that *Homer* informeth us, That the Ladyes of *Greece*, used to count their yeares from the time of their Nuptials, not the day of their Nativity, as forgetting all the time of their virginity, and intimating, they were never to bee said truly to live, till they came to that state, legally to lend life unto others, which was by lawfull wedlock. Imagine then this our *Pamphilus* prov'd an happy husband, and *Maria* a fortunate wife : He a provident Father, and shee the fruitfull mother of a numerous and thriving issue. They blest in their children, and their children alternatly in them. For so it (for the most part) hapneth in all such con-

tracts. Where vertue over-ruleth vanity, and reason fwayeth  
passion and affection. Of him I may say with *Boethius, lib. 2.*  
*Metr. 8.*

*Hic & conjugij sacrum  
Castis nectit amoribus.*

With the sacred Nuptiall tye,  
His chaste love did well comply.

And to doe her the best right I can, I make bold to borrow  
thus much from the Poet *Statius, lib. Silvar. 5.*

*Si Babylonis opes, Lyde si pondera gaze  
Indorumque dares, &c.*

If thou the Babylonian wealth shouldst proffer,  
Or rifle (for her) the rich Lydians coffer;  
The potent wealth couldst thou before her lay,  
From *India* brought; or that from *Affrica*?  
Yet rather then transgreffe her nuptiall vow,  
She would choose death not caring where, nor how.

*Et quo non possum corpore, mente feror.*

---



The Argument of the Dialogue betwixt  
EARTH and AGE.

**I**N EARTH and AGE is to the life exprest,  
*How bad all Men are, when they are at best :*  
*How fraile, how fading, and in their greatst glory*  
*Vnsettled, wretched, vaine, and transitory.*  
*It shewes all Learning, Beauty, Youth, and Strength,*  
*All Pompe, all Wealth to nothing comes at length :*  
*No Statue, Structure, Trophée, so sublime,*  
*Which is not quite lost and defac't by Time.*  
*O who can then our common Parent (1) blame,*  
*Since all things she produceth that haue name,*  
*As they haue birth from her still-teeming wombe,*  
*So the same place is likewise made their tombe.*  
*No wonder then her grieffe so far exceeds,*  
*Since she is forc't to bury all she breeds.*

---

The DIALOGUE.

*Earth.* **W**Hat's he so many tongues can me  
allow,  
As he had eies who watcht the (a) *Pharian* Cow?  
So many mouthes to me who's he can give,  
As Fame reports the (b) *Sybel's* yeares did live?

---

(1) *Earth.*

Had I as many words my thoughts to expresse,  
 As (by th' (c) *Ascræan* Poet) we may guesse,  
 The antient gods liv'd dayes? Had I beside,  
 As many brazen throats open and wide,  
 As *Xerxes* shot darts, (after fight begun)  
 Whose number from the earth shadow'd the Sun?  
 So many rivulets of teares what's hee  
 Can to myne eyes infuse, as was by thee  
*Cyrus* (if we may trust antiquity)  
 Let into Ganges drops, thereby to breed  
 Dry waste vnto that (d) Channell crown'd his steed?  
 Who can my clamorous words supply with sorrow?  
 So many deepe suspires where shall I borrow;  
 As Valiant Roman Spirits (scorning to yeeld)  
 Fell in one fatall day at (e) *Canna's* field?  
 O my great griefe, which in the height appeares,  
 Not to be calm'd with words, nor washt with teares.  
 When (f) *Phaeton* fell from the *Sunnes* bright  
 throne,  
 How did his mournfull sisters him bemoane?  
 Who from their rough rindes where they be in-  
 clos'd,  
 Weepe pretious Amber still, *Phæbus*, oppos'd  
 'Gainst (g) *Niobe*, (her children hauing slaine)  
 O how she still in marble doth complaine?  
 What sorrow, musicall *Orpheus*, didst thou feele,  
 When thy *Euridice*, stung in the heele,  
 And dying, borne vnto th' infernall shade,  
 Thou with thy harp through hell free passage made?  
 What more than madnesse did corrode thy brest,  
*Andromache*? when (*Hector* layd to rest)  
 Thou saw'st thy (i) fonne, the hope of Troy and  
 thee,  
 Dropt from a tower: what sorrow might this bee?  
 Ev'n such was thine, (k) *Aegæus*, to behold  
 Thy sonnes blacke failes returning: which so cold  
 Strook to thy heart, thou thinking *Theseus* slaine,  
 Leapt from a rocke, and gav'st the sea thy name.  
 The torment of a mighty passion thou

(*l*) *Iocasta* felt, to see thy two sonnes vow  
Their mutuall ruines by revengefull Armes ?  
Sad (*m*) *Dædalus*, what pittifull alarmes  
Were in thy brest giv'n, to behold from hye,  
Thy sonne with his feint wings drop from the skie ?  
There to be food for fishes, and to adde  
A name vnto that sea, it neuer had ?  
Or should I speake how much (*n*) *Progne* lamented  
Her husbands spowle-breach ? or how discontented  
(*o*) *Anthonoë* was after *Actæon* torne ?  
Or of (*p*) *Antigone*, sad and forlorne,  
Leading blind *Oedipus* o're rocks along ?  
Within the compasse of my passionate song  
Bring all the torments of the former age,  
Gyves, Manacles, and Fetters, all that Rage  
Or Fury can inflict ; want, hunger, thirst,  
Whip, post, or prison, labor, or what's worst,  
The melancholy dungeon, gallows, racke,  
The forke or stake, what on the homicides backe  
Law can impose, the Traitor or the Theefe ;  
All these are toyes, if rated at my grieve.  
By stings of Serpents, or their teeth, to die ;  
Rough winter, gusts, where *Boreas* blowes most hye :  
A thousand wounds were nothing to endure,  
Or mounted on a gybbet, there chain'd sure,  
And liue to gorge the Ravens, or to bleed  
Beneath the Lyons jawes ; after to feed  
Her whelps, were nothing.

*Age.* Of the gods high straine.

What, or whence are you, that so loud exclaime ?

*Earth.* EARTH, Parent of all things.

*Age.* Why weepe you ?

*Earth.* Why ?

Haue I not just cause ? (who so great as I ?  
Being a Mother) in this wretched state,  
To see my Sons hourelly snatcht hence by Fate.

*Age.* You haue just cause to doo't.

*Earth.* I pray what lesse  
Perceiue you in the vntam'd Lionesse,

When she but one whelp misseth from her den ?

*Age.* She mournes.

*Earth.* What of the ravenous Tygre then,  
To lose her yong she tender'd with such care ?

*Age.* She grieves and raves.

*Earth.* How doth the poore Hen fare,  
Clocking amidst her brood, when in her sight  
One Chicken is snatcht from her by the Kite ?

*Age.* She sorrowes.

*Earth.* What doth the fleece-bearing Dam,  
When 'fore her face the Wolfe deuours her Lamb ?

*Age.* Laments.

*Earth.* Doth not the Cow with bellowing teare  
The aire, to finde her Calfe spoyld by the Beare :

*Age.* Alas she lowes.

*Earth.* What doth the Sow, to spy  
Out any of her Pigs stolne from her stie ?

*Age.* She calls loud after.

*Earth.* O then what should I ?

If whatsoever I produce or cherish,  
Procreate or beare, I see before me perish ?  
Is it not wondrous, Forests should at length  
Bide putrifaction, rot, and lose their strength ?  
The shadowie tree Time of her beauty 'reaves.  
Despoiling her both of her fruit and leaves.

*Age.* 'Tis wondrous I confesse, but so 't must bee.

*Earth.* What is it then, that I behold and see  
The brazen statues of the gods decay,  
The monuments of Princes turne to clay ;  
Mighty (*q*) *Colossi*, Temples deckt with Vaines,  
Supported with rich Columnes (by the braines  
Of the best Architects) made wide and large,  
With spacious arches, sacred, in the charge  
Of many a golden Relique : these to fall,  
And in a few short seasons perish all.

*Age.* So it hath pleas'd the gods.

*Earth.* The gods are then  
Too cruell and austere to vs and men ;  
Since, whatsoever the Earths fertile wombe



Brings forth to aire, and in the world to haue  
    roome ;

Whatever in her bosome she hath ta'ne  
To feed and foster : what doth now remaine,  
Or shall hereafter be ? That all these must  
Needs be involv'd in rottenesse and dust.

*Age.* 'Tis fit.

*Earth.* O anguish never to abate,  
Or have cessation !

*Age.* So the gods will ha't.

*Earth.* Then, as I said before, th' are too severe,  
And mercilessly in this kinde austere,  
Is't not enough strong walls are beaten downe,  
And lofty turrets level'd with the ground ;  
Cities are sackt, to ruine made a pray,  
The famous statues of the gods decay ;  
That rust the iron doth consume and waste,  
And pleasant Orchards of corruption taste ;  
But Man must perish too, and cannot shun  
Times fearefull havocke, but to ruine run ?

*Age.* The Fates so will.

*Earth.* What pitty can there be  
Ascrib'd to any pow'rfull deity ?  
But what art thou ? What goddesse ? or how styl'd ?

*Age.* AGE I am call'd.

*Earth.* Hence false Virago, vyld  
Infernall Fury ; for 'tis thou alone  
Bringst all my Issue to confusion :  
Swift feather-footed TIME and ravenous AGE  
Devour all things in their remorselesse rage.

*Age.* What's sublunarie, Fate will haue to fall.

*Earth.* Say Tyrannesse, thou AGE, consuming all,  
Where be those high *Pyramides* so fam'd,  
By which the barbarous (*r*) *Memphis* first was nam'd,  
Rear'd by so many workmens sweat and toile ?

*Age.* As all things else, even these have suffer'd  
    spoil.

*Earth.* Where's Pharos Isle ? the Sepulchre re-  
    nownd

Of King (*f*) *Mausolus* ? where's the Image crown'd  
Of chaste (*t*) *Diana* ? Strumpet tell me.

*Age.* Gone.

*Earth.* Where's the (*u*) *Tarpeian* Masse, its ructure  
none

More famous ? where's the hundred gated Towne  
Call'd *Thebes* ? or strong immur'd *Babylon* ?

Where's populous *Ninive* ? what's *Romes* sublime  
Vast Theatre by *Cæsar* built ? by TIME

Confounded all ; where's the Colosse of *Rhods* ?

*Age.* Their ruins all were foreseen by the gods.

*Earth.* What's *Troy* ? old *Sparta* ? or *Corinthus*  
hye ?

What's *Solomons* Temple, Harlot ?

*Age.* All these lye

In darke oblivion buried ; and in vaine

You fret, chide, wrangle, and perplex your braine,

Deare Mother EARTH ; weepe riuers from thine  
eies,

With clamors cleave thy jawes, make thy lungs rise

Consume thy marrow, breake thy backe, and teare

Thy intrals out ; the Fates are so severe,

Thou canst not breake their order, their strict  
lawes

Inviolat are, and will admit no claufe :

For them the mightiest Kings cannot oppose,

The Souldiers shield hath no defence 'gainst those ;

The rich mans purse, the learning of the Wise,

No nor the Poets Verse (let that suffice.)

*Earth.* If then with such ferocitie they bee

So deeply incenst ; and that the gods agree

In such inclemencie : advise me how

I shall demeane me ?

*Age.* You of force must bow

To their eternall doome, though you complaine,

Grieve, sorrow, and lament, all is but vaine.

*Earth.* I will not therefore.

*Age.* Your best is to advise

Man to leave th' earth, and looke vp to the skies :

To put no confidence in Mundane *Glory*,  
Which (like himselfe) is meerly transitory.  
Not to grow proud of Beauty, Wifdome, Wealth,  
Nor of his Strength, since Age by silent stealth  
Will rifle him of all. To him relate,  
Of far fam'd men the most vnhappy state.

*Earth.* Your consolable words have given re-  
liefe

To my suspence, and now exil'd all griefe.

*Age.* That's all.

*Earth.* I will obey. Man, answer me.

*Man.* Who's that?

*Earth.* Thy Mother.

*Man.* Mine? It cannot be.

*Earth.* Thy mother *Earth.*

*Man.* Deare mother then All haile;

What seeke you?

*Earth.* I lament. Can teares prevaile?

*Man.* Deare Parent cease to grieve: lies it in mee  
To give least ease to your calamity?

*Earth.* No, Sonne.

*Man.* Why mourne you?

*Earth.* Have not all things birth  
From me thy wretched and sad mother *Earth*?

*Man.* I know it well.

*Earth.* Dost thou not see how I  
Give to the woods production as they lie?  
Sap to the Trees, Increase vnto the Graine;  
Hug in my fertile bosome stones? Again,  
Afford the Vine Grapes, and the tough Oke Mast;  
Food to the Fish, and to the Birds repast:  
Tis I that to th' embroider'd meadowes yeeld  
Hay, to the Gardens Floures, Grasse to the Field:  
And last, as to the best of all my brood,  
Birth unto Man; and after bearing food.

*Man.* I do confesse it, Mother.

*Earth.* I much lament,  
Deare Childe, and from hence growes my dis-  
content,

That hauing such a fertile wombe, so free,  
 And ever-teeming ; only that by mee  
 So many shapes and bodies houely grow,  
 So firme in substance, and so faire in show,  
 That nothing can her ravenous throat assuage,  
 But all must die and be consum'd by Age :  
 She ruines Forrests, the hard marble weares,  
 Frets iron, wafts Palaces, strong bulwarks teares,  
 Spoiles Camps, doth Citadels demolish quite ;  
 Even the gods sacred statues takes from fight.  
 She not high consecrated Temples spares,  
 But that which teares and torments to my cares  
 Still addes, That Man she ruthlessly deuoures,  
 And makes him perish at vncertaine houres :  
 Therefore beware, my sweetest Childe, take heed,  
 Lest tympanous pride within thy bosome breed,  
 Of this beware, my sonne.

*Man.* Mother I shall.

*Earth.* Then first, lest warlike glory thee assaile,  
 And make thee to forget thou art but Dust ;  
 Heare vnto what the god-like Heroes trust,  
 Whom Age hath worne out of all memorie.

*Hector.* Lest any in his potencie rely,  
 Or in his militarie armes take pride,  
 Or powerfull skill in (*w*) Geticke weapons tryde,  
 Let him consider me, puissant indeed,

*Hector*, the strongest of all *Priams* Seed,  
 Potent in battell, and whilst I did stand,  
 Ilium was safe, secur'd by sea and land :  
 (In borrow'd armes) 'twas I *Patroclus* flew ;  
 Before me, Legions of the Grecians flew ;  
 When I came arm'd in fury : Troy oppress  
 With ten yeares siege, I garded with this brest,  
 I whom alone *Achilles* quak't to see,  
 Have yeelded vnto Fate, and vnto thee  
*Andromache* (a widow) left my sonne.

Thus AGE ends all things on the earth begun,

*Achilles.* The Trojans terror, Great *Achilles*, I

In finewie strength excelleng, and thereby  
Famous of old, the only hope and stay  
Of the Greeke Heroes, who alone made way  
Through all the Dardan host. 'Twas I alone  
Was dreaded in the field, and but me none.  
Alone of far-fam'd *Hector* was I fear'd,  
And *Priam* quak't when he my name but heard :  
Able my nerves, and matchlesse might my grace,  
In body mighty, terrible my face,  
Big shoulderd and broad brested, sterne my brow ;  
Yet to (x) *Minerva's* Altar as I bow,  
*Paris* behinde me steales, and with his dart  
Wounds me i'th heele, which rankles to my heart,  
And thus the Valiant perish, and thus AGE  
All things confumes in her devouring rage.

*Alexander.* What's life but frailtie, bubble, or a  
blast,

A cloud, a smoke, no sooner seene than past ?  
Yeares, like a ball, are voluble, and run ;  
Houres, like false Vowes, no sooner spoke than  
done :

Time quickly wasteth by vnwary dayes,  
Nothing can bribe the Sisters to delays.  
The horrid sword of Death whofo would fly,  
Let him but looke into myne age, how I  
Am gon and spent ; I that was calld and knowne  
By name of *Alexander Macedon* :  
Whose fame hath from the Suns vprife been heard  
Beyond the place *Ioves* Sonne his pillars reard.  
Through *Hesper*y and all the Easterne lands  
Have I been fam'd, whom none (oppos'd) with-  
stands,

The populous city Thebes my arme o'rethrew,  
I many thousand Persian souldiers flew ;  
Phœnicians, Ciclicks, Paphlagonians, all  
My sword subdu'd : thrice did *Darius* fall  
Beneath my potencie : great Babylon,  
Mighty in walls, I sieg'd, and seised on.  
And after, golden-wav'd *Hidaspes* past ;

Porus (foure cubits high) I queld at last,  
 Whom, conquer'd, I set free. This done, I then  
 From India saild, to Babylon agen.  
 Returning, I fell sicke, soone after dyde ;  
 Thus Time and ravenous AGE shall all things hide.

*Sampson.* Let Fame, th' admirer of all Ancestrie,  
 And such as are renown'd for Chivalrie,  
 Here shew her selfe, and in her shape divine ;  
 Surveigh all places where the Sun doth shine,  
 In which large progresse let her see the head  
 Of flowing Nile : or say that she be fled  
 Vnto the Sun-burnt (y) *Garamanti*, there  
 To enquire newes, or what she else can heare  
 From the Numidians or remoat estates  
 Of (the oft-shifting place) the (z) *Sanzonats*.  
 Search Thetis Empire through, or further go  
 To what the fabricke of the world can show,  
 She shall not finde that mortall wight that dare  
 With me in nerves or strength of armes compare.  
 I'am the mighty *Sampson*, famous yet,  
 To whom for strength *Alcides* would submit :  
 To strangle Lions was no more than play,  
 Or to out-run swift Tygres on the way.  
 What though I with the jaw-bone of an asse  
 A thousand slew, and through their army passe ?  
 What though the city gates I rend and teare,  
 And (after) them vpon my shoulders beare ?  
 Yet notwithstanding my great power and strength,  
 I yeeld to death, Age swallowes all at length.

*Earth.* Know now my Son, that such most happy  
 are,  
 Whom others harmes can teach how to beware.  
 See, whatfoeuer I produce or bring,  
 Nurse or giue fostering to, even every thing  
 Devouring Age consumes. Dost thou not see  
 Renowned *Hector* yeeld to Destinie ?  
 How great *Achilles*, after wars rough stormes,  
 Despoil'd of life, to be the food for wormes ?  
*Sampson* and *Alexander* in their prime,

Though strong, yet they both perisht : This can Time.  
Now left faire Feature should in thee breed pride,  
Natures indowments, or ought else beside ;  
See women next, in face and forme excelling,  
Swallow'd in dust ; all Beauty Age expelling.

*Hellen.* O you blind men, with feminine shape ore-  
taken,

Whose amorous hearts are with their culture shaken,  
Now do I finde too late, and grieve to thinke,  
All mortall beauty must in *Lethe* sinke.  
We kembe these haire, and trim them vp in gold,  
(Our curled tresses with rich gems inrol'd)  
Our fronts we burnish, and there cannot passe  
One blemish, but corrected by the glasse.  
By art we adorne our heads, and by art wee  
Dispose the face and haire ; by art we see.  
And yet these haire, this head, these eies, this face,  
Vanish like moving waves which flote apace.  
Behold ! I that was faire, am wormes meat made,  
My flesh corrupt, and buried in the shade.  
Behold (I say) that Grecian *Hellen*, shee  
Rap't, *Menelaus*, in her prime from thee :  
Me (a) *Theseus* ravisht first, and left me so,  
That saving kisses I did nothing know.  
False *Paris* last (by Fate or Fury led)  
Hosling with me, made stealth into my bed :  
Foole that he was, he little then did know,  
This snare for me was Troys sad overthrow.  
This putrified Coarse by him so bought,  
Was after by a thousand ships re-fought.  
O Greece, what preparation didst thou make,  
To fetch that flesh which now the wormes forsake ?  
What broiles ? what strage ? what slaughter to de-  
stroy,  
Did this loath'd carcase breed 'twixt Greece and  
Troy ?  
Became it thee, friend Paris, to forsake  
Thy household gods, and such a journey take,  
To hazard seas, only to fetch away

From Greece this rottenesse, this putrid Clay ?  
 And you the (*b*) *Atrides*, would you faile so far,  
 And for this dust maintaine a ten yeares war ?  
 That this vile earth, this stench you might returne,  
 To clofe these ashes in my fathers urne ?

*Lais.* If any fables haue bin fung in praise  
 Of Prostitutes, what fame their shapes could raise ;  
 I the Corinthian *Lais*, choice and best,  
 Haue been the crowne and grace to all the rest.  
 My chin the Ivorie stain'd, Lillies my brow,  
 To match myne eies the world then knew not how :  
 My necke was long and straight, and my veins blew,  
 Soft lips, in my cleare cheekes fresh roses grew ;  
 My nose was neither crooked, long, nor flat,  
 My visage it became, it graced that :  
 My wanton paps like two round hillocks grow,  
 From which moist springs two milky rivers flow,  
 My belly comely sweld, for it became  
 Like a plumpe Peacocks, soft as the yong lambe :  
 My stomacke like the temperat Turtles feeding ;  
 Modest my dyet, and no surfets breeding ;  
 My armes much whiter than the Lillies showing,  
 Or floures, (*d*) *Alcinous*, in thy garden growing.  
 Who that my leg did looke on, but did thinke  
 He burnt in flames, or in the seas did sinke ?  
 Or who my backe parts did behold, but sed,  
 O that I were a flea in *Lais* bed.  
 Or who my foot, but wisht himselfe a stone,  
 With vpward eies for me to tread vpon.  
 And yet this face, these cheeks, these lips, these eies,  
 This necke, these haire, these temples, legs and  
 thighs,  
 This stomacke, belly, backe, armes, hands, and feet  
 Are wormes meat now, and with corruption meet.  
 Learne yong man then, that which we trust in  
 most

Is dust and filth ; in Age are all things lost.

*Thisbe.* The Babylonian *Thisbe* is my name,  
 Noble my birth, my beauty great in fame ;



No lovely Maid that had in th' Orient place,  
But with much envy gaz'd me in the face.  
Inraged *Love* I with a smile could please,  
Or pull his threatning thunder backe with ease.  
*Juno* her selfe of me hath jealous bin,  
And fear'd lest *Love* in Babylon would sin.  
The white (*d*) *Caisirian* Bird to me did yeeld,  
And to my blush the Roses of the field.  
Yet not this feature, not this front or face,  
Nor these myne eyes, to which the stars gave place,  
Could ransom me from the wormes fearefull rage,  
Or the rude phangs of all-devouring *Age*.

*Lucretia.* Who the divining Sybels shall commend,  
Or thee, (*e*) *Penelope*, and not offend ?  
Of (*f*) *Dido's* feature who shall smoothly write ?  
Or the (*g*) *Leucadian* sisters beauty cite ?  
Behold me *Lucrece*, softer than the downe,  
Or the swans brest, and whiter : who was knowne  
More tractable than wax ; fresh as the aire,  
Softer my skin than the ripe Melons are.  
With this faire body I the wormes haue fed,  
And a small urne containes me being dead.  
These paps, that (*h*) *Cato* the Severe would turne,  
Or chaste (*i*) *Hippolitus* in ardor burne,  
This pretious flesh, this shape is chang'd to dust  
And putrification, to which all may trust.  
Nothing the earth brings forth, but *Age* can wast,  
One and the same fate meets with all at last.

*Earth.* Consider then, my Sonne, these shapes you haue,  
Splendor nor feature, ransoms from the Grave :  
That all things suffer change, necke, brest, and throat,  
Lips, cheeks, brow, stomacke, all on which we doat,  
Convert to ashes. Yet lest thou be won,  
Thinking to scape by other gifts ; my son  
Attend with prepar'd eares, heare what the Learnd,

The Rich and others have 'tofore discernd ;  
 These and the rest haue the same accent sung :  
 Now whilst they speake, thou still suppressse thy  
 tongue.

*Virgil.* If Learning from himselfe shall man  
 divide,

And make him like the Peacocke strut with pride,  
 He offends in madnesse, sencelesly is vaine.  
 Behold, I *Virgil*, of the learned straine,  
 Of Poets Prince, their glory and their grace,  
 To whom *Apollo* did afford prime place ;  
 Me the most sacred Muses favor'd still,  
 For me the (*k*) *Driades* their laps would fill  
 With various floures, and the *Napæe* bring  
 Chaplets of Bayes to crowne me when I sing.  
 To th' Palaces of Emperors accited,  
 And to the banquets of great Kings invited :  
 And yet I dy'de. What profit did it breed,  
 That I first taught the wanton Goats to feed,  
 To till, to sow and reape : or be fam'd far  
 For the rude slaughters of a ten yeares war ?  
 Yet was I food for wormes. What's Poesie then ?  
 Instable *Age* ends what she will, and when.

*Xerxes.* Left opulencie should elate man high,  
 And make him set his face against the skie,  
 Trust to his youth, or what his riches brings,  
 Behold me *Xerxes*, mightiest of all Kings,  
 And most magnipotent, I that haue bin  
 Possesst of such an infinite Magozin  
 Of gold and treasure, so immense a store,  
 As neuer Persian King enjoyd before ;  
 That when my pride toward Grecia 'gan to aspire,  
 Gave to so many souldiers food and hire ;  
 So many legions from the Orient brought,  
 That in the first great battell which we fought,  
 Such store of shafts and darts my campe did yeeld,  
 As kept the Suns bright lustre from the field :  
 So many ships of mine the Ocean swayd,  
 As made astonisht *Neptune* fly, afraid,

And hide him in his Deepes. What's plenty then ?  
 Or what doth Pompe or Greatnesse profit men ?  
 We vanish all like shadowes : and even thus  
 Dy'de (*l*) *Cræsus*, (*m*) *Crassus*, (*n*) *Midas*, (*o*) *Priamus*,  
 (*p*) *Pigmation*, whom both Age and Death constraines  
 To walke with *Xerxes* in th' Elysian plaines.

*Nero*. If any aire to Tyrants breathing gives ;  
 If any (*q*) *Catiline* or (*r*) *Marius* lives ;  
 Or if there any sterne (*s*) *Mezentius* be,  
 Contemner of the gods : these looke on me,  
 I the base sinke of sin, the ship of shame,  
 Quaffer of humane blood, *Nero*, the same  
 Whose murthers have been bruted over all,  
 From the Suns uprise, to his Westerne fall :  
 Whose gluttonies and lusts *Nilus* knew plaine,  
 And (*t*) *Calpes*, to the farthest parts of Spaine.  
 To rip my mothers wombe was my desire :  
 Who knowes not too, I set great Rome on fire ?  
 Who knowes not, that my fury did betray  
 The lives of *Lucian* and wise *Seneca* ?  
 Who knowes not, that Saint *Paul* and *Peter* tryde  
 My sword, by which most of the Senat dy'de ?  
 But what was then my miserable fate ?  
 Prest by my feares, and by the peoples hate,  
 Scorn'd by each sex, abhorr'd in myne owne land,  
 Contemn'd of all, I fell by myne owne hand :  
 Thus *Nero* dy'de, thus none can AGE withstand. }

*Sardanapal*. Lest soft effeminacie, lust, and abuse  
 Of Natures gifts might pleade the least excuse ;  
 I am that Sensuallist *Sardanapal*,  
 Who to my selfe thinking to ingrosse all  
 Voluptuousnesse, deckt in their womanish futes,  
 I spent my time 'mongst common Prostitutes ;  
 False periwigs vpon my head I wore,  
 And being man, the shape of woman bore.  
 Yet this ranke body a small urne containes ;  
 To this we must, to this, AGE all constraines.

*Earth*. Son dost thou see how all things AGE out-  
 weares ?

How the Strong perish, with the prime in yeares?  
 How the Faire falls, and how the Learn'd decay?  
 And how the Rich consume and fade away?  
 How Tyrants dye? How death the Wanton tastes?  
 And, to conclude, how swift *Time* all things waits?

*Man.* What (Mother) shall I do? If I live chaste,  
 I am not therefore safe: or if I waite  
 My houres in *Venus* sports, I am not free:  
 If ever weepe, what shall become of me?  
 If ever sport, what profit can it bring?  
 And though I ever mourne, or ever sing,  
 All's one, for die I must. Since Death ends all,  
 Let my corrupted body die and fall  
 To dust, to earth or wormes, pleasure's my store,  
 Let me enjoy that, I desire no more.

*Earth.* Thus I conclude; Though mans life be vn-  
 stayd,  
 And as we see, by Custome hourelly fade,  
 Even as the parched leaues by Autumne change  
 And fall to nothing; yet (which is most strange)  
 Of his owne fruit he is vnmindefull still,  
 And followes what proves to himselfe most ill.

## Annotations upon the Dialogue of EARTH and AGE.

(a) **M**eaning *Io* transformed into a *Cow* by *Iupiter* (who had before stuprated her) to conceale her from the jealousie of his wife *Iuno*: the whole story you may read in the Dialogue intituled *Iupiter* and *Io*: shee lived in the yeare of the world 2200, according to *Hel*.

(b) The Sibils were in number ten. *Perfica*, *Libyca*, *Delphica*, *Eriuhraa*, *Samia*, *Hellefpontiaca*, *Tiburtina*, *Albinea*, *Cumæa*,

*Cumana*: of these you may read *Varro*, *Gellius*, *Augustin*, *Suidas*, and *Lactantius*. And of the long life of *Cumana*, *Virgil* in his *Æneids*.

(c) *Ascrean*, so titled from *Ascrea* a Towne in *Boetia*, neare unto the mount *Helicon*, where the famous Poet *Hesiod* was borne, from which place hee had the surname *Ascreus*.

(d) King *Cyrus*, because he had a Steed whom he much loved, drowned in the river *Ganges*: to be revenged therof, caused so many currents to bee cut, that hee dryed the Channell.

(e) It hath reference to the great battaile fought by *Hannibal* against the Romanes neare unto the Village *Cannas*, where he slew 80. thousand in that one conflict: from thence the people of *Italy* are call'd *Cannenses*.

(f) Concerning the History of *Phaeton*, and his sisters, I referre you to the reading of *Ovid*, where it is with great elegancy described. *Metamorph.*

(g) You may read the like of *Niobe* the daughter of *Tantalus*, and wife to *Pelops*: who had fixe Sonnes, and fixe Daughters, all which *Latona* the mother to *Apollo* and *Diana*, (in whom are figured the Sunne and the Moone) caused to be slaine, for the pride of *Niobe*, who presumed to compare with her: for griefe whereof shee lost her speech, and remained stupid and without motion, which gave the Poets occasion to feigne that she was changed into a marble statue. *Calvis.* reporteth that shee lived in the yeare of the word, 2240.

(h) *Euridice* was the wife of *Orpheus*, who flying from *Aristheus* who would have ravished her, was stung with a Serpent, of which she dyed. *Orpheus* tooke his harpe, And went to Hell for her, and by his excellent Musick so far wrought with *Pluto* and *Proserpine*, that they suffered him to beare her thence, but upon condition, that he should not looke backe upon her till hee had past the infernall shades, and came to the upper light, which through his over love hee breaking, so lost her. The fable is thus moraliz'd, *Euridice* signifieth the foule of man, and *Orpheus* the body to which the foule is married. *Aristheus* is true happinesse which would gladly ravish the foule, but shee flying through grassy fields and medowes, is at length stung to death by a Serpent, that is, by the blandishments of immoderate pleasure: she then descends into Hell, which implyes dull and deepe melan-

choly, with the trouble of a perplext conscience, where shee is rescued by comfortable musick. But so, that unlesse shee submit herselfe to the rule of reason, shee shall quickly fall againe into the same agony: shee lived in the yeare 1700. according to *Natal. Comes.*

(i) *Astianax* was the Sonne of *Hector* and *Andromache*, who after the taking of *Troy*, was by the Grecians precipitated from an high tower and so slaine.

(k) *Egeus* was the Sonne of *Neptune*, and King of *Athens*, in whose raigne King *Minos* of *Crete* to revenge the death of his Sonne *Androgeus*, made most cruell warre on the Athenians, forcing them yearely to send seven Noblemens Sonnes into *Crete*, to bee devoured by the monster *Minotaurus*. Three yeares this continued, and in the fourth the lot (amongst others) fell upon *Theseus*, the elect Sonne of the King, who being of a noble and heroick courage, put them in great hope that he was able to kill the monster: At his departure his father injoyn'd him, that if the ship hee went in returned prosperously he should set up a white flagge in token of victory, and plucke downe the black one which they then bore in signe of mourning. But after when *Theseus* by the counsell of *Ariadne* daughter to King *Minos* had overcome the monster, and with a clew of thread escaped the labyrinth, sayling homewards againe with joy towards his Country, he forgot his fathers commandement concerning the white flagge. The old King much longing to see the safe returne of his sonne, used every day to ascend an high promontory, which overlooked the Sea, to take view of all such ships as past that way, at length knowing his sons shippe, and seeing the same sable flagge in the top, with which they first launched from that shoare, supposed hee had beene dead, and therefore furcharged with griefe, cast himselfe headlong from the rocke into the Sea, which was after cald by his name *Egeum mare*. He lived in the 48. yeere after *Athens* was first made a Kingdome: and in the yeare of the world 2680. about the time that *Gedeon* judged *Israel*.

(l) *Jocaste* was the mother of *Oedipus*, who after her first husbands death married with him, being her owne naturall sonne, (but not knowing so much) by him shee had *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, who in a single combat slew one another, and they also dyed miserably.

(m) *Dedalus* was the sonne of *Micion* borne in *Athens*, the

most excellent Artificer of these times. He made the Labyrinth into which *Minos* put him, and his sonne *Icarus*, at length having got feathers and wax, he made thereof artificiall wings for himselfe and his sonne, and so flew from Crete into Sardinia, and thence to Cuma, where he built a temple to Apollo, but *Icarus* in the way soared so high, that the beames of the Sunne, melted the wax, and his wings failing him, by that disafter he fell into the Sea, from it hath still retained the name of *Mare Icarium*, the Icarian Sea, according to that of *Ovid*.

*Icarus Icarij nomina fecit aquis.*

(n) *Progne* was the daughter to King *Pandion*, who because her husband *Tereus* King of Thrace, had ravished her sister *Philomela*, and after cut out her tongue, she having notice thereof, in a barbarous revenge, at a feast dedicated to *Bacchus* : slew her son *Itis*, and after drest his limbs, and served them up to her husbands table, &c. She lived about the yeare of the world 2510. according to *Helio*.

(o) *Autonoë*, was the daughter of *Cadmus* and *Hermione*, who much lamented the death of *Acteon*.

(p) *Antigone*, was daughter to *Oedipus* King of Thebes, who when her blind father was banished, tooke upon her to leade him, and afterwards being at the buriall of her two brothers *Eteocles* and *Polynices* with *Argia*, was slaine by the command of King *Creon*, whose murder *Theseus* soone after revenged.

(q) *Colossæ vel Colossis*, was a towne of Phrygia, neare unto *Laodicea*, which was demolisht by an earth-quake in the time of *Nero*.

(r) Memphis was built by King *Ogdous*, and tooke name of his daughter (so called) it is a great and spacious City in Egypt, famous for the Pyramides and stately sepulchers of Kings there set up : it is at this day called *Alcayrum*, or Grand-Cayre.

(f) *Mausolus*, was King of Caria, to whose memory his wife *Artimesia* reared a most sumptuous Tombe which was reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world, this Monument was reared in the year of the world 3590.

(t) It hath reference to the stately Temple of *Diana* in the City of Ephefus : which was afterwards maliciously burnt downe by *Herostratus*.

(v) *Tarpeian* alludeth to *Tarpeia*, a Vestall virgin in Rome, who covenanting with the Sabines their enemies, to betray the

Capitoll, for the bracelets they wore on their left armes, when they entred the City, and she stood ready to receive that which she had contracted for, in stead of their bracelets, they cast their Targets upon her, by which she was smothered and pressed to death: this happened in the yeare of the world 3205. The Tarpeian Mount was so called because she was there buried, and *Iupiter* was surnamed *Tarpeius*, because there worshipped.

(w) By Getick weapons are meant these which the Getæ used, a people of Scythia in Europe, *Ælius Spartan*. From them derives the Nation of the Goths, who after conquered Italy and Rome.

(x) By *Minerva's Altar*, is intended that which stood in the Temple of *Pallas* within the City of Troy, where *Achilles* at his marriage to *Polyxena* daughter to King *Priam* and *Hecuba* was slain by *Paris*.

(y) They were called *Garamentes* of *Garamus*, a King of *Lybia*, who built a City there, which he called after his owne name: their Country lyeth along by the banke of *Numidia*, in a tract of ground from the Atlantick Ocean, by the river *Nilus*. They were held in old time to be the farthest people Southward.

(z) The *Sauromat's* are a Septentrionall Nation which some Authors, as *Ortelius* and *Scaliger* held to be the inhabitants of *Russia* and *Tartaria*.

(a) *Helena* was in her Nonage first rap't by *Theseus* before her marriage to *Menelaus* King of *Sparta*, and after by *Paris* ravish't, and carried to *Troy*.

(b) *Atrides*, were the two brothers, *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, so called from their father *Atreus*.

(c) *Alcinous* was King of the *Phœacians*, and lived in *Corcyra*, who much delighted in Orchards and Gardens.

(d) The Swans are cald *Caistrian* birds, from the river *Caister*, where they are said to breed in great number.

(e) *Penelope*, the wife of *Vlysses*, famous for her beauty and constancy.

(f) *Dido* was otherwise called *Elisa*, the daughter of *Belus* King of *Tyre*, and espoused to *Sychæus*, one of *Hercules* Priests, whom her brother *Pigmalion* slue for his wealth, she after built



the famous Citty Carthage, and in the end (as *Virgil* relates) kild herselfe for the love of *Aeneas*.

(g) *Leucades* two beautifull sisters, rapt by the two famous brothers *Castor* and *Pollux*, the sonnes of *Læda* the mother of *Helen*, who was comprest by *Jupiter*.

(h) *Cato*, for his austerity cald *Censorius*.

(i) *Hippolitus*, the sonne of *Theseus* and *Hyppolita* the Amazon, who when his father was abroad, his step-mother *Phædra* sollicited him to incestuous love, which he refusing, she accused him to his father that he would have forced her, but when hee perceived him to give credit to her false information, he tooke his Chariot and horses to flie his fury, but by the way his steeds being frighted with Sea-calves, ran with him to the mountaines, and dashed the Coach in pieces, and him also, he lived in the yeare of the world, 2743.

(k) The *Driades* were Nymphæ, or *Sylvarum Dea*, that is Wood-fayries or *Druides*.

(l) *Cræsus*, a rich King of Lydia.

(m) *Crassus* furnamed *Marcus*, the richest man amongst the Romanes, who held no man worthy to cald rich, who could not within his yearly revenue maintaine an Army: hee was extremely covetous, and managed warre against the Parthians, by whom, both hee and thirty thousand Romanes were slaine, and because the barbarous enemy conjectured that hee made an assault upon them for their gold: therefore they melted a great quantity, and powred it into his dead body, to fate him with that, with which in his life time, hee could never be satisfied. He lived in the yeare of Romes foundation 693, and before the Incarnation 57.

(n) *Midas*, a rich King of Phrygia who asked of *Bacchus* whom he feasted, that whatsoever he touched might be turned into gold, &c. He lived in the yeare of the world 2648, about the time that *Debora* judged Israel.

(o) *Priam* King of Troy potent in wealth and strength, but after slaine, and his Citty utterly subverted by the Grecians.

(p) *Pigmalion*, an avaritious King (before spoken of) brother to Queene *Dido*.

(q) *Catiline*, a seditious Conspiratour of Rome whose plots

were brought to light by *Marc. Cicero* then Confull of Rome with *Antonius*.

(r) *Marius*, one that was seven times Confull of Rome, and after much pestered the Citty, by the division betwixt him and *Sylla* : He lived the yeare before the Incarnation, 65.

(f) *Mezentius*, was King of the Tyrenians, remembred by *Virgil* in his *Æneids*, to be a great contemner of the gods.

(t) *Calpe*, is one of the hills in Spaine, called *Hercules Pillars*.

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The Argument of the Dialogue intituled  
MISANTHROPOS, or  
the *Man-Hater*.

**T**His Dialogue of Riches doth entreat;  
Of their true use: how they with lucre great  
Are long acquir'd, and how soone lost. The cause  
Of this Discourse is grounded from th' applause  
Timon first had in Athens, where he sway'd,  
For his wealths sake, being honor'd and obey'd.  
Who after a most riotous expence,  
Having consum'd his state, and growne to sence  
Of Povertie; such as he rais'd he tries,  
But findes them now his person to despise.  
He seeing how base avarice did blinde  
The world that time, in hate of all Mankinde,  
So devious from Vertue, did propose  
A new name to himselfe, MISANTHROPOS;  
Which gives this Tractat name. Th' Authors intent  
Being to shew, how proud and insolent  
Riches make men: and have it understood,  
How they pursue the Bad, but fly the Good.  
Reade and observe, this Dialogue affords  
Much excellent matter, coucht up in few words.

## The DIALOGUE.

*Timon.* **O** *Jupiter*, loving and sociable,  
 That art domesticall and hospitable,  
 The lightning-blafter, Oath and Iury-shaker,  
 Cloud-gathering god, and the great Thunder-maker :  
 Or if thou any other fyr-name hast,  
 Such as by th' antient Poets in times past  
 Hath to thy deitie been madly given,  
 To patch their halting Verse, and make't run even,  
 (For thee a thousand nick-names are pursuing,  
 To helpe their Lines, and keep their Rymes from  
 ruin)  
 Where's now thy all-fear'd lightning, breeding wonder ?  
 Where's thyne high streperous and loud voic'd  
 thunder ?  
 Thy radiant and bright burning bolts (once dreaded)  
 What, are thy late keen pointed darts unheaded ?  
 All these, since thou with-heldst thy terrible stroke,  
 Appeare vaine trifles, and Poeticke smoke,  
 And of thy great power nothing else proclaimes,  
 Save meere verbotie, and noife of Names.  
 For these thy Poetised tooles for war,  
 Which being drawne, both reacht and wounded far ;  
 I know not by what means, but now at length,  
 Blunt is their chaftning edge, and lost their strength ;  
 So cold and frozen they about thee lie,  
 That of thy wrath no sparke we can espie  
 Kindled against the Nocent. These perjurers  
 (Iesting at sufferance) make themselves assurers  
 Of their owne safety : being no more afraid  
 Of thy unquenchable lightning, than dismaid  
 At common fire extinguisht : it shewes like  
 To them, as if thou shouldst some *Tition* strike,  
 And they looke on ; dreading no more thine ire,

Than his whose strugling breathes forth Ætna's fire :  
Presuming no more wound belongs vnto 't,  
Than only to be smudg'd and grim'd with soot.  
From hence it comes, that (a) *Salmoneus* dare  
With thee in thy loud thunders to compare :  
Nor strange ; he a man that bold and daring is,  
And thou a god so sufferant and remisse :  
What could he lesse do than such revels keepe ;  
Since thou hast drunke (b) *Mandragora*, to sleepe  
And snort away thy time ? even still forbearing  
Such as blaspheme and neuer cease forswearing.  
Besides, like one that such misdoers tenders,  
Not plaguing them, thou plumpst up great offenders.  
Some hold thee blinde, and cannot see what's done :  
Some, easie to be foold : like rumors runne,  
That thou art deafe on both sides : others hold,  
Thou art decrepit, and of late growne old.

When thou wast in thy former youth and prime,  
Thou didst not sloathfully mis-spēd thy time ;  
Then thou hadst spleen, and vnto wrath wast prone,  
Vengeance and iust infliction grac'd thy throne,  
And wast indeed such an all-dreaded god,  
No malefactor could escape thy rod :  
Thou heldst with such no covenant, but thy darts  
Were still in action to amase their hearts ;  
Thy invulnerable arme advancing hye,  
Whilst through the earth thy flashing lightnings flye,  
Drawne from thy quiver, where they late did sticke,  
Shot as from warring Archers, swift and thicke.

Besides these, fearefull earthquakes, which were  
many,

Such as her reverend brest tare vp and cranny  
Mountaines of snow by drifts made, haile in such  
Abundance, that of late we see none such :  
Impetuous showres of raine made torrents rise,  
And riuers o're their banks to tyrannise.  
It hath been said, In good (c) *Deucalions* age  
Such sudden inundations 'gan to rage,  
That all mankinde being drown'd in one account,

Scarfe was one skyffe fav'd on (*d*) Licoris Mount ;  
 In that, Humanities small seeds reserving :  
 From whence a generation lesse deserving,  
 And much more impious grew : they imitating  
 What's bad, and worse and worse stil propagating.

Nor is there cause thou shouldst with them be  
 wroth,

Receiving but the guerdon of thy floath.  
 Who now vnto thy Altars offerings bring ?  
 Or to thy dreadfull name loud Poems sing ?  
 Thou now hast neither sacrifice nor praise,  
 Nor is thy ruinous Temple hung with Bayes ;  
 Vnlesse by chance some by Olympus passe,  
 And call to minde that such a god once was,  
 (And rather too for fashon fake, than feare)  
 Perhaps some thrifty Offering may leaue there :  
 Like *Saturne* they would deale with thee (I tell thee)  
 And (as thou him) so from thy throne expell thee.

I here omit, whilst thou hast elsewhere trifled,  
 How often thy great Temple hath been rifled,  
 Ransackt and spoild, whilst thou the loud tongu'd  
 Crier

(O' regrowne with floath, as if thou didst desire  
 Thine owne vndoing) not once wake nor call  
 The dogs there kenel'd, make them barke and ball,  
 Nor raise the drowisie neighbours, sleeping fast,  
 To present rescue, till the theeues were past :  
 But thou the generous Gyant tamer, who  
 Dost boast in the great Gyants overthrow,  
 Didst like a sot sit neither grac't nor fear'd,  
 Whilst from thy chin they shav'd away thy beard :  
 Yet thou even at that instant wert so strong,  
 To hold a dart that was ten cubits long.  
 O thou so famous, what wilt thou endure  
 In th' end, if still thou wilt be thus secure ?  
 Or at what time wilt thou extirp the seeds  
 (By thy just vengeance) of those grosse misdeeds ?  
 How many bold aspiring *Phaetons*, or  
*Deucalions* canst thou finde ? Hie expiat for

This inexhausted wickednesse still flowing  
From corrupt mankinde, and thou all this knowing.

Impertinent things I will submit to Fate,  
And passe in silence : only now relate  
Myne owne particular wrongs. How many great  
And mighty of th' Athenians, to the feat  
Of knowne sublimitie hath *Timon* rais'd,  
Creating them from beggars ? whilst they prais'd  
And magnify'd my bountie. Vnto all  
I spred my open hand and liberall ;  
In which most men (before me) I exceeded,  
As generally supplying such as needed,  
My riches 'mongst my friends parted and given,  
Till I my selfe to penurie was driven.  
Then suddenly a stranger I was growne,  
And to my most familiar friends not known :  
Those (when I past them) that would croutch and  
bend,

In adoration : those that did depend  
Vpon my grace, my prefence cannot brooke,  
Nor on my wants so much as daigne a looke.  
If (as sometimes) I chance to crosse the street,  
And any one of these my Creatures meet.  
" As of some statue, by long time decaid,  
" They thun my shadow, of my fall afraid.  
And others likewise that from far espy me,  
Into some by-lane skrew themselves, so fly me,  
Make me an ominous spectacle of Fate,  
As if malevolent and vnfortunate :  
Who in my better daies was their Director,  
Styl'd by themselves, their Father and Protector,  
These'mischiefes growing, to be made so vile,  
My owne deep counsels I 'gan reconcile,  
Snatcht vp this mattocke, chus'd a field out, where  
The Earths faire brest I am forc'd to wound and  
teare ?

And thus my time in labor weare away,  
Being hyr'd for some foure halfe pence by the day.  
Thus with my spade in solitude here I

Reade to my felfe myne owne Philosophy.  
 The profit reapt hence is, to be remoat,  
 And live out of the fight of such as doat  
 On smoky vanities, those that inherit  
 Plenty of all things, and yet nothing merit ;  
 And that doth most torment me. Now at length,  
*Saturn* (1) and *Rheas* off-spring shew thy strength ;  
 Thy profound sleepe shake off, for thou indeed  
 In sloath dost (c) *Epimenides* exceed.  
 Hand once againe thy Trisulke, and retire  
 To Oeta, and there kindle 't with new fire :  
 Being full of flames, when they most hotly glow,  
 Part of that vengefull indignation show  
 Which to thyne high Tribunal did belong,  
 When thou wert *Iupiter* the yong and strong :  
 Else still to those reproches subject be,  
 The Cretans cast vpon thy Tombe and thee.

*Iupiter.* What is he, so vociferously exclaimes,  
 O *Mercury*, and Vs so often names ?  
 His tedious clamors in myne eares sound shrill  
 (Neere vnto Athens) from Himettus hill,  
 Iust at the mountaines foot, deject and sad,  
 Pale, meager, lame, and in a goats skin clad ?  
 It seemes to me that delving is his trade,  
 His eies cast downe, he leanes vpon his spade :  
 'Tis a bold speaking fellow, confident too  
 In what he faith. After this sort to doo  
 Philosophers were wont, and they alone,  
 And 'tis a wonder but this fellow's one,  
 That dares against our deitie devise  
 Such impious and vnheard of blasphemies.

*Mercury.* Do you not know him (Father) thus for-  
 lorne,  
 Son to *Echicratides*, in Collite borne ;  
*Timon* his name, with whom we both haue gusted,  
 And in our annuall Sacreds often feasted :  
 He on the sudden with such plenty fill'd,

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(1) *Iupiter.*



Who at the altars of the gods hath kild  
Whole Hecatombs, and in his height of wealth  
Hath quast vnto vs many a gratefull health.

*Jupiter.* Whence comes this sudder change ? But  
is this he

The honest rich man that was knowne so free,  
Whom Athens with her loud encomiums grac'd,  
And such a multitude of friends embrac'd ?  
How happens it he is so poorely arrayd,  
So miserably dejected and dismaid ?  
I guesse him by the spade on which he leanes,  
Some painfull labourer that works for meanes.

*Merc.* You see how his humanitie hath chang'd  
him,

And freeness, from his dearest friends estrang'd him :  
His mercy vnto others, being so kinde,  
And then amongst so many not to finde  
One gratefull, hath distraction in him bred,  
Still to be living, but to them thought dead.  
Considering next how he is scorn'd, derided,  
And his revenue and estate divided,  
Not amongst Crowes and Wolves, but worser far,  
Ravenous and tearing vultures, who still are  
Gnawing vpon his liver ; those whom he  
His friends and best familiars thought to be.  
For they who now in his abundance swim,  
Were more delighted in his feasts than him :  
Nay, those who at his table did applaud him ;  
When even unto the bare bones they had gnawd  
him,

They suckt his very marrow, and then fled ;  
So to the world gaue him both lost and dead :  
Being so far, from miserie to free him,  
They would not seeme to know him when they see  
him.

These brought him to this base despised trade,  
And hurld him from the Scepter to the Spade ;  
Turn'd him out of his purple, here to sweat  
And hardly earne his meat before he eat :

For which hee's so posselt with mortall spleen  
Against mankinde that so ingrate hath been ;  
Since whom his bounty rais'd and brought to fame,  
Scarfe now remember *Timon* had a name.

*Jupiter.* Yet one (beleeve me) not to be rejectd,  
But for his former pietie respected.  
Nor blame I him his anger to be such,  
By men ingratefull to endure so much.  
This zealous and good man not to redeeme,  
To favor his afflictions we might seeme :  
But we much pittie him, who to maintaine  
Our adoration, hath before us flaine  
So many Goats and Bulls, and those the best  
That his flocks yeelded ; so that I protest,  
I did approve them for my service meet,  
Whose favor in my nostrils still smells sweet.

As for the boldnesse of that infinite Crew  
Of base perjurers, who forsware what's true ;  
As likewise those in selfe-conceit so strong,  
They make no conscience of what's right or wrong ;  
Such as insult by rapine and rude force,  
Oppressing without mercie or remorse,  
The Sacrilegious too, such as forbear  
Their publique robberies, not through love but feare ;  
So many th'are in number, (though I strive)  
At their misdeeds I no way can connive.  
I cast myne eye of late on Athens, where  
So many strange Duels and fencings were,  
Such *Pro's* and *Contra's*, quarrels in the schooles,  
Like mad men railing, some ; others like fooles  
Gybing : in vprore all, shrill acclamations  
Of scolding Disputants ; such vociferations,  
And those so loudly thundred in myne eare,  
The suppliants plaints I could by no means heare.  
Therefore with stopt eares I must silent sit,  
Or with their confus'd noise be tortur'd yet.

There's a new toy imagin'd by these Nodies,  
Of things essentiall, and yet wanting bodies ;  
Meere fantasies, which they with might and maine

(Though nothing) to have being would maintaine :  
Which is the cause I have been so vnkinde,  
As this well meaning man not once to minde.  
It now remaines his goodnesse to requite :  
Hye therefore *Mercury*, *Plutus* accite,  
With all speed possible command him hither,  
And bring with you a magozin together  
Of new coin'd gold, more than the man can tell.  
He with his treasure shall with *Timon* dwell.  
Nor shall they easily be remov'd from thence,  
Though by his bounty and too large expence,  
He would expell them from him. For those Chat-  
terers,

Parrots and Pyes, with other oily flatterers  
And Parasits that have ingratefull bin,  
I now will study to chastise their sin,  
So soone as I my vengefull darts have viewd,  
And my three-forked thunder stone renew'd :  
Some of the raies are broke, others rebated,  
Which with all speed I must have instaured :  
The points are dull'd, since I insenced was  
Against the Sophist *Anaxagoras*,  
Who to his Schollers openly profest,  
The gods or were not, or were naught at least :  
But I through error mist, *Pericles* bestrid him,  
And with his body from my vengeance hid him.  
The bolt averted light upon the phane  
Where the two brothers deify'de remaine,  
(*Castor* and *Pollux*) burnt it to the ground.  
And not one stone was left about it found.  
But what a punishment will this appeare  
Vnto those envious wretches, when they heare,  
*Timon*, in whose oppression they agreed,  
Shall them in wealth and potencie exceed.

*Mercury*. O but much more avails it for a man  
To stretch his throat with all the power he can,  
To be obstreperous and heard from far ;  
I do not meane the balling at the Bar,  
Loud railing for fat fees and gaine of gold ;

But those like *Timon*, clamorous and bold,  
 Who in his Orisons hath been so shrill,  
 To make great *Iove* attentive 'gainst his will :  
 Who had he (smothering grieffe) fate still and mute,  
 Might have long labor'd in a thred-bare sute.

*Plutus.* To him, oh *Iupiter*, I will not go.

*Iupiter.* Tell me, oh excellent *Plutus*, wherefore  
 so ?

Especially when thou by us art sent.

*Plutus.* Because I have a fearefull president :  
 Me he with many injuries afflicted,  
 When I was wholly to his love adicted,  
 He shooke me off, as one that did deride me,  
 And into mamocks and small bits divide me,  
 Even cut me into pieces : would not sell me,  
 But being his domesticke friend expell me  
 With forks and prongs, as one infenc'd with ire,  
 Or casting from his hand hot coles of fire.  
 And shall I once again enter his dores,  
 To be consum'd on Sycophants and whores,  
 Flatterers and such ? Send me, oh *Iove*, I entreat,  
 To some that vnderstand a gift so great,  
 Him that to incorporat and hug me strives,  
 Or such as prize me dearer than their lives.  
 This stupid fellow hath a covenant made  
 With *Povertie*, preferring a poore trade :  
 A mattocke and a skin-coat from her tooke,  
 Before my golden and all-tempting looke :  
 Who now with foure small halfe-pence can make shift,  
 And yet hath given ten talents at a gift.

*Iupiter.* But *Timon* no such thing hereafter dares  
 Against thy person : rather he prepares  
 To honour thee, as one whom Toile and paine  
 Hath reconcil'd, to welcome thee againe ;  
 His intrals with long fast and hunger clung,  
 Hath with his minde now likewise chang'd his tongue.

But thou art too complaintive, who accuses  
 First *Timon* to me for his late abuses,  
 Because he with his gates set open wide,

Gave thee free-leaue, there or elsewhere t' abide ;  
Not keeping thee in obscure prison fast,  
(As being jealous of thee) where thou haft  
Thy liberty.    Againe, thou art inrag'd  
Against those Cormorants that haue incag'd  
And shut thee up ; complaining, Beneath locks,  
Keyes, bolts, and seales th'art kept as in the stocks.  
From whence thou canst not move, from light ex-  
cluded,

Living in dungeons and darke holes contruded :  
Of such thou hast complaind to me, and wept,  
To be so long, so close in darknesse kept ;  
Looking withall so meager, pale, and wan,  
Opprest with care as hadst thou been a man,  
Starv'd and shrunke vp, thy sinues drawne together,  
Thy fingers clutcht and lam'd ; I know not whether  
Hoording vp gold this Apoplex compelling,  
Or numnesse, made by thy assiduat telling ;  
Willing to stay with them by no persuation,  
But apt to leave them on the least occasion.

And what above thought makes thee ill bested,  
Is, in an iron or a brazen bed  
(As thou hast heard of *Danae*) to be laid,  
As there for ever to be kept a maid,  
By impious overseers schoold and taught,  
Who save in gaine and usurie know nought.

Their grosse absurdities I haue heard thee note,  
Who on thy person aboue reason dote ;  
And being in their power, dare not employ them,  
Or lying prostrat to their lust, enjoy them :  
They all the while strict vigilancie keeping,  
With gard vpon the place where thou art sleeping,  
Eying the bolts and bars, and winking never,  
As in great hope thou wilt supply them ever,  
And haue much profit from thee.    Not that they  
Mean to make blest vse of thee though they may,  
But only keep thee in such strict tuition,  
Because none else of thee should haue fruition.  
Iust like a dog that in the manger lies,

Who though himselfe the provender despise,  
As to his pallat a distastefull meat,  
Yet will not suffer the poore horse to eate.

I likewise have observ'd thee laugh at those,  
Who though they have thee at their free dispose,  
Most gripple are in sparing. In a word,  
Thou holdst it most ridiculous and absurd,  
That such, (mean time) should starue themselves, not  
knowing  
To whom (their floure being wither'd) thou art  
growing :

To what Executor, Servant, or Page,  
Steward or Pedagogue, who their spent age  
Haue not bestow'd on thee, but on thy coine,  
To seise by force, or else by stealth purloine ;  
And then for his safe hoording and close hiding,  
The wretched Master (new deceast) deriding,  
Who did so charily in his life time locke it,  
And with a snuffe halfe burnt within the sockit,  
Or dry rush light, keepe wakefull his faint eies  
Vpon his (now) all-forfeit vsuries.

Is it not therefore, *Plutus*, ill in thee,  
That hast of these so oft complain'd to me ;  
Thy fickle thoughts so suddenly to vary,  
And blame in *Timon* the clean contrary ?

*Plutus.* Yet if my cause to censure be refer'd,  
*Ioue* shall confesse that I haue no way err'd :  
Nor is there reason why I should dispense  
With *Timons* lightnesse, rather negligence,  
In stead of study, care, and that good-will,  
Respect, and love, that should attend me still.

Nor of the aduerse part do I approve,  
Those that embrace me with an over-love,  
Imprisoning and obtruding me so close,  
To make me every day more huge and grosse ;  
Franking me up, to fat me, with intent  
I may appeare to them more corpulent ;  
Yet they themselves, nor vse me in my neatnesse,  
Nor shew me vnto others in my greatnesse.

All such I contumelious hold and mad,  
Who notwithstanding all good from me had,  
Put me in shackles, where I starving ly,  
Opprest with hunger, and with thirst still dry :  
Not understanding they must shortly leave me  
To such as stand wide gaping to receive me.

Nor do I of those Prodigals allow,  
Apt to part with me, and not caring how :  
Such only I approve amongst the rest,  
Who hold a mediocritie the best ;  
That neither vow to keep an absolute fast,  
Or hauing plenty, are inclin'd to wast.

Consider this, oh *Love*, Say that a man  
Finde for his choice the fairest Maid he can,  
To make his Bride ; and when the Nuptiall night  
Invites them both to rest, he sets her light,  
Neither observes her, nor is tender o're her,  
But sets his dores and gates broad wide before her,  
To gad and wander at her pleasure, trusts  
Her night and day to prostrate where she lusts :  
The man that gives such libertie to vice,  
What doth he (not preventing).but intice  
To lewdnesse ? as inviting folke to prove her :  
Can such an one be said truly to love her ?

Againe, If any shall a Faire one wive,  
And bring her to his house ; when he should strive  
To play the husband, and to procreate  
Children as hopefull as legitimate :  
Even then of all due Mariage-sweets should grutch  
her,

Nor in her flourishing prime of beauty touch her ;  
Vnwillig from a loathsome Gaole to free her,  
Where nor himselfe nor any else may see her.  
But thus secluded, barren, and depriv'd,  
Shall keepe her still a virgin, though long liv'd :  
And then, That all this was for love pretend,  
Preferring her thus old and neere her end,  
With an exhausted body, colour pale,  
Deep wrinkled cheeks, and sunk-in eies that faile ;

Would you not thinke that man quite from his  
fences,

Who when by lawfull and most just pretences  
He might have hopefull Issue, and possesse  
A goodly sweet yong woman, and no lesse  
Amorous, yet suffers her in care and anguish,  
Sadly like one of *Ceres* Priests to languish?  
Thus us'd and I abus'd, am sometimes torne,  
Rifled and pluckt in pieces, and in scorne  
Baffled and kickt: by others kept alive,  
Imprison'd like some branded fugitive.

*Jupiter.* Why fretst thou against those made to  
endure

Strange punishments for sinnes blacke and impure?  
Or wherefore art thou at such slaves astonisht,  
Who in themselves seeft their owne vices punisht:  
The one like (*h*) *Tantalus*, in sight of meat,  
And alwaies gaping, but forbid to eat:  
With such dry chaps they gape vpon their gold,  
Not with that sated which they still behold.  
The other, though they have it in their pawes,  
Ready to glut themselves: from their starv'd jawes  
The Harpies snatch it, as from (*g*) *Phineus*, spoiling  
Those dainties for which he so long was toiling.  
Go thou from *Vs* to *Timon* without feare,  
To whom (no doubt) thou wilt be henceforth dear.

*Plutus.* But thinke you that at length he will for-  
beare

To poure me into leaking vessels, where  
Though with great labor you maintaine it still,  
The liquor runs out faster than you fill;  
Sooner exhausting me, to draw me dry,  
Than I my selfe can with my selfe supply:  
He fearing when I shall with plenty crowne him,  
I haue but meerly laid a plot to drowne him.  
I shall be as in (*i*) *Danaus* daughters tunnes,  
No sooner ought pour'd in, but out it runnes;  
So many holes being in the bottom drild,  
That it draines faster than it can be fild.



*Jupiter.* But though the liquor through the vessel  
breaks,

And that he hath no will to stop these leaks,  
But by perpetuall dropping and effusion,  
All must of force be wasted in conclusion :  
Yet 'mongst the lees and dregs no doubt hee'l finde  
His leathern belt and spade still left behinde.  
Go you mean time and see the man possesse  
Of treasure in abundance, and the best.  
That done, oh *Hermes*, call at *Ætna*, where  
The (*k*) *Cyclops* are at worke, and (dost thou heare ?)  
Bid them repaire to me at my first sending,  
For tell them that my three tynd bolt wants mending,  
Both edge and point is dull'd, and in my spleene  
I now must have it sharpen'd and made keene.

*Merc.* *Plutus* let's walke. But stay (thou of such  
fame)

Tell me how on the sudden cam'st thou lame ?  
What, and blinde too ?

*Plutus.* These imperfections lye  
Not alwaies, *Hermes*, in my foot or eye ;  
Only at some set times. For being sent  
By *Iove*, I am thus lame incontinent,  
I know not by what means compeld vntoo't,  
But instantly I halt on either foot,  
And ere the place before me reach I can,  
I am growne a lame decrepit weake old man.  
But if I be to part from such, I fly  
Swifter than birds make way beneath the sky ;  
No bars can stop me, furlongs are no more  
To me, than narrow strides, I strip before  
The windes swift wings, and can deceiue the eye  
With my unparaleld velocitie :  
Nay even the publique Criers have agreed  
To crowne me Victor for my pace and speed.

*Merc.* I now perceive thou *Plutus* idly pratest,  
Since all things are not true that thou relatest :  
How many have I knowne but yesterday  
Ready to hang themselues, that could not pay

One fingle halfpenny downe vpon the naile,  
 To buy an halter with : yet now they faile  
 In gold and purple ; fome in Chariots ride,  
 That had not late a poore Affe to bestride,  
 Wealth flowing on them in fo swift a ftream,  
 That they themfelves haue thought it but a dreame.

*Plutus.* A thing quite contrarie it is, I vow,  
 Of which, oh *Mercurie*, thou twitft me now :  
 For know, I walke not on myne owne legs when  
 I am fent by *Ioue* to honeft and good men.  
 But if god (*I*) *Dis* fhall once command, I run,  
 For his beheft is in an instant don.  
 He of the great gift-Giuer beares the name,  
 His Magozin's in hell, whence gold firft came :  
 And therefore when I fhift from man to man,  
 With all the induftry and care they can,  
 They take me, wrapt and fwath'd in Bonds and Bills,  
 Where one conveyance a whole fheep-skin fills :  
 So, fign'd and feald, me in fome box they fmother,  
 And toffe me 'twixt one party and another.  
 The owner dead, left in fome obfcure place,  
 Where Dogs and Cats may piffe upon his face.

Thofe that have hope to enjoy me are foon found  
 I'th Courts, and thofe hot fented as the hound.  
 Yawning like to the Swallowes infant brood,  
 When the dam fluttering to their neft brings food.  
 Now when the feale's discover'd on the Will,  
 And the ftring cut that bound the rowle vp, ftill  
 They gape to fee the parchment op't and read,  
 To know th' Executor to the late Dead.  
 Then instantly a new heire is proclaim'd,  
 And either, there, fome greafie kinfman nam'd,  
 Some Sycophant or fawning Parasite,  
 Or elfe perhaps a debosh't Catamite.  
 He with a new fhav'd chin, being of this treasure  
 Poffeff, then ftudies noveltie and pleafure,  
 With all rarieties at the height rated,  
 Which the dead hoorder in his life time hated.  
 He muft be then a gentleman at leaft,

And with his wealth his Title (needs) encrease,  
With change of name : for he that was before  
Knowne by the name of (*n*) *Pyrrhias*, *Drono*, or  
*Tibias* ; although the man be still the same,  
Must either *Megabyzus* have to name,  
*Megacles* or *Protarchus* : his minde swelling  
With vaine ostent to gaine a stile-excelling.  
Even those that did not yawne with deepe inspection  
(Though at the first in like state and election)  
Into these hidden Mines ; now all dis-jointed,  
When they behold each other disappointed,  
Although they truly mourne, seen but to fret,  
To see the small fish Tuny scape the net ;  
Who as he living did but little eat,  
So being dead could not afford much meat.

Now he that groveling falls vpon this Masse,  
(Some fat fed Budget, or dull witted Assie,  
Who of no good parts or clean life hath bin)  
Enters upon it with an unwasht skin :  
None treads so softly by him, but he feares,  
And like a curre then starts up with prickt eares,  
His fellow footmen he despiseth now,  
To th' Temple and the Horse-mill doth allow  
An adoration equall. Who to dispence  
Is able now with his great insolence ?  
Insufferable he growes, the Good despising,  
And o're his Like and equals tyrannising ;  
Vaunting in mighty things, till Lust, incited  
With some faire whore, or otherwise delighted  
In keeping Dogs and Horses, or by hearing  
His trencher-Flies about his table jeering,  
And whispering to him, He is growne more faire  
Than the Greeke (*n*) *Nereus*, *Homer* made so rare :  
The mischiefe's, he beleeves it ; their verbotie  
Persuading him, That in true generositie  
(*o*) *Cecrops* and *Codrus* come behinde him. One  
Tells him, *Vlisses* unto him alone  
Submits in wisdome, and persuades the Beast  
To be more rich than *Craesus* was, at least

By sixteen fold : exhausting by this meane,  
And in one breath of time consuming clean  
What was by piecemeale gather'd, and did rise  
From base extortions, thefts, and perjuries.

*Merc.* These are no question true : but when thou  
go'st  
On thine owne feete (being blinde) say how thou  
know'st

The way thou art to take ? how canst thou finde  
Such men as are of good and honest minde ?  
To whom (as now) my father oft times sends thee,  
And in his care and providence commends thee.

*Plutus.* Thinkst thou I finde those I am sent unto ?

*Merc.* By *Iove* not I : if so, how didst thou do,  
When lately being to *Aristides* sent,  
Thou to *Hipponicus* and *Callius* went,  
And other base Athenians, scarce worth thought,  
Or a poore single halfpenny, to be bought ?  
What is the course thou tak'st upon the way ?

*Plutus.* Now high, now low, in each blinde path I  
stray,

Till unawares upon some one I fall,  
And be he what he will, that man gets all :  
He that is next me, and can first catch hold,  
To fasten on me, having seisd my gold,  
Secludes me to some obscure place, possessing  
What he long wisht, then openly confessing,  
In prayers and vowes, he is to *Hermes* bound,  
By whose assistance this great fortune 's found.

*Merc.* Is *Iove* deceiv'd, presuming that thou go'st  
To enrich such as he affecteth most,  
And thinks them worthy of his largesse ?

*Plutus.* Right,  
O *Mercurie*, and justly too, my sight  
Being defective, and at such times blinde ;  
And sending me to seeke that, which to finde  
So difficult is, and scarcely hath a Being,  
Is that a taske with my dim sight agreeing ?  
In which had quick eyd *Argus* in my sted

Been his inquisitor, he scarce had sped :  
The path so narrow and obscure, beside,  
It being so rare to see a good man guide  
A Cities weale ; for those corrupt still sway,  
And those in numbers flocking in my way :  
I groping, can I possibly eschew  
To avoid the many, and select the few ?  
The wicked alwaies yawning after gaines,  
(The others not) how can I scape their traines ?

*Merc.* I but how comes it, when th' art to forsake  
These wretches, thou such voluble speed dost make ?  
And without rub or the least stumbling, when  
Thou canst not see the path before thee ?

*Plutus.* Then  
Both eies and feet assist, and then alone,  
When Time invites and calls me to be gone.

*Merc.* Another thing resolve me : Tell me how  
It comes to passe (oh god of Wealth) that thou  
First being blinde, next, of a pale complexion,  
Last, crippled in thy feet, canst gaine th' affection  
Of so many great friends and lovers, such  
As thinke they cannot gaze on thee too much ?  
Nor can imagin they are truly blest  
Before of thee undoubtedly possesse ?  
Again, If he that after thee enquires,  
Chance to be frustrat in his hot desires ;  
For such I haue knowne many, and some noted,  
That so debashtly on thy person doted,  
That at their courting, if thou seem'dst but coy,  
Have ready been their owne lives to destroy :  
Who when they saw they *Plutus* could not please,  
Themselues from hye rocks cast into the seas.  
And yet I know, and thou must needs confesse,  
(View but thy selfe as I do) thou wilt guesse,  
If not conclude, it is not love, but madnesse  
Makes them despaire in doating on thy badnesse.

*Plutus.* But thinkest thou, *Mercurie*, I to them appeare  
In the same forme as thou beholdest me here,

Or lame or blinde, with such defects about me ?

*Merc.* O by no means, for I should then misdoubt me

That they were blind as thou art.

*Plutus.* But not quite,

O *Mercury*, like me depriv'd of sight :

And yet there falls on them, as by some chance,

A kinde of error or blinde ignorance,

Which occupies them all, over their eies

Casting a shadowie filme, which doth disguise

My deform'd parts ; so I appeare to them

In golden habit, stucke with many a gem :

In pictur'd vesture I seem, passing by,

And thousand colours, to deceive the eye.

These fooles imagining, what I present,

To be my sole and native ornament :

And therefore being enamor'd on my forme,

If not enioy me, then they rage and storme. .

But should I be before them naked laid,

And my mis-shapen ouglineffe displaid,

No doubt they would condemne themselves, pursuing

A seeming good, which leades them to their ruin :

Th' are only apt themselves to reconcile

To things in their owne nature base and vile.

*Merc.* But when it comes vnto such passe that they

Are filld with wealth, and supply'd every way ;

When they have hedg'd, nay walld their riches in,

Some notwithstanding looke so bare and thin,

Withall so gripple, you may sooner teare

Head from the body, than impart what's there ?

Besides, it is not probable, but such

As haue with greedy eies perus'd thee much,

Must needly know, (howe're they proudly boast,

Thy outside tin-foild, or but guilt at most ?

*Plut.* These my defaults (with others) to supply, I have many ready helps, oh *Mercury*.

*Merc.* Name them I prethee.

*Plut.* They no sooner fasten  
With greedinesse vpon me, but they hasten  
To ope their gates wide, then with me by stealth  
Enter (for alwaies they attend on wealth)  
Hawtinesse, Boasting, with the mindes distraction,  
Effeminacie, and to make vp the faction,  
Oppression and Deceit, with th' interest  
Of thousand more ; with which the heart possesse,  
Is suddenly subjected and brought under,  
To admire toys which are not worth the wonder,  
And covet that which they ought most to fly.  
Now with this band of Pensioners garded, I  
When thus attended they my state behold,  
They never dreame of other god than Gold :  
For with such adoration they respect me,  
To endure all torments, rather than reject me.

*Merc.* How smooth and slick thou art, no where  
    abiding,  
But when men thinke thee safest, swiftly gliding  
Thorow their fingers, neither can I spy  
A handle or an haft to stay thee by,  
As we hold pots and glasse ; they slip through  
The hand as snakes and serpents use to doo.

When *Poverty*, to thee quite contrary,  
Where e're she takes her Inne is apt to tarry :  
It gummy cleaves like Bird-lime, uncompeld,  
Apt to be seisd, and easie to be held ;  
Having a thousand catching hooks, and so  
About her plac'd, that hardly she lets go.  
But whist we trifle here, there's one maine thing  
We had forgot.

*Plut.* What ?

*Merc.* That we did not bring  
Treasure along, it being *Loves* intent,  
And the chiefe businesse about which we are sent.

*Plut.* For that take thou no care : I do not enter  
Vpon the earth, (being call'd, and leave my Center,  
But I have still a care vpon my store,  
At my departure to shut fast my dore,

Which only opens to me when I call.

*Merc.* Let's thither then, and *Plutus* left thou fall,  
Hold by my cloake, and follow till we come  
Vnto the place assign'd.

*Plut.* *Hermes* well done,  
To leade me thus ; for if thou shouldst forsake  
Me as I am, I might perchance mistake  
My way, and wandring, through my want of fight,  
On *Hyperbolus* or on *Cleon* light.  
But stay, What noife is that ? I heare some one  
Is with his pick-axe striking against stone.

*Merc.* 'Tis *Timon*, who laboriously doth wound  
A piece of mountainous and stony ground.  
O wondrous ! *Poverty* by him fast stands,  
And the rough fellow *Labor*, with galld hands.  
Here's *Wifedome*, *Health*, and with them *Fortitude*,  
And besides thefe, a populous multitude  
Of fuch like Groomes, *Need* them to worke compeling,

And yet a troupe (me-thinks) thy Gard excelleng.

*Plut.* Therefore let's poft hence with what fpeed  
we can.

For, *Hermes*, how fhall we invade a man  
Girt with fo great an army ?

*Merc.* Be not afraid,  
'Tis *Ioves* command, whose will muft be obeyd.

*Pov.* O whether lead'ft thou *Plutus* ?

*Merc.* To inlarge  
*Timon* from hence ; for fo *Iove* gave in charge.

*Poverty.* Comes he againe to *Timon*, whom (be-  
reav'd

Of health by many furfets) I receiv'd,  
To *Wifedome* and to *Induftry* commended,  
And in his cure fo far my skill extended,  
I foone reftor'd him (as he ftill doth finde)  
Sound in his body, and vpright in minde.  
Have I deferv'd fuch fcorne, or do I merit  
A wrong, what is myne owne not to inherit ?  
That you are come, with colorable pretence,



Him (now my sole possession) to take hence?  
 Whose ruin'd vertues with exactest care  
 I have much toyld and labor'd to repaire.  
 Being againe in that blinde gods protection,  
 Hee'l bring them vassald to their late subjection,  
 Fill him with arrogance, disdaine, and pride,  
 And every ill that Goodnesse can mis-guide ;  
 And when all hope of faire amendment's past,  
 Returne him backe as I receiv'd him last,  
 Effeminate, sloathfull, franticke, or what not,  
 A thing of nothing, a meere brainlesse Sot.

*Merc.* Thou hear'st *Ioves* will.

*Poverty.* And I to it agree.

*Knowledge* and *Labor* doe you follow me,  
 With all my traine : hee'l shortly to his cost  
 Finde what a mother he (in me) hath lost ;  
 What a good helper, what a true instructor.  
 In all good arts a tutresse and conductor :  
 He, whilst with me he had commerce, was still  
 Able and healthfull, having strength at will,  
 Leading a manly life, turning his eies  
 Vpon his brest, and of proud vanities  
 And gawdy frailties had at all no care,  
 But held them trifles, as indeed they are.

*Merc.* They now are gone, let us approach more  
 neare.

*Timon.* What slaves be these that to myne eies ap-  
 peare ?

Why are you you come ? what would you ? what  
 require ?

Of a poore laboring man that works for hire ?  
 You shall not part hence laughing, for know, I  
 Have store of stones that round about me ly.

*Merc.* Assault us not, oh *Timon*, for in vaine  
 Thou shalt do so, we are not of the straine  
 Of mortall race, but gods : I, *Mercury* :  
 This, *Plutus*, sent from the great Deity,  
 Who doth at length commiserat thy state,  
 With purpose now to make thee fortunate :

All shall be well, we come to ease thy paine,  
Leave off thy worke, henceforth be rich againe.

*Tim.* Though to your selves the name of gods you  
borrow,

Keepe off, or I shall give you cause of sorrow :  
Come not too neere me, I at random strike,  
For gods and men I now hate both alike :  
As for that blinde slave, him I'll first invade,  
I vow to rap him soundly with my spade.

*Plut.* Let vs be gone, oh *Mercurie*, hee's mad,  
Lest some sad mischiefe from his hand be had.

*Merc.* This barbarous spleen good *Timon* strive to  
hide,

And thy ferocitie cast quite aside.  
With gratitude receive what *Iove* hath sent,  
I strike thee lucke, be rich incontinent :  
Prince of th' Athenians thou shalt henceforth bee,  
And to contemne them that disdained thee,  
Punish their base ingratitude, bee't their grieve  
To see thee rais'd, live happy, and their Chiefe.

*Tim* *Plut.* I have no need of you, pray give me leave  
To use my labor, and at night receive  
My competent wages, 'tis a gainfull trade,  
I have wealth enough in using this my spade :  
I should be happy, if you would forbear me,  
But then most blest if no man would come neere me.

*Merc.* Thou speakst too inhumanely ; *Timon* I  
This thy harsh language and absurd reply  
Will tell my father : Say that from mans brest  
Th' hast had more wrongs than thou canst well  
digest,

Yet 'tis not good the gods thou shouldst despise,  
Who as thou seeest all for thy good devise.

*Tim.* To thee, oh *Mercury*, *Iove*, and the rest  
Of the Cœlestiall gods, I here protest,  
I hold my selfe much bound, and thanke them for  
Their care of me, but *Plutus* I abhor,  
And him I'll not receive.

*Merc.* Why ?

*Tim.* Because I gueſſe  
Him the ſole author of my great diſtreſſe  
And miſchiefes manifold, as firſt betraying me  
To oily ſmooth-tongu'd flatterers, and then laying me  
Open to thoſe inſidiated my ſtate.  
Envy and hate he firſt did propagate,  
Corrupted me with vices, then diſclos'd me  
To all reproch, and after that expos'd me  
To ſpleen and canker'd malice which exceeded,  
And laſt of all left me when moſt I needed.

Excellent *Povertie* contrariwiſe  
Inur'd me unto paines and exerciſe  
Becomming Man ; truly and freely wee  
Together liv'd in conſocietie,  
Supplying me with all things, garments, meat,  
Which taſted beſt, being ſeaſon'd by my ſweat.  
All vulgar things ſhe taught me to deſpiſe,  
And looke on frailties with unpartiall eies ;  
Perſuading me, that Hope hath ſtedfaſt root,  
Where mans owne induſtrie's aſſiſtant too't :  
Shewing what Riches ſhould be our delight,  
Such namely as no ſoothing Paraſite,  
No fawning Sycophant, no mad and rude,  
Nay ſtupid and ſeditious multitude ;  
No Orator that gathers from lewd tongues  
Bad tales, and heraulds them to others wrongs :  
No Tyrant that lies craftily in wait :  
When none of theſe can undermine our ſtate,  
Then we are truly rich. Labor hath made  
Me able-bodied, whiſt I daily trade  
In this ſmall field, from whence I cannot ſee  
A thouſand ills that in the City bee.  
The tooles I worke with plenteouſly ſupplying  
With needfull things, vprizing and down lying.  
And therefore *Mercury* returne I entreat,  
Beare with thee *Plutus* backe to *Ioves* high feat ;  
With fond delirements let him others charme,  
Me for my part he never more ſhall harme.

*Merc.* Not ſo, good man, let me adviſe the beſt,

Study thyne owne peace, and let others rest.  
This peevish (rather childish) spleen forbear,  
And from myne hand receive god *Plutus* here.  
In man 'tis prophanation to despise  
Such blessings as *Love* sends the Iust and Wise.

*Plut.* Wilt thou, oh *Timon*, heare me to the end,  
Whilst I against thee myne owne cause defend,  
And suffer me with patience ?

*Timon.* Speake, but briefly,  
Avoiding Proëms and preambles, chiefly  
Vs'd by damn'd Orators : see thou be'st short,  
I'll listen to thee, but thanke *Hermes* for 't.

*Plut.* More liberty by right I ought to claime,  
Whom thou of wrongs injuriously dost blame ;  
Thy invective is with bitternesse extended,  
Yet innocent I in nothing have offended,  
Who thee of all delicious things prouided,  
At thy free will to be dispos'd and guided :  
I was the author and chiefe instrument  
Of thy authoritie and gouernment ;  
I gave thee crownes, and furnisht thee with tréasure,  
Made thee conspicuous, to abound in pleasure.  
In all rarieties I thee instated :  
By me thou wert observ'd, and celebrated.  
If since, ought ill have unto thee betided,  
(Cause thou perhaps my goodnesse hast misguided)  
By seeming friends or servants, canst thou blame  
*Plutus* for this ? I rather should exclaime  
On thee, for many contumelies past,  
Powring me out 'mongst sordid knaves so fast :  
Who only sweld thee with vain-glorious pride,  
Devising strange prestigious tricks beside,  
Only to draw me from thee. I'th last place  
Where thou hast utter'd to my foule disgrace,  
I left thee in thy want to starve and pine,  
Be witnesse *Hermes* if the fault were myne :  
Who after injuries not to be borne,  
Didst cast me from thee in contempt and scorne.  
Hence comes it, for thy cloake of purple die,

Thy late beloved Mistresse *Poverty*  
Hath wrapt thee in this skin coat. I attest  
Thee, *Mercury*, how much I was oppress'd :  
And but that *Love* commands, by no facilitie  
Could woon I be to attone this our hostilitie.

*Merc.* But *Plutus* thou now find'st how he is  
chang'd,  
And from his former humor quite estrang'd.  
Therefore have free commerce, dig *Timon* still,  
And in the mean time *Plutus* vse thy skill,  
That as by *Joves* behest thou art assign'd,  
In delving deep he may this treasure finde.

*Timon.* Well *Hermes*, I obey, and am prepar'd  
To be againe made rich: For man 'tis hard  
'To wrestle with the gods. Observe, I 'ntreat,  
Into what miseries and mischiefs great  
Thou hast headlong cast me, who (I vow) vntill  
This houre liv'd happy, as I might do still.  
What ill have I deserv'd, now to be vex't,  
And once againe with infinite cares perplex't,  
By fastning on this treasure ?

*Merc.* And yet take  
All, I intreat, in good part for my sake ;  
Beare it, however weighty and indeed  
Almost intolerable, bee't but to breed  
Envy in those base Claw-backs : I mean time  
Having past *Ætna*, must *Olympus* clime.

*Plut.* Hee's mounted, hauing left us, making way,  
With his swift wings : but thou, oh *Timon*, stay  
Till I depart, and to thy power commit  
A masse of wealth, solely to manage it.  
But strike hard, harder yet ; and now to thee  
I speake, oh Treasure, most observant bee  
Vnto this *Timon*, with what speed thou hast,  
Offer thy selfe by him to be embrac't ;  
Dig *Timon* lustily, thy stroke fetch higher,  
And worke apace, 'tis time that I retyre.

*Timon.* Too't, my good spade, use both thy edge  
and strength,

And be not too soone dull'd, till I at length  
 Have from the Earths deep intrals brought aloft  
 Thy hidden lustre, and here coucht thee soft  
 Vpon this grassy verdure. O *Love*, father  
 Of prodigies, or what we else may gather  
 From thy Divine Pow'r ; oh my dearest friends  
 The (*f*) *Caribanthos*, how your love extends ?  
 And thou light-bearing *Mercury*, behold,  
 And freely tell me, Whence is all this gold ?  
 It is some dreame, I am deceiv'd, I feare,  
 These are quicke glowing coles new waked here.  
 No fure, 'tis excellent gold yellow and bright,  
 Most ravishing, all-pleasing to the sight,  
 Beautifull Coine : O let me hug thee then,  
 Thou art the goddesse of Good-lucke to men :  
 It flames like fire compact, in this huge cluster  
 Both night and day it keeps it's glorious luster.  
 Approach to me my Dearest, how to misse thee  
 I know not now : Most Amorous let me kisse thee.  
 Till now I did not credit what was told  
 Long since, That *Love* himselfe was chang'd to gold.  
 What precise Virgin could retaine the power  
 Not to hold vp to such a golden shower ?  
 Or being the chafteft of all humane daughters,  
 Not meet him dropping through the tiles and rafters.  
 Take *Midas*, *Cræfus*, and the Magozine  
 Heapt by the offrings made at Delphos shrine ;  
 Compar'd with this Masse they are nothing too't,  
 And take the Persian Monarchy to boot.

O Spade, oh Skin-coat, late to me most deere,  
 To *Pan* the rurall god I leave you heere.  
 I'll buy a field remote hence, and obscure,  
 Where having built a strong tower to secure  
 This mountainous heape, I'll study (being gone)  
 How I may best live to my selfe alone.  
 There will I build my tombe too, e're I dye,  
 That none may know where *Timons* ashes lye.

I have decreed, and 'tis establisht in me,  
 That none from this sequester'd life shall win me,

Nor hate 'gainst all mankind. Henceforth a guest,  
A friend, or a companion, I protest,  
Are names forgot in me : Th' Altar of *Pitty*,  
So much esteem'd and honor'd in the City,  
I'll hold as a meere trifle. Commiseration  
On those that grieve or make loud acclamation,  
To give the Needy, or their wants supply,  
Shall be to me as blacke iniquitie.  
Subversion of good manners I'll allow,  
A sad and solitarie life I vow,  
Such as Wolves leade, bloud-thirsty to the end,  
For only *Timon* shall be *Timons* friend ;  
All else my foes, with whom I am at strife,  
As those that still insidiate my life :  
To intercoure with any that hath bin  
Before my friend, I'll hold a capitall sin,  
Deserving expiation : and the day  
That I incounter Kinsman in my way,  
I'll thinke unprosp'rous : for no more I passe  
For Man, than statues made of stone or brasse ;  
With such I'll hold no covenant. Solitude  
Be thou myne aime and end : as for those rude  
Of myne owne Tribe, Cousins and Nephewes, or  
Myne owne domesticke servants I abhor ;  
My Country likewise : I to all their shames  
Shall count them as meere cold and barren names.  
Th' are mad mens Saints, but trifles to the Wife ;  
Be thou alone rich, *Timon*, and despise  
All else : Thy selfe only thy selfe delight,  
And separated live from the loath'd sight  
Of Sycophants, (the remnants of thy daies)  
Who only swell thee vp with tympanous praise.  
Offer thy gifts unto the gods alone,  
Feast with thy selfe, be thine owne neighbor, none  
Neere thee : whate're is thine participate  
Vnto thy proper ends, and Rivals hate.

It likewise is decreed, That *Timon* will  
Himselfe use gently and humanely still,  
Be his owne page and servant, when his breath

Leaves him, his owne eies he will close in death.  
 If love vain-glory, hee'l himfelfe renowne ;  
 On his owne head 'his owne hand place a crowne :  
 No stile of honor be to him so sweet,  
 As to be call'd *Misanthropos*, 'tis meet,  
 Because he hates Mankinde : the Character  
 That in all ages I desire to weare  
 Is Difficultie and Asperitie,  
 Fierceneffe, Rage, Wrath, and Inhumanitie :  
 For should I see a poore wretch wrapt in fire,  
 And he to quench him should my helpe desire,  
 I would but laugh to see him fry and broile,  
 Seeking to feed the flame with pitch and oile.

Againe, if passing by a rivers brinke,  
 And spying one false in, ready to sinke,  
 And holding out his hand imploring aid,  
 Craving to be supported up and staide ;  
 What in this case thinke you would *Timon* do ?  
 Even dive his head downe to the bottome too.  
 There are no other lawes confirm'd, than these,  
 By *Timon*, son to *Echecratides*,  
 Even *Timon* of *Collytte*, with his hand  
 Subscribes to them, which hee'l not countermand.  
 O now at what a deare rate would I buy,  
 That present newes might into Athens fly,  
 And all of them vpon the sudden know  
 What store I have, how little to bestow.

What noise was that ? See, multitudes come  
 posting  
 Clouded in dust, and breathlesse, this way coasting ?  
 I wonder how they smelt my gold ? Were't best  
 I clime up to yon hill, from whose high crest  
 I with more ease with stones may palt them hence ?  
 Or shall I rather for this once dispence  
 With my harsh lawes ? to shew them all my store,  
 With the bare sight thereof to vex them more ?  
 I hold that best ; their comming here I'll stay :  
 But soft, what's he that's formost on the way ?  
*Gnatonides* the Flatterer, who but late



When I was in my miserable estate,  
And beg'd of him some food for charitie,  
Cast me an halter : yet ingratefull hee  
A thousand times hath at my table eaten,  
I am glad yet he comes first, first to be beaten.

*Gnaton.* Did I not ever thinke the gods above  
Could not neglect, but still this good man love ?  
Haile *Timon*, thou most faire, most sweet, most kinde,  
Bounteous, and alwaies of a generous minde.

*Tim.* Haile too *Gnatonides*, (the corruptest slave  
That ever gourmandis'd) what wouldst thou have,  
Thou more than many Vultures still devouring ?

*Gnaton.* It was his custome alwaies to be pouring  
Harsh jeasts vpon his friends ; his quicke dicacitie  
Would evermore be taunting my voracitie,  
And it becomes him well. Where shall we dine,  
Or whether go to quaffe thy health in wine ?  
I have a new song got into my pate,  
Out of quaint (*p*) *Dythiramb*s I learn'd it late.

*Timon.* But at this time I rather could advise  
That thou wouldst study dolefull Elegies,  
Such as this spade can teach.

*Gnaton.* O *Hercules* !  
Strikes *Timon* then ? with thee, I witnesse these,  
Before the *Areopagite* (*q*) I  
Will have thee call'd in Court : oh I shall die,  
See, thou hast wounded me.

*Timon.* Nay be not gone ;  
Two labors thou mayst save me so in one :  
Thou shalt complaine of murder.

*Gnat.* *Timon* No :  
But rather on my broken pate bestow  
Some of thy gold to apply too't, and be sure,  
It's both a speedy and miraculous Cure.

*Tim.* Still stay'st thou ?

*Gnat.* I am gon, Wondring hee's growne  
Of late so rude, that was so civill knowne.

*Tim.* Who's he comes next, all bare and bald  
before ?

*Philiades* : I know him of the store  
Of Sycophants most execrable, who wound  
Me in not long since for a piece of ground,  
Besides two talents for his daughters dower,  
And all that substance did the slave devour,  
Because he prais'd my fingering : when the rest  
Were silent all, he only did protest  
And sware, that I did admiration breed,  
Nay, dying Swans in sweetnesse much exceed.  
I since being sicke, desiring him to have care  
Over my health, the Villein did not spare  
To spurne me from his gate.

*Philiades*. Ingratefull age,  
Dost thou at length know *Timon*, he, the sage  
And wise good man : full well did he requite  
*Gnatonides* the soothing Parasite,  
And Temporiser, who is only friend  
To such as of their wealth can know no end.  
But he hath what he merits, a just fate  
Depending on th' Vnthankfull and Ingrate :  
But we that have been table-guests of old,  
Equals, and fellow Citizens, enrol'd ;  
Who 'twixt us interchang'd the name of brother,  
And were not chargeable one to another,  
We should renew acquaintance : Sir, God save you,  
And beware henceforth how you do behave you  
To sacrilegious Parasits that appeare  
Alwaies at banquets and abundant cheare :  
They are only Smell-feasts, waiting on the Cooks,  
But little differing from base Crowes and Rooks,  
Men are of late so 'bnoxious vnto crimes,  
There is no trust to any of these times ;  
Vnthankfull they are all, and bad ; but I  
Knowing thy wants, and willing to supply  
Thy present uses, purpos'd to have brought  
A talent with me ; fearing thou hadst owght  
To some harsh Creditor ; or might have need  
For other ends : but by the way indeed,  
Hearing to what a surplussage of gaine,

Thou hast arriv'd, I held it a thing vaine.  
Yet came I of thy bounty to make prooffe,  
And counsell thee of things for thy behoofe :  
But needlesse were it, *Timon* being so wise,  
That (if he liv'd) he *Nestor* might advise.

*Tim.* 'Twas kindly done, *Philiades*, come neere  
And see what welcome I have for thee heere.

*Phil.* Thou wretched churle ; what vnderferved  
punishment  
Hast thou repaid me for my late admonishment ?  
I feare he hath broke my necke.

*Tim.* Behold a third,  
*Demeas* the Orator ; indeed a Bird  
Of the same feather : he hath bills, records,  
Fables, a man meerly compos'd of words.  
He calls himselfe my kinsman ; who in one day  
(Of myne) to th' Cities Chamber had to pay  
Sixteen whole talents, he then in execution :  
Yet I redeem'd him, and made full solution  
Of all his debts ; when he was fast in hold,  
I freed him thence : yet was the slave so bold,  
That comming after unto eminent place,  
Where he with *Erichtheiades* (*r*) had grace,  
(Who had the charge of the whole Treasurie,  
And mony by account then due to mee)  
He being my feed Advocate as then,  
Protested that I was no Citisen ;  
Therefore not capable my due to claime :  
Most loudly lying without feare or shame.

*Demeas.* Save thee, oh *Timon*, thou, of all thy  
race

The greatest ornament and the prime grace,  
Of the whole State the Columne and the stay,  
By whom protected and supported, they  
Live safe : thou art the stay of Greece, we know,  
The people frequently pronounce thee so,  
With either Court : but heare what I have writ  
In thy great praise, and then consider it.

*Timon*, of *Echecratides* the son,

Borne in *Collytte*, who hath never don  
 But what became him well ; who as he was  
 Of unstain'd life, in wisdome did surpasse  
 The Grecian Sages ; who from himself did steale  
 His pretious houres, to benefit the Weale.  
 He was so good a Patriot, besides strong,  
 And from th' Olymnicke wrestling brought along  
 Great honors by his swiftnesse, by his force,  
 The foure wheeld Chariot and the single horse.

*Tim.* I have not so much as spectator bin  
 Of what thou sayst I am so eminent in.

*Demeas.* All's one for that, we Orators are free,  
 And what's not yet done may hereafter be :  
 These are but things of course, and aptly fitted,  
 I see no reason they should be omitted.  
 But the last yeare, no longer since, how well  
 Did he demeane himselfe, nay how excell,  
 When he against the *Achernenses* fought,  
 And their great army vnto ruin brought ?  
 The Spartans in two battels he subdu'd.

*Timon.* How can these be ? Do not my sence  
 delude :

I never being souldier, nor had minde,  
 Or the least purpose to be so inclin'd.

*Demeas.* 'Tis modestie in you, I must confesse,  
 To be so sparing of your worthinesse.  
 But as for us, we should be most ingrate,  
 If we your great worth did not celebrate.  
 Besides, in Lawes, which (truly understood)  
 Have been inacted for the publique good ;  
 In privat consultations about war  
 Or peace, he did transcend all others far,  
 And brought unto the publique State such profit,  
 That there is none can speake too loudly of it.  
 For these just causes it is held convenient,  
 And by the Lords and Commons thought expedient,  
 (Being a man so generally respected)  
 To have a golden statue erected  
 To this great Commonwealths man *Timon*, grac'd

So far, as to be next *Minerva* plac'd,  
In her owne Temple, shaking in his hand  
(As imitating *Iove*) a fulminous brand,  
Bright raies about his head, and at the least,  
Deckt with seven Crownes, to have his name increast.  
Next, to have all his glories open laide  
In the new Tragedies to *Bacchus* made.  
These solemne Sacreds must be kept this day,  
And who more fit than he to act them, pray?  
*Demeas* to this decree doth first subscribe,  
Because he counts himselfe of *Timons* tribe,  
His neere Ally and kinsman, or indeed  
His scholler rather, for he doth exceed  
In learning the superlative degree,  
As being all what he can wish to bee.  
This is the generall suffrage, and thy due:  
But how had I forgot? that to thy view  
I did not bring my son and heire, the same  
Whom I have since calld *Timon*, by thy name.

*Tim.* How can that be, oh *Demeas*, when thou  
    hast  
No wife at all, pretending to live chaste?  
Thou art a Batchelor.

*Dem.* Tush, do not feare,  
My purpose is to marry the next yeare.  
If heaven permit, and thou shalt heare relation,  
That all my study shall be procreation.  
Then my first Borne (a boy it shall be sure)  
I'll *Timon* call, to make thy name endure,

*Tim.* But if in this sad stroke I not miscarry,  
'Twill be a doubt if euer thou shalt marry.

*Demeas.* O me, what means this out-rage? art  
    thou wise,  
That dost upon thy friends thus tyrannise?  
To beat him hence, that hath more quicke conceit  
And apprehension in this broken pate,  
Than thou in thy great Mazard: neither can  
This iustifie thee for an honest man,  
Or a good Citisen: This out-rage don,

Shall question thee before the setting Sun ;  
 For I dare justifie, thou durst aspire  
 To set the Cities Citadel on fire.

*Tim.* That calumny will to thyne owne shame  
 turne,  
 Because the place hath not been seen to burne.

*Dem.* But being rich, it may suspected bee,  
 That thou hast robd the common Treasurie.

*Tim.* The bolts and locks are whole, and 'twill  
 appeare  
 Most vile to such as shall thy scandals heare.

*Dem.* It may be rob'd hereafter ; i'th meane time  
 Thou thus possessest art guilty of that crime.

*Tim.* Mean time take that, 'twill speed thee if't hit  
 right.

*Dem.* O me ; that blow 'twixt neck and shoulders  
 light.

*Tim.* Shreeke not so loud, oh *Demeas*, if thou dost,  
 Here's a third for thee. Me-thinks it were most  
 Ridiculous, that being unweapon'd, I  
 Two mighty Spartan armies made to fly,  
 And one poore snake not vanquish : so in vain  
 The honors from Olympus I should gaine,  
 To championise and wrestle. Soft, what's he ?  
 Grave *Thrasicles* the Sophist it should be :  
 The same ; I know him by his promise beard,  
 And beetle browes : Some things that are not heard  
 He mutters to himselfe, and his squint eye  
 Casts towards the Moone, as should his wits there  
 lye :

His unhorne haire beneath his shoulders flowing,  
 About him scatter'd with continuall blowing :  
 Like *Boreas* or some *Tryton* he appeares ;  
 Iust such as *Zeuxes* (since not many yeares)  
 In tables us'd to figure them. Now hee,  
 In habit rare and thin, makes toward mee,  
 Pacing a modest, but affected gate,  
 As if he had new crochets in his pate.  
 He museth too : wonder you would to heare

Him every morning, with a looke austere,  
Dispute of Vertue and her excellent qualitie,  
Reproving all delights, only frugalitie,  
(Which he affects) extolling. His first care  
Is first to wash, then instantly prepare  
Himselfe to meat, but at some others charge.  
As soone as set, the boy brings him a large  
And brim-filld bowle ; no liquor him can scape,  
So it be strong and prest from the pure Grape,  
Like *Lethé's* water, downe the wine he poures  
His yawning throat ; talks, At his early houres  
What his Positions were and Disputations ;  
Troubling the hearers with his vain narrations.  
Now he begins to gourmandise, and sits  
Houering vpon the choice and fattest bits,  
(As if the table could not roome afford)  
He strikes his neighbors elbow from the bord,  
In earnest feeding ; crums hang on his beard ;  
With severall saucers all his chaps are smear'd.  
Being almost gorg'd, vpon the fruits he flies,  
And almost groveling o're the platters lies ;  
Tumbling and searhing with insatiat minde,  
As if in them he vertue hop'd to finde.  
With his long finger having scrap'd the dish,  
And slapt up all the sauce of flesh or fish,  
So cleane, that not a waiter, sparelier fed,  
Shall have ought left wherein to dip his bread :  
Still sits he as his greasie fists have shap'd him,  
Vext, that some glorious morfell hath escap'd him ;  
Though he alone whole custards hath devour'd,  
And his wide throat with tarts and marchpanes  
scour'd :  
Yet hee's not satisfi'd, although at least  
He hath gormandiz'd a whole hog at a feast.  
Now the best fruits that grow from this voracitie,  
Is to be loud, and prate with great audacitie.  
His guts full stuf, and braines well toxt with wine,  
Himselfe he spruceth, studieth to be fine ;  
Either prepares his squealing voice to sing,

Or dancing, hops about as he would fling  
His gouty legs off from his rotten thighs.  
Wearied with these, againe he doth devise  
Of new discourse, and that must chiefly bee  
Of temperance and grave sobrietie.

Now is he made a sport to all the Bord,  
Stammers and lips, speaks not a ready word ;  
Then drinks even unto vomit : Last of all,  
To take the nasty fellow thence they call.  
Then there's with both hands lifting ; loth he leaves  
The place, and unto some she Minstrell cleaves,  
Ready to ravish her in all their view,  
To shew that Lust doth Drunkenesse pursue ;  
Nay in his best sobrietie applying  
Himselfe to boldnesse, avarice, and lying ;  
In which none can out-match him, hee's a Chiefe  
Both with the soothing flatterer and Thiefe :  
For perjurie there's no man that transcends him,  
Imposture ushers, Impudence attends him.  
He is an Object of meere obseruation,  
Or (truly lookt into) of admiration ;  
A spectacle of scorne, that wonder brings,  
Being made complete from meere imperfect things :  
In all his imperfections, more or lesse,  
Seeming a kinde of modesty to expresse.

Most strange ! O *Thrasicles*, What make you here ?

*Thrasicles*. Not with the minde of others I appeare,

O *Timon*, who come flocking to behold  
Thee and thy mighty Magozin of gold,  
Perhaps to steale and pilpher, to be guests  
Intrusive to thy table and to thy feasts ;  
Who daub thee with pyde flatteries, that indeed  
Art a man simple, and dost Counsell need ;  
A brainlesse Prodigall, wholly given to wast,  
Easily parting with what coine thou hast.

Besides, thou art not ignorant, I am sure,  
What spare and thrifty dyet I endure,  
One Chop or Fragment best with me agreeing,



Even juſt ſo much as will maintaine a Beeing :  
An onion is a meat to taſte my pallat,  
But a few water Creſſes a choice ſallat ;  
A little ſalt caſt on them, then 'tis rare,  
And I account it moſt delicious fare.  
My thirſt th' Athenian fountaine fates and fills,  
Which by ſeven cocks it plenteouſly diſtills.  
This thred-bare cloake by me is prizd more hye  
Than the beſt robe dipt in the Tyrian dye :  
For Gold, thou knowſt that I eſteem't no more  
Than I do pebbles ſcatter'd on the ſhore.

Yet for thy ſake I hither made acceſſe,  
Fearing thy wealth, thy goodneſſe might oppreſſe ;  
Being corrupt and vile in it's owne beeing,  
And no way with thy temperature agreeing,  
The rout of irrecoverable illſ,  
Which ſeeming moſt to comfort, ſooneſt kills.  
Be rul'd by me, Go inſtantly and caſt  
Into the Ocean all the wealth thou haſt :  
What need of Gold, when all things we ſupply  
By contemplation of Philoſophy ?  
But caſt it not into the depth I prethee,  
But neere the ſhore, when only I am with thee ;  
Enough 'tis if the wave but overflow it,  
To cover it, and (ſave my ſelfe) none know it.  
If this diſlike thee, that thou holdſt in vaine,  
I have another project in my braine,  
And 't may prove the beſt courſe ; From forth thy  
dore  
Precipitate and tumble all thy ſtore ;  
And to expreſſe a pure abſtemious minde,  
Of all thy Maſſe leave not a piece behinde.  
There is a third way (like the ſecond) ſpeedy,  
Namely, by diſtributing to the needy ;  
Who in all cares ſhall thy donation ſound,  
To him five drachma's, give that man a ponnd,  
A talent to another. If by chance,  
Philophers of auſtere countenance

Hither to taste thy largesse shall repaire,  
 Give such a double, nay a treble share,  
 As to the men most worthy. This (alasse)  
 I for myne owne part speake not, but to passe  
 Thy bounty unto others that more need,  
 And would be thankfull, of thy gift to feed.

For my particular use I crave no more  
 Than so much at this present from thy store  
 As would but fill my Scrip, the bulke being small,  
 Holds two Ægina bushels, and that's all :  
 To be content with little, moderation  
 And temperance becomes men of my fashion :  
 We Sophists, that in wisedome all out-strip,  
 Should aime at nothing further than our Scrip.

*Tim.* All that thou speakst I (*Thrasicles*) allow ;  
 Yet e're I fill thy wallet, heare me now,  
 I'le stuffe thy head with tumors, having made  
 True measure of thy skull with this my spade.

*Thrasic.* O Liberty ! oh Lawes ! neere a free City,  
 Thus to be us'd by one devoid of pitty !

*Tim.* Why *Thrasicles*, thus angry dost thou show  
 thee ?

Have I not paid thee the full debt I owe thee ?  
 Stay but a little, and t' expresse my love,  
 Foure measures thou shalt have o're and above.  
 What further businesse have we now in breeding ?  
 Multitudes hither flocke, in throngs exceeding ;  
 There's *Blepsias*, *Laches*, *Cniphon*, and in brief,  
 A thousand more that hasten to their grief,  
 As if they ran for blowes ; see how they flocke :  
 Therefore I'le clyme to th' highest part of this  
 rocke,

I hold that course is for the present best,  
 And to my wearied spade to give some rest :  
 Of scatter'd stones I'le gather me an heape,  
 And from that place I'le make them skip and leape,  
 Pouring my haile on them.

*Blep.* Hurle not, we pray,

O *Timon*, instantly wee'l trudge away.

*Tim.* And yet thou shalt with difficultie doo't,  
Without some bloud-shed and deep wounds to boot.

### Illustrations upon *Timon Misanthropos*.

(a) *Salmones*, was said to be the sonne of *Eolus*, not he whom the Poets feigne to be the god of the winds, but one of that name, who raigned in the Citty of Elis in Greece. He willing to appeare unto his subjects to be a God, and no man, and so to assume unto himselfe divine adoration, made a bridge of brasse over a great part of the Citty, over which he used to hurry his Chariot, whose wheelles were shod with rough iron, thinking thereby to imitate *Joves* thunder, for which insolence, *Iupiter* being justly incens'd against him, stroke him with a true thunder-bolt, and sent him quicke to hell. A type of pride justly punished.

(b) *Mandrägora*, an herbe so called, because it beareth Apples sweet smelling, of an extraordinary greatnes, the Latines call it *Malum terra, id est*, the Apple of the earth. It is that which we call the Mandrake.

(c) *Deucalion*, was the sonne of *Prometheus*, and married *Pyrrha* the daughter of *Epimetheus*. Whilst he raigned in Thesfaly came the universall Deluge, which drowned all the world, only he and his wife, got into a ship and saved themselves: their vessell first touching on the hill Parnassus, where the dry land first appeared, which was meerey a fiction of the Poets, who had heard or read of the generall Innundation, in him figuring *Noah* and his Arke. Others thinke that this flood happened onely in Greece and Italy, and that in the yeare of the world 2440, after *Noahs* flood 744.

(d) Lycoris Mount, by which *Lucian* intends no other than the two topt Parnassus, before spoken of.

(e) *Epimenides*, was a Poet of Creet, whom Saint *Paul* in his Epistle (as *Beza* is of opinion) cited. It is reported of him, that

his father sending him into the field to keep his Cattell, by chance he light into a Cave where he slept 75. yeares, whence a Proverb against all sloathfull men grew, *Ultra Epimenides somnum dormisti, id est*, Thou hast slept beyond the sleep of *Epimenides*. At his returne he found his brother a very old man, by whom he understood all that happened in his absence, and was after worshipped as a god. He lived in the yeare of the world 3370. much about the time of the destruction of Hierusalem, &c.

(f) *Cibels* Priests, they were called *Corybantes*, of one *Corybantus*, the prime of her first attendants. They in all the celebrations of her feasts, used to dance madly, beating upon brazen Cimbals, making a confused noise, from whence such Instruments were called *Æra Corybantia*: when they danced about the streets their custome was to begge mony of the people, from whence they tooke the denomination of *Collectores Cibeles*, or *Circulatores*, *id est*, Juglers: these first inhabited the mount Ida in Phrygia, &c.

(g) *Phineus*, was a King of Arcadia, and the *Harpie* were the daughters of *Pontus* and *Terra*, dwelling in Ilands, partly by Sea, partly by land, so called, *à rapiendo*, or ravening: they are feigned to be fowles, with faces like virgins, and hands like tallons or claws. Some call them *Jupiters* dogs: and these, whatsoever the forenamed King provided to eate, snatcht from his table, and greedily devoured: they were after destroyed by *Hercules*.

(h) *Tantalus*, was the sonne of *Jupiter* and *Plota*, the Nymph, grandfather to *Agamemnon*, and *Menelaus*, who entertaining certaine of the gods at a banquet, to make tryall of their divinity, killed, dressed, and served his son *Pelops* at the feast; which fact, the gods after they had discovered, so abhorr'd, that for the loathsome banquet he made them, they provided him another as distastfull, for being confined to hell, they set him in water up to the chin, and ripe Apples above his head touching his lips, yet gave him not power to stoope to the one to quench his thirst, nor reach to the other, to satisfie his hungry appetite. But for *Pelops* his sonne, so miserably massacred, *Jupiter* revived him, and for his shoulder which *Ceres* unadvisedly had eaten up, he made him one of Ivory; who after this went and sojourned with *Oenomaus*, the father of *Meleager*, and *Dejanira*, which as *Helv.* reports, was about the yeare of the world 2650.

(i) *Danaus* daughters: This *Danaus* was a King of the Ar-

gives, and dwelt in the City Argus. He called the Country, formerly called *Achaia*, *Danaa*, and the generall Nation of the Grecians, *Danai*. He had fifty daughters, whom he caused to slay in one night the fifty sons of his brother *Aegyptus*, to whom they were wedded, for which they were punished by the gods with a perpetuall torment, namely that with bottomlesse pales, they were to fill a tunne without a bottome. They lived in the yeare of the world, 2510.

(k) *Cyclopes*, they were so called because they had but one eye, and that was orbicular and round, they were *Vulcan's* ministers, and forg'd or fram'd his thunderbolts, there are three amongst them the most eminent, according to the Poets, namely, *Brontis*, *Sterope*, and *Pirackmon*, they were mighty great men, and called Giants, &c.

(l) *Dis*, is the god *Pluto*, who taketh that denomination, à *divitijs*, of riches, because they are dig'd and torne from the bowels or lower parts of the earth.

(m) These names, *Pythias*, *Dromus*, *Tibias*, *Hyperbolus*, and the like, are given according to the Authcurs fancy, or perhaps aiming at some particular men of like condition then living.

(n) *Nireus*, a faire young man, whom *Homer* loved, and whose beauty he much extolled.

(o) *Cecrops*, was also called *Biformis*; he was the first King of Athens, and first invented amongst them marriage; he found out Images, builded Altars, and offered Sacrifices amongst the Greekes. He erected the City of Athens, and called it after his owne name *Cecropia*, he flourished in the yeare of the world 2394. soon after the birth of *Moses*.

(p) *Dithyrams*, were songs sung in honour of *Bacchus*.

(q) *Areopagita*. Iudges or Senators amongst the Athenians, so called of the place where they sate.

(r) *Erichtheides*, whom some think to be *Erichthonius*, or *Erichtheus*, the fourth King of Athens; he first found out the use of Coaches, because his feet were deformed. He lived in the yeare of the world 2463, about eleven yeares after Israels departure out of Egypt.



The Argument of the Dialogue intituled  
I V P I T E R and G A N I M E D E.

**I** Oves Masculine loue this Fable reprehends,  
And wanton dotage on the Trojan Boy.  
Shap'd like an Eagle, he from th' earth ascends,  
And beares through th' aire his new Delight and Ioy.  
In Ganimed's exprest a simple Swaine,  
Who would leave Heaven, to live on Earth againe.

---

The D I A L O G U E.

*Jupiter.* **N**OW kisse me, lovely *Ganimed*, for fee,  
Wee are at length arriv'd where wee  
would bee :

I have no crooked beak, no tallons keen,  
No wings or feathers are about me seen ;  
I am not such as I but late appear'd.

*Ganimed.* But were not you that Eagle who late  
fear'd,  
And snatcht me from my flocke ? where is become  
That shape ? you speake now, who but late were  
dumbe.

*Iupit.* I am no man, faire Youth, as I appeare,

Nor Eagle, to astonish thee with feare :  
But King of all the gods, who for some reason  
Have by my power transhap't me for a season.

*Ganim.* What's that you say ? you are not *Pan*, I  
know :

Where's then your pipe ? or where your horns, should  
grow

Vpon your temples ? where your hairy thighes ?

*Iupiter.* Thinks *Ganimed* that godhood only lies  
In rurall *Pan* ?

*Gan.* Why not ? I know him one :  
We Shepheards sacrifice to him alone.  
A spotted Goat into some cave we drive,  
And then he seizeth on the beast alive.  
Thou art but some Childe-stealer, that's thy best.

*Iupit.* Hast thou not heard of any man contest  
By *Ioves* great Name ? nor his rich Altar view'd  
In Gargarus, (a) with plenteous showres bedew'd ?  
There seen his fire and thunder ?

*Ganim.* Do you then  
Affirme your selfe the same, who on us men  
Of late pour'd haile-stones ? he that dwells above us,  
And there makes noise ; yet some will say doth love  
vs ?

To whom my Father did observance yeeld,  
And sacrific'd the best Ram in the field.  
Why then (if you of all the gods be chiefe)  
Have you, by stealing me, thus play'd the thiefe ;  
When in my absence the poore sheep may stray,  
Or the wilde ravenous Wolves snatch them away ?

*Iupit.* Yet hast thou care of Lambs, of Folds, of  
sheep,  
That now art made immortall, and must keep  
Societie with Vs ?

*Ganim.* I no way can  
Conceive you. Will you play the honest man,  
And beare me backe to Ida ?

*Iup.* So in vaine  
I shap'd me like an Eagle, if againe

I should returne thee backe.

*Ganim.* My father, he  
By this hath made inquirie after me ;  
And if the least of all the flocke be eaten,  
I in his rage am most fure to be beaten.

*Iup.* Where shall he finde thee ?

*Ganim.* That's the thing I feare,  
He never can clime up to meet me here,  
But if thou beest a good god, let me passe  
Into the mount of Ida where I was :  
And then I'll offer, in my thankfull piety,  
Another well-fed Goat unto thy deity,  
(As price of my redemption) three yeares old,  
And now the chiefe and prime in all the fold.

*Iup.* How simple is this innocent Lad ? a meere  
Innocuous childe. But *Ganimed* now heare.  
Bury the thoughts of all such terren droffe,  
Thinke Ida and thy fathers flocks no losse :  
Thou now art heavenly, and much grace mayst do  
Vnto thy father and thy country too.  
No more of cheefe and milk from henceforth thinke,  
Ambrosia thou shalt eat, and Nectar drinke,  
Which thy faire hands in flowing cups shalt fill  
To me and others, but attend us still ;  
And (that which most should moove thee) make thy  
abode

Where thou art now, thou shalt be made a god,  
No more be mortall, and thy glorious star  
Shine with refulgence, and be seen from far.  
Here thou art ever happy.

*Ganim.* But I pray,  
When I would sport me ; who is here to play ?  
For when in Ida I did call for any,  
Both of my age and growth it yeelded many.

*Iup.* Play-fellows for thee I will likewise finde,  
*Cupid*, with divers others to thy minde,  
And such as are both of thy yeares and fife,  
To sport with thee all what thou canst devise :  
Only be bold and pleasant, and then know



Thou shalt have need of nothing that's below.

*Ganim.* But here no service I can do indeed,  
Vnlesse in heaven you had some flocks to feed.

*Iup.* Yes, thou to me shalt fill celestiall wine,  
And wait upon me when in state I dine :  
Then learne to serue in banquets.

*Ganim.* That I can  
Already, without help of any man :  
For I use ever when we dine or sup,  
To poure out milke, and crowne the pastorall cup.

*Iup.* Fie, how thou still remember'st milke and  
beasts,

As if thou wert to serue at mortall Feasts :  
Know, this is heaven, be merry then and laugh ;  
When thou art thirsty thou shalt Nectar quaffe.

*Ganim.* Is it so sweet as milke ?

*Iup.* Pris'd far before,  
Which tasted once, milke thou wilt aske no more.

*Ganim.* Where shall I sleep a nights ? what, must  
I ly

With my companion *Cupid* ?

*Iup.* So then I  
In vaine had rap'd thee : but I from thy sheep  
Of purpose stole thee, by my side to sleep.

*Ganim.* Can you not lie alone ? but will your rest  
Seeme sweeter, if I nuzzle on your brest ?

*Iup.* Yes, being a childe so faire.

*Ganim.* How can you thinke  
Of beauty, whil'st you close your eies and winke ?

*Iup.* It is a sweet inticement, to increase  
Contented rest, when our desire's at peace.

*Ganim.* I, but my father every morne would chide,  
And say, those nights he lodg'd me by his side  
I much disturb'd his rest ; tumbling and tossing  
Athwart the bed, my little legs still crossing  
His : either kicking this way, that way sprawling,  
Or if hee but remov'd me, straitwaies yawling :  
Then grumbling in my dreams, (for so he fed)  
And oft times sent me to my mothers bed :

And then would she complaine vpon me worfe.  
 Then if for that you stole me, the best courfe  
 Is even to fend me backe againe ; for I  
 Am ever so unruly where I lie,  
 Wallowing and tumbling, and such coile I keep,  
 That I shall but disturb you in your sleep.

*Iupit.* In that the greater pleasure I shall take,  
 Because I love still to be kept awake.  
 I shall embrace and kisse thee then the oftter,  
 And by that means my bed seem much the softer.

*Ganim.* But whilst you wake I'll sleepe.

*Iup. Mercury,* see  
 This Lad straight taste of immortalitie ;  
 And making him of service capable,  
 Let him be brought to wait on us at table.

### Annotations upon the Dialogue Intituled *Jupiter and Ganimede.*

(a) **G** *Argarus*, so called of *Gargarus*, the son of *Jupiter*, it is commonly taken for the top or Apex of the high hill *Ida*, where the said god had an Altar consecrate unto him, it is situate betwixt the *Propontis* *Abidos*, and the *Hellepont* in *Greece*, in longitude 55. in latitude 42. It is also a towne under the hill so called.



## IVPITER and IVNO.

### The Argument of the Dialogue.

**I**Vno of Ganimed is iealous growne,  
*And much upbraids Iove with the Phrygian*  
*Swaine;*  
*Willing (before him) to prefer her owne:*  
*And therefore blames her husband, but in vaine.*  
*Although this Fable to the gods extends,*  
*Base sordid lust in man it reprehends.*

---

### The DIALOGUE.

*Iuno.* **S**ince this yong Trojan Swain to heav'n thou  
 hast brought,

*O Iupiter,* thou set'st thy Wife at nought.

*Jupit.* Of him too art thou jealous, a poore  
 Swaine,

Though beautifull, yet innocent and plaine?

I was in hope thou only hadst a spleene

To women, such as I before have been

Familiar with.

*Iuno.* Nor hast thou made expreffion

Of thy great deitie in such transgression.

Nor done such things as have thee well beseem'd;

Who being a god above the rest esteem'd,  
Descendest downe to earth, making it full  
Of thy Adulteries : somtimes like a Bull ;  
Then like a golden Showre, and keeping still  
Those Prostitutes below to fate thy will.  
But now againe, Thou, mightiest of the deities,  
Lest that there should be end of thy impieties ;  
Being now inflam'd with an unheard desire,  
Hast this yong Phrygian Lad snatcht from his Sire,  
Brought hither to out-brave me, and set ods  
Betwixt us, filling Nectar to the gods.  
Is there such want of Cup-bearers ? or weary  
Is *Hebe* yet, or *Vulcan*, to make merry  
Thy Guests invited ? that no sooner thou  
Tak'st from his hand the bowle, but straight to bow  
And kisse his sweet lip, nay in all our sight :  
In that kisse seeming to take more delight,  
Than in the Nectar drunke : but which is worst,  
Oft callst for drinke when there's no cause of thirst ;  
And as in sport (but sipping) thy arme stretchest,  
And the full Chalice to the Wanton reachest,  
And he but tasting, as shall please him best,  
Then to his health carowest all the rest ;  
And in the same place where his lip did touch,  
Thou tak'st thy daught, thy lewd desire is such,  
With heedfulnesse and care noting the brinz,  
So, at once kissing both the cup and him.  
Not long since too, this King and potent Father  
Of men and all mortalitie, the rather  
To sport with him, his Scepter laid aside,  
And thunders, with which late he terrify'de  
The lower world. And speake, was not this wrong  
To a Brow so great ? a Beard so full and long ?  
All this I have seen, all these I have endur'd,  
And nothing's done that is to me obscur'd.

*Jupiter.* Why's this to thee so grievous, oh my  
wife,  
That it should raise betwixt us the least strife ?  
That a yong Lad, so faire and sweet as this,

Should please me both with Nectar and a kisse ?  
Shouldst thou but taste those lips (which I am loth)  
Thou wouldst not blame me to prefer them both  
Before all Nectar and Ambrosia too ;  
Nay, if thou didst, even so thy selfe would doo.

*Juno.* These are the words of masculine love,  
much hated,

Nor am I mad, to be degenerated  
By base effeminacies as to take delight  
In the loath'd kisses of a Catamite.

*Iup.* Pray (you most generous) do not so deprave  
Those loves and pleasures I am pleas'd to have :  
This pretty sweet effeminate Lad to me  
Is dearer far——but I'll not anger thee.

*Iuno.* I wish in my place you had that Lad  
wedded,  
With whom you oft than with me have bedded  
Since his arrive : your loath'd wife shall bethinke  
her,

How better to behave her toward your Skinker.

*Iup.* Is't only fit, *Vulcan* thy son should fill  
Nectar, who being lame is apt to spill ;  
And bluntly running from the furnace, smells  
Of smoke, dust, sweat, and what I know not else,  
With sparks scarce quencht, before the gods to  
stand,

His sooty tongs new laid out of his hand,  
To take from him the goblet ? which being done,  
To embrace, then kisse thy most deformed sonne ;  
Whom scarcely thou his mother wouldst so grace,  
Fearing his smudg'd lips should begrime thy face.  
Is he that only sweet Youth must adorne  
The gods high banquets, being made their scorn ?  
And therefore must this Phrygian be confin'd,  
Because hee's cleare in looks, as pure in mind ?  
Whose face so smooth, whose tongue doth so excell,  
And in all points becomes the place so well.  
But that which most torments thee, since his kisse  
Many degrees more sweet than Nectar is :

*Iuno.* Now *Vulcan* vnto thee (oh *Ioue*) seems  
lame,  
His forge, his apron, tongs, and tooles, thy shame :  
What nastinesse? What loathfomnesse? but hee  
Now at this instant doth appeare to thee  
Infected with ; whilst thou before thee hast  
That faire fac'd Trojan Lad? but in times past,  
None of this foule deformitie was seen,  
No sparks, no foot, no dust to move thy spleen :  
His furnace in those daies did not affright thee,  
But then his filling Nectar much delight thee.

*Iupit.* Thou mak'st thy selfe sicke of thine old  
disease,  
O *Iuno*, and this Trojan doth more please,  
Because of him th' art jealous : if thou scorne  
From him to take the Cup ; of thy selfe borne  
Thou hast to fill thee, *Vulcan*, one so smug,  
As if he gap'd still for his mothers dug.  
But thou, oh *Ganimed*, to me alone  
Reach the rich bowle. Two kisses for that one  
I'll give thee still, when I receive it first,  
And when returne it, having quencht my thirst,  
Why weep'st thou? feare not, they that mean thee  
harme,  
Mischiefe are sure to taste. Sweet boy thyne arme.

---



## JUPITER and CUPID.

### The Argument.

**G**reat Jupiter on wanton Love hath seisd,  
 Ripping up iniuries before time done;  
 And hardly is the Thunderers rage appeas'd,  
 But holds him fast that is about to runne.  
 The childish Wag submissive language useth,  
 And with what art he can himselfe excuseth.

---

### The DIALOGUE.

*Cupid.* **W**Herein have I, oh *Jupiter* transf-  
 grest;  
 That by thy pow'r I should be thus oppress'd?  
 Being a childe, and therefore simple?  
*Jupiter.* Thou  
 A childe at these yeares, *Cupid*? who I vow,  
 Art older than *Iapetus*, hop'st thou to win  
 Favor, because no haire vpon thy chin  
 Appeares? and thou art beardlesse? but beguild  
 Must we be still in holding thee a childe?  
 Being both old and crasie?  
*Cup.* I pray tell

This subtile old man, whom you know so well,  
What wrong he' hath done, that you would bind him ?

*Iup.* See,

Thou wretch, dost thinke it a small injurie,  
To make me such a mockerie and a jest  
To all men : that a god should to a beast  
Transhape himselfe : into a Satyre, than  
Into a Bull, an Eagle, and a Swan :  
Next to a golden Showre ? all these th' hast made me  
But that wherein thou chiefly hast betrayd me,  
My will by force or sleight I must obtaine,  
But never love, to be belov'd againe :  
Nor by thy power have I more gracious been  
To my wife *Iuno* the celestiall Queen ;  
But forc'd to use prestigious strange disguise,  
In all my scapes to hide me from her eies.  
Besides, our mutuall pleasures are not full,  
They only kisse an Eagle or a Bull :  
But should I in my personall shape appeare,  
Even at my fight (poore things) they die with feare.

*Cupid.* That only shewes thy power and divine  
might,

Since mortall eies cannot endure thy fight.

*Iup.* How comes it, *Hyacinthus* is so deare,  
And *Branchus*, to *Apollo* ? Is his Spheare  
More bright than ours ? yet they about him cling,  
In his owne shape.

*Cup.* But *Daphne* that coy thing,  
Though he shew'd yong and beardless, his cheeks red,  
And each way lovely, his embraces fled.  
If *Jove* then would be amorous, and apply  
Himselfe to Love, his shield he must lay by,  
And fearefull thunders, smoothly kembe his haire,  
And part it both waies, to appeare more faire :  
Weare on his head a Chaplet for a Crowne,  
And flowing from his shoulders a loose gowne  
Dy'de in Sidonian purple : on his feet  
Sandals, whose ties with golden buckles meet :  
Vnto the Pipe and Timbrell learne to dance,



And foot it to them finely : so by chance  
More glorious Beauties may to him incline,  
Than *Menades* attend the god of Wine.

*Iup.* Away : I more esteeme my regall state,  
Than to appeare so poorely effeminate.

*Cup.* Love not at all, and that's more easie far.

*Iup.* Yes, love I must, whil'st here such Beauties ar,  
And gaine them with lesse trouble, mauger thee.  
So for this time be gon.

*Cup.* I now am free.



## VULCAN *and* APOLLO.

### The Argument.

**T**Wixt Vulcan *and* Apollo speech is held  
*Of yong Cillenius, Maia's new-borne son ;*  
*How he in cheats and theevings hath exceld :*  
*Relating strange things in his cradle done.*  
*Since whom, all infants borne beneath his star,*  
*In craft and guile exceed all others far.*

---

### The DIALOGVE.

*Vulcan.* **H**Ast thou not seen (*Apollo*) the yong  
 Brat  
 So late brought forth by lovely *Maia* ? that  
 Looks in his swathes so beautifully faire,  
 Snarling on all such as about him are ;  
 Whom no one that beholds him, but surmises  
 That he is borne for some great enterprises ?  
*Apollo.* Shall I (oh *Vulcan*) him an infant call ?  
 Or thinke him borne for any good at all ?  
 Who for his craft and subtiltie (I vow)  
 Is than *Iapetus* older.  
*Vulcan.* Tell me how ?

What wrong can this yong Baby do, I pray,  
Who came into the world but yesterday ?

*Apollo.* Aske *Neptune* that, whose Trident he hath  
stolne :

Demand of *Mars*, (with rage and anger swolne)  
Whether his braine least subtiltie afford ?  
Out of whose scabberd he hath stolne his sword ?  
Or let me speake what by my selfe I know ;  
From me unwares my quiver and my bow  
He silyly snatcht.

*Vulcan.* How can it be, his hands  
Being ty'd up so close in swathing bands.

*Apollo.* Yet be not thou too confident, I intreat  
thee,

For come he neere thy shop, hee'l likewise heat thee.

*Vulcan.* He was with me but now.

*Apollo.* Dost thou misdoubt thee  
Of nothing lost ? hast all thy tooles about thee ?  
What, not one wanting ?

*Vulc.* None.

*Apollo.* Free from his wrongs  
Art thou alone ?

*Vulc.* By *Jove* I misse my tongs,  
Th'are stolne out of my forge.

*Apoll.* These thou shalt finde  
About him hid, do but his swathes unbinde.

*Vulc.* Hath he such catching fingers ? (past be-  
leeving)

Sure in his mothers wombe he studied theeving.

*Apollo.* Didst thou not heare him, *Vulcan*, talke  
and prate

With voluble tongue, and phrascs accurate ?  
Now in his infancie, so yong, so small,  
Offering to be a servant to us all.

No sooner borne, but *Cupid* he did dare  
To try a fall with him, and threw him faire.

Him *Venus* for his victorie embrac't,  
For which he steales her girdle from her waist.  
*Jove* smiling at the theft, and therewith pleas'd,

Mean time the crafty wag his Scepter seis'd :  
To steale his Trifulke he had made a shift,  
But 'twas too heavy for his strength to lift.

*Vul.* Thou telst me of a Lad active and daring,  
A nimble juggling Iack.

*Apollo.* Nay, hee's not sparing  
To professe Musicke too.

*Vulc.* How is that knowne?

*Apoll.* Th' invention too he seekes to make his  
owne :

Having the shell of a dead Tortoise found,  
He makes an instrument thereof for sound ;  
To which a crooked necke he first made fast,  
Boring therein round holes, and in them plac't  
Pinnes to winde up the cords by : to th' Shells backe  
A belly frames : seven strings, which he doth slacke,  
And sometimes stretch, he fixeth ; which but touch,  
They yeeld a sweet sound that delighteth much.

Whose notes I envy, be they flat or sharpe.  
Since he contends to exceed me in my Harpe.

Even *Maia's* felse I oft have heard complaine,  
She cannot in the heavens her son containe :

His ever waking braine, in action still,  
Can take no rest : by night (against her will)  
In silence he conveyes himselfe to hell,  
Whether to steale ought thence she cannot tell.

Besides, he hath wings, a *Caduceus* too  
Of a miraculous power, and force to doo  
Things wonderfull, by which he can bestow  
Soules hence departed, in the fields below,  
Or thence convey them hither.

*Vulc.* Most sure I will  
Adde something to encourage his rare skill.

*Apoll.* Which he hath well requited ; for to day  
(No longer since) he stole thy tongs away.

*Vulc.* 'Twas well done to remember me of this,  
Because my tongs are tooles I cannot misse.  
Somewhere about him they are still, no doubt :  
But first the fire I'll in my forge put out.



## MERCURY and APOLLO.

### The Argument.

**O**F *Love and of Alcmena : The long night  
In which the great Alcides was begot,  
This Fable speakes. And if I guesse aright,  
In this the Author much profaned not,  
To tax the heathen Idols his pretence is,  
Since men are punisht for the gods offences.*

---

### The DIALOGUE.

*Mercury.* **T**O thee, oh *Phæbus, Jupiter* doth say,  
Forbear to mount thy Chariot for this  
day ;  
The next too, and the third, disclose no light,  
But for that time make it continuall night.  
Keepe in, command the Houres thy steeds to un-  
trace,  
And thy bright Sun beams plucke from off thy face.  
For, without intermission being oppress  
With such long paines, 'tis fit thou shouldst have rest.  
*Apollo.* Thou telst me a new thing, unheard till  
now ;  
Have I transgressed my course, or been too slow,

Or over-swift ? that *Iove* should prove a way  
To make the night thrice longer than the day.

*Mer.* There's no such thing ; he only hath intent  
At some one aime on which his minde is bent,  
And this time only (but not still to bee)  
To have this one night made as long as three.

*Apollo.* Where is he now, or from whence art thou  
sent  
To tell me this ?

*Merc.* Boetia's continent ;  
Aud from (If I shall make a true confession)  
*Amphitrio's* wife, with whom he hath congression.

*Apoll.* With her his courage then and strength he  
tries :

But for his lust will not one night suffice ?

*Merc.* O by no means, since in this copulation  
Must be begot one that shall awe each Nation ;  
Of a most potent arme, and daring much,  
And therefore 'tis not possible that such  
A mighty worke as making up *Ioves* son,  
Should in one night be perfected and don.

*Apollo.* Well, I but little have to say unto him,  
But with this great worke much good may it do him.  
These things, oh *Mercury* (we are alone)  
I'th antient daies of *Saturne* were not knowne :  
He did not turne from *Rhea*, nor mis-led  
Could he be to adulterat her chaste bed :  
Nor did he leave the heavens, in Thebes to sleepe ;  
The day was then day, and true course did keepe,  
The night within her certaine houres was bounded,  
No times, no seasons in his reigne confounded :  
He had with mortall creatures no congressse.  
Bnt now for one poore womans sake (I gueffe)  
All things are topside-turn'd, and must be made  
Preposterous henceforth, and run retrograde.  
My Steeds with rest will grow more fierce and hot :  
The way more hard and difficult, because not  
In three daies past : Men miserably dwell  
Here on the earth in darknesse, as in hell.

And these are the faire fruits of his foule lust,  
That sublunarie creatures suffer must ;  
Warning at once the absence of the Sun,  
And waiting till this mighty worke be don.

*Merc. Phæbus* no more : had *Love* intelligence  
Of what thou speakst, his rage it would incense.  
I'll to the *Moone* and *Sleep*, and what in charge  
I had from him, deliver them at large :  
To her, to change the course she late did keepe :  
To him, to fetter them in bonds of sleepe,  
So fast, they may not dreame of that great wrong,  
To have been kept from sight of day so long.



## MERCURY and MAIA.

### The Argument.

**H**Ermes *his tedious labors doth complaine,  
As troubled more than all the gods besides,  
Not able his employments to sustaine,  
As one that in no certaine place abides.  
Yet by his mother he at length is fwayd,  
Who tells him Loves hefts must be still obeyd.*

---

### The DIALOGUE.

*Mer.* **I**S there amongst the gods (oh Mother) any  
So wretched as my self, though there be  
many?

*Maia.* Take heed, my son, what thou speakest  
rashly.

*Merc.* Why?

Can you name one that hath such cause as I?  
Who have so many businesses in hand,  
And those so great I scarce beneath them stand;  
Into so many services divided,  
I am tyr'd and spent, and for my paines derided.  
For in the morning, ere I can devise  
Of what my dreams were, I betimes must rise,



Then my first office is to sweep the house  
 Where all the gods must banquet and carouse.  
 That done, I next prepare the Consistorie,  
 Whereas the Deities in all their glory  
 Appoint their meetings : all things I make fit,  
 That they in ease as well as state may sit.  
 Then at *Joves* elbow I attend, where he  
 Still sends me on his errands : I must be  
 Here, there, and every where, and these too all  
 Hurrying together ; for hee'l sometimes call  
 As soon as I am sent. When the whole day  
 I have toild, not having time to wipe away  
 The dust and sweat, new labor I begin,  
 Supper comes on, and I must then serve in  
 Ambrosia : e're the Phrygian had to doo  
 With *Joves* crownd Cup, I filld him Nectar too.  
 But what of all's most tedious, and accites  
 Me to this spleen, I cannot rest a nights ;  
 For whil'st each other god upon his bed  
 Takes due repose, even then I of the Dead  
 And new decaast have charge, and through the shade  
 To *Pluto's* Court I see them safe convey'd.  
 These done, I cannot rest me where I list,  
 But at their generall Sessions I assist,  
 For nothing's done without me. 'Tnight suffice,  
 That I all dayly businesse enterprife :  
 At Wrestlings I am present, at the Bar,  
 Where Causes and Law-Suits determin'd ar',  
 Instruēt such Orators as Fees desire ;  
 Sometimes supply the place of common Crier.  
 Nor would these things appeare so great a trouble,  
 But that th' affaires of hell make them seeme double, ,  
 The sonnes of *Leda* much more happy bee,  
 They interchangeably have leave to see  
 The heaven and hell by turnes ; while one doth show  
 Himselfe above, the other staves below.  
 Than these how much more miserable am I,  
 That in one person both their paines supply ?  
*Alcmena* (a) and *Semele* (b) (of mortall feed

Descended both) have free access to feed  
 Among the Deities : yet I on these  
 (Being son of *Maia* (c) *Atlantiades*)  
 Am forc'd to' attend, I came from Sidon late,  
 As sent from *Love*, to know in what estate  
*Cadmus* (d) faire daughter was. Almost quite spent,  
 Not having time to breathe, but I was sent  
 To Argos and faire *Danae*, in that tower  
 Where he was welcom'd in his golden shower.  
 In thy returne come by Boetia backe,  
 (Saith *Iupiter*) oh *Hermes* do not slacke  
 To visit faire *Antiope* by th' way.  
 My resolution is no more t' obey  
 Vnto his busie hefts : To gaine myne ease,  
 I had much rather (did the Fates so please)  
 My selfe for ever to the earth retyre,  
 As a day-Laborer, and worke for hire.

*Maia.* No more, my son, for thou too much hast  
 said ;

Thy father must in all things be obey'd.  
 Able and yong thou art, prepare agen,  
 To Argos first, and to Boetia then :  
 Hazard not stripes of him that sways above :  
 Such are most angry that are crost in love.

## ANNOTATIONS

### Vpon *Mercury* and *Maia*.

(a) **A** *Lemna*, the wife of *Amphytrio* the Theban, in whose  
 absence *Iupiter* came in the shape of her husband,  
 comprest her and begot *Hercules*.

(b) *Semele*, the mother of *Bacchus*, begot on her by *Iupiter*,  
 from whence he tooke the denomination of *Semeleius*.

(c) *Maia*, the daughter of *Atlas*, and *Pleiones*, and therefore  
*Atlantiades*, of whom *Iupiter* begot *Mercury*.

(d) By *Cadmus* faire daughter is intended *Semele* before  
 spoken of.



## VULCAN and JUPITER.

### The Argument.

**V**ulcan obeying to Ioves high designe,  
 With his keen hatchet cleaves his head in twaine;  
 Arm'd Pallas, who there full ten months had lain,  
 At this incision leaps out of his braine;  
 Then entring first the world. Whence we may gather,  
 Knowledge and Arts had birth from Iove their Father.

### THE DIALOGVE.

*Vulcan.* **W**Hat must I do, *Iove*? Prethee let me know:

See, I am come, for thou commandedst so;  
 And brought with me an Axe sharp above wonder,  
 Whose very edge will cleave a rocke in sunder.

*Jupiter.* 'Tis well done, *Vulcan*, 'tmust be thus apply'de,

Thou with that hatchet must my head divide.

*Vulc.* Wouldst thou persuade me unto madnesse?  
 say

What's to be done, or packe me hence away.

*Iupiter.* My pleasure is, with a strong blow and full,

With all thy force thou part in two my skull.

If thou refuse to doo't, as fearing skath,

Thy timerousnesse will but increafe my wrath

And deep displeasure : therefore strike I say,

Instantly, boldly, and without delay :

Quickly deliuer me, I am full of paine,

A thousand throwes are laboring in my braine.

*Vulc.* Well looke too't *Iupiter*, my axe is keen,

Nor can this birth be without bloud-shed feen.

'Twill be a dangerous wound made in thy head ;

Beleeve't, *Lucina* brings not thus to bed.

*Iupit.* Strike boldly then, oh *Vulcan*, feare not blood,

For I know best what for my selfe is good.

*Vulc.* Though 'gainst my will, I shall, who dares withstand

When *Iupiter* himselfe shall give command.

What's here ? A woman arm'd leaps on the Plain :

O *Iove*, thou had'st much mischief in thy brain.

No marvell thou wert angry and much pained,

When in thy *Pia mater* was containd

A live *Virago*, arm'd, and having spread

Castles and townes and towers about her head ;

She leaps and capers, topt with rage divine,

And danceth (as she treads) the Matachine,

Shakes her steele-pointed Lance, and strikes her Tardge,

As if she had the god of War in charge.

Nay, which is more, she is exceeding faire,

And ripe for mariage, made in all parts rare,

And amiable, onely she hath blew eies,

But those her gracefull helme doth well disguise :

And therefore *Iupiter*, because I have

Thus playd the mid-wife for thee, what I crave,

Grant me for my reward, namely that she

May be my wife, this day espous'd to me.

*Jupit.* Thou demandst that which cannot be allowed,

For this *Minerva* is a Virgin vow'd,  
Nay, a perpetuall Votary : but if I  
In this could do thee any courtesie,  
Thou mightst presume 't.

*Vulc.* It is my great desire,  
And to my best of wishes I'll aspire  
In waiting time to rape her.

*Iupit.* O my sonne,  
Thou aimst at that which neuer can be done :  
She vowes to live a Virgin, let that guide thee,  
Pursue not things which never can betide thee.



## NEPTVNE AND MERCVRV.

### The Argument.

**T**H' abortive Infant from the wombe tooke late  
 Of dying Semele, Iove doth translate  
 Into his owne thigh : but the time expir'd  
 For mature birth, which (pregnant) he desir'd ;  
 This child, by one conceiv'd, borne of another,  
 Bacchus, enioyes the name of double Mother. (1)

---

### The D I A L O G U E .

*Nep.* **M** Ay I not see my brother ?

*Merc.* Neptune, no.

*Nep.* I do intreat thee, Nephew, let him know  
 That I attend without.

*Merc.* It cannot be,  
 And therefore leave this importunitie ;  
 You must not at this present be admitted.

*Nep.* Hee's then in bed with Iuno ?

*Merc.* No, (Grosse witted.)

---

(1) *Bacchus bimater.*

*Nep.* Or *Ganimed*? Prethee resolve me quickly.

*Merc.* Neither; but *Iove* at this time's weake and sickly.

*Nep.* How comes it that thou likewise lookst not well?

*Merc.* There is a cause in't, which I blush to tell.

*Nep.* What e're it be, the secret do not hide  
From me thine Vncle, and so neere ally'de.

*Mer.* Hee's newly brought to bed.

*Nep.* *Mercury* fie,  
Not possible; it is a thing that I  
Cannot beleieve: it would have come to light  
Ere now, had *Iove* been an *Hermaphrodite*.  
Besides, I ne're perceiv'd his wombe to swell.

*Merc.* 'Tis true, in that (oh *Neptune*) thou sayst well:

His chiding burthen did not lie within.

*Nep.* Now to conceive thee better I begin;  
Some other *Pallas* from his skull is ta'ne;  
My Brother ever had a teeming braine.

*Merc.* Not so; this burthen in his thigh was bred,  
Tooke from the wombe of *Semele*, late dead.

*Nep.* Wondrous! This generous god, by thy relation,  
Will teach to us new waies of procreation.  
But what's that *Semele*?

*Merc.* Of *Cadmus* race,  
A Theban Damsell, in whom *Iove* had place,  
And left her great.

*Nep.* Most kindly it was done,  
To spare her throes, himselfe to beare her son.

*Merc.* Ghest somewhat neere; not altogether, tho,  
Iumping with truth. But wonders wilt thou know,  
From thee yet forrein? *Iuno* (jealous still)  
By strange deceit seeks means the wench to kill;  
Persuades her (their united loves to sunder)  
To beg of *Iove*, to bed with her in thunder  
And blasting lightning (cause of all her grieve.)  
To her the credulous Wanton gives beleefe;

She craves, *Iove* grants, descends in glorious fire,  
 And in these flames the poore Girle doth expire.  
 Who grieving the faire Theban so should die,  
 Caus'd me to rip her wombe vp instantly,  
 And bring the Infant, now seven moneths conceiv'd,  
 Whom from my hand he gratefully receiv'd :  
 Not knowing better how to make provision  
 For this Abortive, he made deep incision  
 In his owne thigh, and there it three moneths lay,  
 Till (now mature) it for it selfe made way.  
 This day he is deliver'd, and now growes  
 Somewhat distemperd by his painfull throwes.

*Nep.* Btt where's the Infant?

*Merc.* Him I did transport  
 To Nifa late, where the faire Nymphs resort,  
 By them with great care to be educated,  
 And by the name of *Bacchus* celebrated,  
 Or *Dionysius*.

*Nep.* Then of this thy brother,  
 As *Iove* the father is, so hee's the mother.

*Merc.* It so appeares : but *Neptune* I am gon,  
 For other things I now have thought vpon ;  
 I must go fetch him Lotion for his wound,  
 Yet green, and will in few dayes scarce be found,  
 There's nothing but to him we must apply,  
 That's done to women that in childe-bed lie.





## DIOGENES and MAUSOLUS.

### The Argument.

**T**He dead Mausolus doth himselfe advance  
 Before all others of the buried Throng:  
 And therefore he erects his countenance,  
 Because on earth he was so faire and strong.  
 Diogenes derides his boastings vaine,  
 And proves himselfe more happy of the twaine.

---

### The DIALOGUE.

*Diog.* **A**Ttend, oh *Carion*, what is thine intent  
 To be even still so proud and insolent?  
 Prating of thy great worth, others to brave,  
 As if thou for some great desert wouldst have  
 Before us all precedence.

*Maus.* I first claime  
 Prioritie, rais'd from a kingdomes name,  
 (O Synopesian) for I empir'd o're;  
 All Caria: next, I pierc'd the Lydian shore,  
 There govern'd Nations barbarous and rude:  
 Besides, I many other Isles subdu'd.

The great'st part of Ionia I laid wast,  
 And my great army to Miletum past.  
 Nay more, I was of beautifull aspect,  
 Tall and well shap'd, and (what I much affect)  
 In power (before me) I exceeded all.  
 But that which made me most majesticall,  
 Of costly marble from the rocke dissected,  
 I have a stately monument erected  
 In Halicarnassus, fam'd for magnitude,  
 With rare and never equal'd pulchritude,  
 So faire, so large, that all that see it know,  
 No King that ere deceast the like can show.  
 Statues of men and horses 'bout it stand,  
 Graven and carv'd by a most elaborat hand;  
 In which expression Artists were at strife,  
 Not one of them but imitating life;  
 Of such admired height and spacious roome,  
 It rather seemes a Temple, than a Toome.  
 What wrong is 't then, my glories not to smother,  
 And to claime a precedence before other?

*Diogenes.* Is't potencie? is't beauty? or rich  
 stones

In such huge number heap'd upon thy bones,  
 That swells thee with such pride?

*Mnus.* By *Love* the fame.

*Diog.* And yet *Mausolus*, thou that hast the name  
 Of Beautifull, thy strength is not all one,  
 Nor face that was; both now are past and gone:  
 For an unpartiall Vmpire should we chuse  
 To point the Fairer out; let him but use  
 An unfway'd eye, not squinted with affections,  
 Shall finde small difference in our two complexions:  
 For both our heads are bald and alike bare,  
 Having no lips, our teeth apparant are;  
 Neither of us a nostrill hath to show,  
 But through these empty holes alike we blow.  
 This being granted, if because thy shroud  
 Beneath so great a Structure make thee proud,  
 And that thy countrymen that Mole retaine,

Boasting of it with ostentations vaine,  
To shew to strangers the rare excellence  
Of polish't stone ; what profit reapst thou thence,  
Thou exquisite man ? unlesse thy shallow wit  
Account thy greatest hurt a benefit ;  
To have of huge stones, wondrously convey'd,  
A greater heape than others on thee layd.

*Maus.* Am I no whit the better then for these ?  
Is *Mausolus* one with *Diogenes* ?

*Diog.* Not so, good man, no partie's confest ;  
The Carian King shall be with griefe oppress't,  
Excruciated and perplex't in minde,  
To thinke of his great pleasures left behinde,  
Honors and wealth : *Diogenes* the while  
At thy vexation stand aloofe and smile.  
Thou in thy lasting memorie shalt have  
The art and charge bestow'd upon thy grave,  
By thy faire sister and thy widdowed Queene,  
In Halicarnassus still to be seene.  
When as *Diogenes* yet doth not know  
Whether on earth he have a grave or no ;  
Therefore can take no care for 't. My fame lies  
Tomb'd in the bosomes of the Iust and Wife.  
Stories to future times deliver can,  
I lead a life that did become a man.  
Time shall thy Structure waft, but never myne,  
(Thou impure Carian) for 'tis made divine :  
My monument growes neerer to the skye,  
As built in place much more sublime and hye.



## CRATES and DIOGENES.

### The Argument.

**N**ature with too much darknesse overcast,  
 Is maskt and blinded with the worlds affaires,  
 Still doating upon things that cannot last,  
 As on vaine frailties fixing all their cares.  
 "Man that on mundane things himselfe assures,  
 "Cheats all his hopes ; 'tis Vertue sole endures.

---

### The DIALOGVE.

**Crat.** **T**ell me *Diogenes*, hast thou not knowne  
 Rich *Moerichus*, the man so overgrowne  
 With wealth superfluous, that from *Corinth* came  
 With ships so richly fraught ? the very same,  
 Cousin to *Aristaeus* thought to be,  
 By computation full as rich as he :  
 These two betwixt themselves use *Homers* phraze,  
*Claw me, I'll claw thee ; Let's live many dayes.*  
*Diog.* What was the reason, *Crates*, first did move  
 These monied men to enterchange such love ?

*Crat.* The cause they were intyr'd so, and call'd  
brother,  
Was, aiming to be heire to one another,  
Being equally posselt : and therefore they  
Publisht their Wills ; If *Moerichus* (a) his day  
Should before *Aristæus* chance to fall,  
He the succeder then should enioy all.  
So *Aristæus*, If he dy'de before,  
Then *Moerichus* was heire to all his store.

This by Indenture seald, they cog, speake faire,  
Flatter, in hope to be each others heire,  
With gifts and presents mutually contending,  
Yet still one gaping for the others ending.  
Infomuch that Diviners (whether skild  
I'th stars or no I know not) all have fild  
Their itching eares with Novels. Dreamers too  
(Like the Chaldæans) have enough to doo  
To mocke them with vain hopes, and at high rate  
Having betwixt them cast so even a fate,  
*Phæbus* himselfe was pussed : first agreeing,  
That *Aristæus* should have longest beeing ;  
And then again, That *Moerichus* the Old  
Should count new daies when he had all his told :  
Not knowing whose ambition should prevaile,  
Their Fates being ballanc'd in so even a skale.

*Diog.* But what's become of this their time out-  
wearing ?  
Speake freely *Crates*, 'tis a tale worth hearing.

*Crat.* Those that each others state sought to betray  
By bribes and flatteries, both dy'de in one day ;  
And that huge Magozin did chance to arrive  
To those whom they scarce thought of, being alive,  
*Thrasicles* and *Eunomius* their Alliance :  
Yet the Diviners in their great pre-science  
Ne're spake of them. Now the two rich men, they,  
Fearelesse, still hoping with the Fates to play,  
Being from Sycion unto Cyrra bound,  
Were in the mid way neere Iapygium (b) drownd.

*Diog.* No matter, *Crates*, but when we were living

There was no emulation, no such striving  
 To be each others heire : never did I  
 Desire of heaven, *Antisthenes* should die,  
 To be made his Executor ; or summe  
 His dayes, in hope his staffe to me might come.  
 Nor do I thinke thou ever didst desire  
 (O *Crates*) I the sooner might expire,  
 To inherit my possessions, and to strip  
 Me from my Tun, and pulse left in my scrip.

*Crat.* I had no need of them, nor thou to  
 claime

His staffe for legacie, since thou didst aime  
 At a much fairer heritage, to bee  
 Better'd by him, as I have bin by thee ;  
 And that in treasures richer and more hye,  
 Such as the Persian Empire cannot buy.

*Diog.* And what be those ?

*Crat.* Wifedome, frugalitie,  
 Truth and good life, in all these libertie.

*Diog.* By *Iove*, I well remember I had store  
 Of these from him, but thou (oh *Crates*) more.

*Crat.* Yet others that have thought themselves  
 more wise,

All such inheritances much despise ;  
 Nor sycophant they us, such things to attaine  
 By us, as we from him were proud to gaine,  
 They only thirst and hunger after gold.

*Diog.* No marvell, since they all of them have  
 fold

Themselves to Ignorance, not capable  
 Of Knowledge and instructions profitable ;  
 Having their mindes with dissolute lusts infected,  
 Like foule and loathsome dishes long neglected,  
 Grow fur'd and sluttish with voluptuous sin,  
 Corrupting the most choice Cates serv'd therein.  
 Th' are full of rifts and cranies, every houre  
 Greater than other : therefore should we poure  
 Into these leaking Vessels, Iudgement sound,  
 Or Truth, or Freedome, all drop to the ground,

Through their craz'd bottomes, and lie spilt and  
wasted,

Much with their putrid noisomnesse distasted :  
(So *Danaus* daughters here in hell are said,  
Laboring with Sives a flowing Spring to unlade)  
And yet even those that can no goodnesse keep,  
Will watch gold falling from them, and shun sleep,  
Hoording it with all care.

*Crat.* And so 'tis best

We do those vertues we in life possesse.  
Locke they their stuff bags in chests ne're so strong,  
They shall but one poore halfe-penny bring along,  
And that no further than to *Charons* barge ;  
The Ferriman will ease them of that charge.

## AN NOT A T I O N S

### Vpon *Crates* and *Diogenes*.

(a) **M** *Oericus, Aristeus, Thrasicles, &c.* are names of men  
whome the Author aimed at (living in those times) ac-  
cording to his fancy.

(b) **I** *Apygium, or Iapyges*, these derived their names from  
*Iapix* the sonne of *Dedalus*, and were said to be Cre-  
tenses by their originall, and wandring abroad to seeke *Colaurus*,  
sonne of *Minois*, came unto the same place, where after  
they inhabited, these in time grew to such a profuse riotise,  
intemperance and wantonnes, that forgetting their Country mo-  
desty and honesty, they painted their faces, and wore other  
folkes haire, and were never seene abroad but sumptuously, and  
richly appareld ; their houses were as beautifull as the Temples of  
the gods. At length they came to such a height of pride and in-  
solence, that they cast off all religion, entring and feasing on the  
ornaments, revenues, and donaries of the Churches. And at  
length were all consumed by fiery globes falling from heaven, &c.



## CHARON, MENIPPVS, MERCVRV.

### The Argument.

**C**Haron the Ferriman exclaimes vpon  
 Menippus, for not paying him his fare,  
 By him being wafted ouer Phlegeton ;  
 For which these two at great dissention are.  
 Charon is forc'd to pardon it in the end ;  
 For he that nothing hath must nothing spend.

### The DIALOGVE.

*Char.* **P**ay me my fare, thou wretch.

*Menip.* Nay, scold outright,  
 If thou to heare thy selfe speake tak'st delight.

*Char.* My due for thy trajection downe here lay.

*Menip.* I prethee how can he that hath not, pay ?

*Char.* Is't possible there any one can be  
 That is not worth a single halfpenny ?

*Menip.* I know not to whom else thou pratest  
 here,

But for myne owne part I have none I sweare.



*Char.* I'lle baſt thee with this ſhip-rope, if my hire  
Thou tendreſt not.

*Menip.* Then ſhall my ſtaffe aſpire  
To fly about thine eares.

*Char.* So long a cut  
Muſt I take paines to waſt thee, and thou put  
To no expence at all?

*Menip.* Let *Hermes* ſtand  
Ingag'd for me, who gave me to thine hand.

*Merc.* By *love*, in time I ſhall be ill beſted,  
If I be put to pay fares for the dead.

*Char.* He ſhall not ſo paſſe from me.

*Men.* For his ſake  
Continue ſtill thy courſe, and quickly make  
Towards the ſhore; What to thy ſhare can fall  
From him who (as thou ſeeſt) hath nought at all?

*Char.* Didſt thou not know what thou ſhouldeſt  
bring along?

*Menip.* 'Tis true I did, but can excuſe the wrong;  
I had it not, becauſe I want to give,  
Is't therefore fit that I ſhould ever live?

*Char.* Wilt thou be he then, who alone canſt  
boast  
To have ferried this great river without coſt?

*Menip.* Not ſo, oh *Charon*, wanting to defray,  
Thou haſt my paines, I pumpt part of the way,  
Then tug'd at th' oare, being that only ſoule  
Who in thy barge did neither mourne nor houle.

*Char.* Tuſh, theſe are nothing to my fare that's  
due,  
Lay downe my halfpenny, my fare, in view.

*Men.* Not having it, beſt way to end this ſtriſe,  
Is, That thou *Charon* beare me backe to life.

*Char.* For that Gramercy, ſo I might be ſure,  
From *Æacus* a beating to endure.  
This baſe Ghoſt would perſuade me to the whip.

*Men.* Be not ſo peeviſh then.

*Char.* What's in that ſcrip  
Thou keepſt ſo cloſe about thee?

*Men.* A small cheat,  
A little pulse for *Hecate* to eat.

*Char.* Tell me, oh *Mercury*, whence hast thou  
brought

This Dog to us? a wretch that mindeth nought.  
What strange things talkt he by the way, I guiding  
The helme, whilest he was all the while deriding  
The passengers? what a loud coile he kept,  
He only finging whilest the other wept?

*Merc.* Knowst thou not him? he hath a spirit  
daring,

Hee's bold, free spoken, and for nothing caring:  
This is *Menippus*, (Foole.)

*Char.* Well, if againe  
I take him here, ———

*Men.* Thou threatnest me in vain:  
This passage, though not far 'twixt shore and shore,  
Yet once being past, cannot be traveld more.



MENIPPVS, ÆACVS, PYTHAGORAS,  
EMPEDOCLES, and SOCRATES.

The Argument.

**I** Vdge Æacus doth to Menippus show  
*The obscure Ghosts and Sulphur Vaults below.*  
 And after that he brings him to the Plaine  
*Where both the Valiant and the Wise remaine:*  
*Who as the freeness of his tongue him guides,*  
*(Wretched himselfe) their sorrowes he derides.*

---

The DIALOGVE.

*Menip.* **N**OW even by *Pluto* I entreat thee show  
 (O *Æacus*) to me the Vaults below.

*Æac.* Not all, *Menippus*, that were hard to do:  
 But such especially as belongs vnto  
 Thy late demand, namely the prime and choice;  
 If these content, I'll listen to thy voice.  
 Thou knowst that to be *Cerberus*, and him  
 The ferriman, who from the rivers brim

Trajected thee : this, *Periphlegeton* :  
That the Lake *Styx*, thine eyes now dwell upon.

*Men.* I know both thee and these, *Æacus* the  
Great,  
Who in this portch hath a determin'd seat.  
To observe all entrance, I have likewise seen  
The Furies, with th' infernall King and Queen.  
The men of old I now desire to see,  
Precelling others in nobilitie.

*Æac.* This *Agamemnon* is, *Achilles* hee,  
That *Idomen*, a third rankt in degree,  
And next them plac'd : The fourth discovered,  
*Ulysses*, *A'ax* then, next *Diomed*.  
The rest, the far fam'd Grecian Hero's are.

*Menip.* O thou ingenious *Homer*, see how bare,  
How groveling and how dejected lie,  
How low the heads of thy great *Rapfodie* :  
Ignoble and obscure they now are all,  
Ashes and dust, trifles in value small ;  
For (as thy selfe said) nothing hath production,  
But's mutable and subiect to corruption.  
Now *Æacus* what's he ?

*Æac.* *Cyrus* hee's cal'd.  
Now he that next him fits so much appal'd,  
*Cræsus* the Rich ; *Sardanapalus* then,  
Who was the most effeminate of men :  
Beyond these *Midas*, and that *Xerxes*.

*Menip.* How ?  
Is it my fortune then to meet thee now  
(Thou wickedest of wretches) in this plight,  
Who once didst put whole Greece into affright ?  
That o're the raging Hellepont mad'st bridges,  
And with thy fleet hadst purpose o're the ridges  
Of mighty mountaines to have saild ('tis knowne.)  
But what a poore Snake is that *Cræsus* growne ?  
Pardon me, *Æacus*, for above all,  
I have a great minde with *Sardanapal*  
To go to present buffets.

*Æac.* Do not so.

He is so weake and womanish, the least blow  
Will breake his skull to pieces.

*Men.* As I can

I'll gripe him tho, halfe woman and halfe man.

*Æac.* Wilt thou see those in wisedome did sur-  
passe?

*Menip.* By any means.

*Æac.* Behold *Pythagoras*.

*Men.* Haile, thou *Euphorbus*, (a) or *Apollo*, or what  
Thou wouldst be calld by else, I give thee that.

*Pythag.* Haile to thee likewise.

*Men.* Speak and do not lie,  
Hast thou about thee still thy golden thigh?

*Pythag.* I have it not. But tell me, I intreat,  
If thou hast ought within thy scrip to eat?

*Men.* Pulse, nothing else: Thy words are meerly  
waft,

For that I know thy pallat cannot taste.

*Pythag.* Yet give me part; amongst us here below  
Doctrines are taught which then we did not know.  
As namely, That there nothing is to boot  
Between a Bean and a Satyrion root.

*Æac.* Cast thyne eyes further now, for besides  
these,

Here's *Solon*, son to *Erceceflides*.

*Thales* and *Pittachus*, With th' other Sages,  
Whose memories shall live to after-Ages:  
And these alone seem pleasant 'mongst the rest,  
Iocond and free, as with no cares oppress.

*Menip.* Cover'd with ashes from the toe to th'  
head

What might he be, that looks so like to bread  
Bak'd on an hearth unswept, blister'd beside,  
As if he late had rosted been, or fry'de?

*Æac.* *Empedocles*.

*Men.* He that from *Ætna* came,  
Halfe broild of late, I know him for the same:  
Thou excellent of foot, what was the cause  
Thou throwst thee headlong into *Ætna's* jawes?

*Emped.* Madnesse it was, *Menippus*.

*Menip.* Not, by *Iove*;

But a vain arrogance, pride, and selfe-love,  
With madnesse added, though thou didst not see 't ;  
These scorcht thee, with the sandals on thy feet.  
Thou Worthlesse, what have all thy feignings bred,  
Being now as others thrust amongst the Dead.  
But *Socrates*, oh *Æacus*, where's hee ?  
The only man I now desire to see.

*Æac.* With *Nestor* and *Palamedes* conforthing,  
And those with whom he best loves to be sporting.

*Menip.* Yet were he here, I would salute him  
faine.

*Æac.* Behold then that bald Fellow.

*Menip.* All are plaine  
And without haire : it is an equall note,  
As well amongst these, as in place remote.

*Æac.* He without nose.

*Menip.* Why, amongst great and small,  
I cannot spy one wise amongst them all.

*Socrat.* Dost thou seeke me, *Menippus* ?

*Menip.* Thee alone.

*Socr.* How stand all things in Athens ? long agoe  
It is since I came thence.

*Menip.* Many yong men,  
Puny and junior Sophists, such as then  
Durst not have talkt in publike, now looke hye,  
And openly professe Philosophie.  
Nay, who their habits shall observe, the gate  
Must needs confesse that they still imitate  
The old Philosophers. Th' hast seen, I know,  
How *Aristippus* to these Vaults below,  
And *Plato* came : daubd with sweet unguents, th' one :  
The other in smooth flatteries, cast upon  
The Tyrant of Sicilia.

*Socrat.* But of me  
What censure they ?

*Menip.* A blessed Ghost to be,  
And one, in those daies, whose predicting tongue

Spake of all things that to this place belong.  
And therefore they admire thee, hold thee rare,  
With whom none of the Sages might compare ;  
Above them skild, of such things speaking truest,  
Yet (sooth to say) I think more than thou knewest.

*Socr.* I spake of these things as my skill enabled,  
Which they held dreams, and that I meerly fabled.

*Menip.* What are these three about thee ?

*Socr.* In a word,

*Charmides, Phedrus, Clima's* son the third.

*Menip.* 'Tis well doue (here too) to professe thy  
Sect,

And use those thy faire followers with respect.

*Socr.* What can I better do, my selfe to please ?  
Come then, sit downe, and by us take thine ease.

*Menip.* Not I, by *Fove*, but instantly returne,  
To heare *Sardanapal* and *Cræsus* mourne :  
Next to these two my mansion I will keepe,  
Of purpose to deride them when they weepe.

*Æac.* I must be gon too, and have speciall care  
Lest some ghost steale hence whil'st we absent are.  
My place is where thou foundst me, next the dore ;  
When next we meet, I'll shew thee ten times more.

*Menip.* I thanke thee *Æacus*, even with my  
heart :

We have seen enough at one time, now let's part.

### Vpon *Menippus, Æacus, Pythagoras.*

- (a) **E** *Vphorbus*, was a noble Trojane, the sonne of *Panthus*,  
who wounded *Patroclus*, and was after slaine by *Achilles*,  
being hurt in the thigh ; he was said to have one made him of  
gold. *Pythagoras* said, that his soule was in him in that time of  
the Trojan warre, that hee might better perswade his Scholars.  
Concerning the opinion which he held concerning the transmigration  
of mens soules, from one body to another.



NEREVS, THERSITES, MENIPPVS.

The Argument.

**B** *Etwaixt Therfites and Aglaia's Son*  
*A fudden emulation is begun,*  
*Which of them both (being dead) is now most faire.*  
 The Morall shewes, In death alike we are.

---

The DIALOGVE.

*Ner.* **T**O end this new borne strife, *Therfites* see,  
 Here comes *Menippus*, he shal Vmpire be.  
 Prethee thou Cynick thy free censure tel,  
 Which of us two in beauty most excell.

*Menip.* Resolve me first, Who are you that thus  
 seeke  
 To make me judge?

*Ner.* I *Nereus* the faire Greeke.

*Thersf.* Deform'd *Thersfites* I.

*Men.* But tell me now,  
 Which (a) *Nereus*, which (b) *Thersfites*? for I vow  
 I cannot guesse.



*Therf.* In this thou art o'recome,  
*Nereus*: *Menippus* cannot give his doome,  
 We are so like. What though blinde *Homer* boast,  
 And stile thee fairest of the Grecian host?  
 What though my thin and unkemb'd scattered haire  
 Fell in long Elfe-locks from my scalpe, now bare?  
 Do not my living ouglineffe revile,  
 Death ranks us now together in one file.  
 Therefore to have this difference quickly ended,  
 Now iudge (c) *Menippus*.

*Ner.* Am not I descended  
 From *Charopes* and *Aglaia*, fam'd so far  
 'Bove all that came vnto the Trojan war,  
 For my rare beauty?

*Menip.* But *Nereus* know,  
 None bring their beauty to these Vaults below.  
 Of the fine flesh thou bragst of, wormes have fed,  
 Leaving thee nought save bones, like us now dead.

*Ner.* Aske *Homer*, of what fame *Nereus* was then,  
 And he will answer, The most faire of men;  
 Ascribing Beauties praise fully to mee.

*Men.* Thou tellst me dreames: I iudge by what  
 I see.

If amongst them that knew thee in those daies  
 Thou wert so famous, seek from them thy praise.

*Ner.* Am I not then the fair'st?

*Menip.* Nor he, nor thou,  
 Nor any one that is amongst us now,  
 Can claime precedence: for equalitie  
 Reignes 'mongst the Dead.

*Therf.* And that's enough for me.

### Annotations upon *Nireus, Therfites, &c.*

(a) **N** *ireus* was a young man amongst the Greekes who came to the warres of Troy, whose beauty and feature *Homer* in his *Iliades* mightily commended: to whom I referre such as desire to be more fully satisfied of him.

(b) *Thersites*, a mishapen and deformed Captaine in the Grecian Host, as crooked in minde as body, who bitterly railing against *Achilles*, he being mightily intraged against him, slue him with a blow under the eare ; his deformity was so great, that from thence arose a Proverbe which hath continued even to this day, *Thersite fœdior*, asperst upon any stigmatick, and crooked fellow ; you shall reade him fully described and characterd by *Homer* in his first and second booke of *Iliads*.

(c) *Menippus* was a Poet, and master to *Cicero* the famous Orator : but by this personated by *Lucian*, is intended a Cynick Philosopher, dogged both in his behaviour and writings, in imitation of whom, *Varro* the Orator writ a Satyr, and intituled it *Satyra Menippea*. It is reported of him, that such money as he had hoorded together by usury and the like sordid meanes, was so deare unto him, that being robbed thereof, he grew into despair, and miserably hanged himselfe. His whole life ye may reade described at large by *Diogenes Laërtius*.



IUPITER, MERCURY, IVNO, PALLAS,  
VENVS, and PARIS.

The Argument of the Dialogue, entitled *Deorum Iudicium.*

**T**He Troian Paris, being yet a Swaine,  
Is made the Iudge of Ates golden Ball.  
Three goddesfes contend, but two in vaine;  
Venus (*faire Beauties Queene*) prevailes 'bove all.  
With Youth, her fraile gifts are more potent charmes,  
Than Iuno's state, than Pallas Arts or Armes.

---

### THE DIALOGVE.

*Iupit.* **T**Ake (*Mercury*) this Apple, and make  
speed  
To Phrygia, there where *Priams* son doth feed  
His herds of Cattell; thou art sure to find him  
In Ida mount, the part that's now assign'd him  
Call'd Gargarus: and thus much to him say  
From *Jupiter*, That we command him stay

R 2

All other his affaires ; for being yong,  
 And beautifull withall, of a quicke tongue,  
 Whom most for amatorious things commend,  
 Him we appoint this doubtfull cause to end,  
 And he alone shall the prime Vmpier bee,  
 To tell which goddesse is the fair'st of three :  
 She that's crownd Victresse by the Trojan Boy,  
 For meed this golden Apple shall enioy.  
 This is the houre that calls you to be gon :  
 I am no competent judge to take upon  
 Me this arbitrement, since I approve,  
 They all have equall portion in my love ;  
 And, were it possible, I would renowne  
 Each severall Beauty with a Victors Crowne,  
 As bee'ng to me like deare. Whoso shall give  
 The Palme to one, he cannot chuse but live  
 In envy of the other : therefore I  
 Allow me no fit Iudge. Go then, apply  
 Your selves in haste unto that Phrygian Swaine,  
 Who is descended of a regall strainne,  
 And Cousin to my *Ganimed* ; a Youth  
 Simple, (as mountain-bred) who nought save truth  
 Knowes, and there's none that hath beheld his face,  
 But would esteeme him worthy this great grace.

*Venus.* For my part, *Iupiter*, what would I care,  
 If in this censure, Which should be most faire,  
 Thou wouldst us instantly to *Minos* fend,  
 What can he finde in me to reprehend ?  
 However I am confident, yet these  
 'Tis likewise fitting the yong man should please.

*Iuno.* Neither have we, oh *Venus*, cause to feare,  
 Should *Mars* your Sweet-heart be made Vmpier here.  
 But to this Youth selected we assent,  
 And (be he what he will) we rest content.

*Iup.* Is this your minde, my lovely *Pallas* ? Tush,  
 I now perceive you turne your eies and blush :  
 Such bashfulnesse becomes chaste Virgins still ;  
 I take thy silence for consent, thy will  
 I finde with theirs hath correspondence : Go,

And from yong *Paris* thy precedence know ;  
But take this charge from me, In those that speed not,  
Malice or spleen against the Iudge it breed not,  
Nor the yong man with any mischiefes threat,  
Since all of you alike cannot be great.

*Merc.* Proceed we then : this path directly leades  
Vnto those Phrygian pastures and faire Meads ;  
I'll shew the way, you follow me apace,  
Be all of courage, I both know the place,  
And *Paris* too, a beautifull yong man,  
And in these amorous contentions can  
As much as any ; fit to undergo  
This charge, and will not iudge amisse, I know.

*Venus.* All this is as it should be : I delight  
In one not partiall, that will censure right.  
But is he yet a Bachelor, canst tell,  
Or doth some Wife or Damsell with him dwell ?

*Merc.* I cannot say hee's altogether cleare  
And free from women.

*Ven.* How's that ? let me heare.

*Merc.* There lives with him a smug Idæan Lasse,  
Sufficiently faire, and one may passe  
Amongst the rest, but rusticall, as bred  
In the same mountaine where his herd is fed :  
Oft in familiar conference I have seen them,  
But tooke no note of any love between them.  
Why aske you *Venus* ?

*Ven.* For no ill intent ;  
It came into my thoughts by accident.

*Miner.* Ill dost thou, *Mercury*, and us much  
wrong,  
To hold us in sad conference so long.

*Merc.* Not so *Minerva*, lovely *Venus* spake  
Nothing 'gainst you ; only she chanc'd to make  
A question, if this *Paris* had a Bride.

*Minerv.* If nothing else, why didst thou closely  
hide  
Such talke from us ?

*Merc.* She spake the word by chance ;

To keep't from you was but my ignorance.

*Miner.* Hath he none then ?

*Merc.* It seemes not.

*Miner.* Doth he incline  
To militarie Arts and discipline ?  
Is he of warlike spirit, from a straine  
Ambitious after glory ? or meere Swaine ?

*Merc.* In that you plunge me ; but as I can guesse,  
Being yong and strong, what can he promise lesse,  
Than prove a hopefull souldier ?

*Ven.* Well, you see  
I 'plaine me not, nor is it grieve to mee,  
That you two spake in privat ; these complaints  
Fit jealous heads, but none of *Venus* Saints.

*Merc.* Take nothing ill, faire *Venus*, I beseech,  
For truly to resolve you, her late speech  
To yours had reference : Then (if you are wife)  
Presume this, nought can bare you of your prise ;  
The selfe same answer that to you I made,  
I gave to her. I'th mean time whil't we trade  
In this discourse, the greatest part assign'd us  
Of this our way we haue past, and left behind us  
The stars already ; Phrygia is not far,  
For in our view Ida and Gargarus ar' ;  
And if I be not much deceiv'd, I spy  
*Paris* the Iudge that must your beauties try.

*Iuno.* But I see no such man.

*Merc.* Close by me stand,  
And cast your eye that way, toward the left hand,  
Not to the mountain top, but to the side,  
Where you may spy a caves mouth gaping wide,  
By which a faire herd's graeing.

*Iuno.* No such sight  
Myne eies are guilty of.

*Merc.* Look here forth-right,  
Iust as my finger points, and in your sight  
Will fall a goodly herd of Beeves and Cowes ;  
Not where the rocke unto the steepest growes,  
But towards the middle part, somewhat descending,

Behinde them comes a Swaine, it seemes, intending  
To keepe them close together, lest they stray,  
Downe from the rocks he makes his speediest way ;  
Holding withall a sharpe goad in his hand.

*Iuno.* Now *Hermes* I begin to understand :  
If that be he, I spy him.

*Merc.* 'Tis confest :  
But being now so neere the earth, 'tis best  
(If so you thinke it fitting) we descend,  
And towards him a moderat pace extend ;  
Lest fousing on the sudden from an hye,  
The frighted Swaine may take his heeles and fly.

*Iuno.* *Hermes* speakes well : Let's all at once  
alight ;  
You (*Venus*) in this way have best insight,  
As she therein best skild, who (as Fame tells)  
Vpon this mountaine oft in caves and cells,  
To satiate your lust, and pay Loves debt,  
In *Vulcans* absence with *Anchises* met.

*Venus.* *Iuno*, your scoffes and taunts are ill  
apply'de,  
Nor do they move me.

*Merc.* Come, I'll be your Guide,  
These well knowne paths I did of custome tread,  
When *Iupiter* first lov'd his *Ganimed* ;  
They were then frequent with me, as being sent  
Still to and fro, to accomplish his intent :  
When hither like an Egle he descended,  
I present was, (for alwaies I attended,  
And in his rape assisted) at what time  
He snatcht him hence, unto yon place sublime,  
The Lad by chance close by his Fold was sitting,  
Voice to the pipe, the pipe to his voice fitting.  
*Iove* soaring high, downe on the sudden shifteth,  
Behinde him falls, and at an instant listeth  
Him gently from the earth, his crooked bill  
Fastning vpon the wreath the Lad kept still  
About his browes, griping and holding fast  
Yet (without harme) th' affrighted Youth, who' agast,

Turneth his head the clean contrary way,  
Not knowing what to thinke, much lesse to say :  
His oten pipe he then let fall through feare.

But leaving this discourse, we now draw neere  
The Iudge we came to seek for. Herdsman God save  
thee.

*Paris.* The like to thee yong man : I only crave  
thee

To be resolv'd, What art thou ? and to tell  
What are these faire ones that in shape excell ?  
They are not such as daily we behold  
Vpon these hills their flocks to graze and fold,  
But fairer much.

*Merc.* Know, these no women be,  
But of more high strain and sublimitie ;  
That, *Iuno* ; that *Minerva* ; *Venus* shee,  
And I the son of *Maia*, *Mercurie*.

*Iove* greets thee thus : Why do thy spirits faile ?  
Why trembl'st, and so suddenly lookst pale ?  
Feare not, there is no danger, his command  
Is, Thou 'twixt these the vnpartiall Vmpire stand,  
Of their choice features : Thus he bad me say,  
Since thou thy selfe art beautifull, and may  
(Though in this *Ida* there be Louers many)  
Yet in these complements compare with any.  
Therefore to thee this iudgement I commit,  
As vnto him that best can censure it :  
Behold this *Golden Apple*, and advise,  
'Tis of the choicest beauty, the rare prife.

*Paris.* Pray give me leave, what's there inscrib'd  
to view ;

*Give to the Fairest this as Beauties due.*

How can I, my Lord *Mercury*, bee'ng humane,  
And least of Mortals, a meere rustick swaine,  
Be a sufficient judge ? that *Iove* should prove me  
In matters weighty and so far above me ?  
Such desceptions would be better try'de  
In cities wall'd, where men are solely apply'de  
To delicacies : what more can you expect



From me, than censure those that I protect ;  
 To say, that the Goat is than this more faire,  
 And that this Heifer may with that compare :  
 To iudge of such I may perhaps have skill ;  
 But these are beautifull alike, and still  
 The more my ravisht eies vpon them dwell,  
 The more they seem in beauty to excell :  
 Such admirable parts in all I spye,  
 From none of them I can retract myne eye ;  
 Where first it fastens it insists, and thence  
 I hardly can withdraw myne Optick sence :  
 How am I then distracted severall waies,  
 Where still the present Object I must praise ?  
 Where having dwelt with pleasure, if by chance,  
 Vpon a second I shall hap to glance,  
 Myne eye's took captive and surpris'd again,  
 For thence I strive to ransom it in vain.  
 What judgement can I give, when I protest,  
 The beauty that is neereest will shew best :  
 Then what a tumult it within me breeds,  
 When as by birth-right each of them succeeds ?

In briebe, who to my true sence can restore me,  
 Their pulchritudes being circumfus'd all o're me ?  
 As if my weake conceivements to confound,  
 At once they circle and involve me round ;  
 Now I could wish I had eies behinde, before,  
 And that I were like *Argos*, (eies all o're)  
 Iust, only I shall then my judgement call,  
 When I this *Apple* can dispose to all.

Let me collect my selfe ! This is the Wife  
 And Sister to Great *Iove*, with whom to have strife  
 Were dangerous. These two his daughters, and  
 'Gainst them how can my opposition stand,  
 Without much prejudice ?

*Merc.* All I can say,  
 'Tis *Foves* command, thou must perforce obey.

*Paris.* One thing persuaue them, *Mercury*, I in-  
 treat,  
 That the two Vanquisht would nor rage nor threat ;

But to impute it, if they lose the prize,  
To the fraile weaknesse of a Mortals eies.

*Merc.* They so haue promis'd : but the time drawes  
on,  
That now thy sentence must be call'd vpon.

*Par.* Then to please one, I'll dare the spleen of  
two,  
For in this straight what lesse can *Paris* do ?  
Yet one thing, *Hermes*, I with leave would know,  
Is it enough to judge by th' outward shew,  
Perusing them thus habited and clad ?  
Or wert not fit a nearer course were had ?  
To have them all stript naked, that myne eye  
May view them with more curiositie ?

*Merc.* A question that from sound discretion  
growes,  
And being Iudge, they are at thy dispose.

*Paris.* At my dispose ? Then I will haue all three  
Stript to their skinnies.

*Merc.* He' hath spoke ; so it must be.  
Vnbrace your selues, put off, and nothing hide ;  
Whilst he surveighs each part, I'll turne aside.

*Iuno.* Well apprehended, *Paris*, and see, I  
Disrobe me first : Now this way turne thine eye,  
Behold my white wrists, and my arms quite bare,  
And are not these incomparably rare ?  
I am nor staring, nor yet narrow ey'd,  
These two the marks of Cowardise or Pride ;  
Where e're thy curious eye shall now invade,  
I' am equally and vniformly made.

*Paris.* Disrobe you likewise, *Venus*.

*Minerva.* Not in haste,  
Till she hath ta'ne her girdle from her waste,  
And cast it by ; that first thing let her grant thee,  
For, *Paris*, shee's a Witch, and will inchant thee,  
Being long studied in prestigious guiles,  
And apt to circumvent thee with her smiles.  
Nor was it meet she should have come thus gay,  
Trickt vp in colours and such rich array,

Her cheeks with fundry paintings plaistred o're,  
Like to some Prostitute or obscœne Whore :  
When nothing but bare form and feature true  
Should be expos'd vnto the Iudges view.

*Paris.* Of that enchanted Belt you well advise ;  
Cast it away.

*Venus.* Why doth not she likewise  
Her glorious plumed helmet cast aside,  
Or heave the brim that doth her forehead hide,  
Displaying her uncover'd face and brest,  
But with her truncheon strikes vpon her crest,  
As if she meant the Iudge to terrifie,  
'That he th' upright cause might not verifie ?  
Or else (her threatning Burgaret cast hence)  
Her blew faint eies might give the Iudge offence.

*Miner.* There lies myne helmet.

*Venus.* There my girdle by.

*Iuno.* We now all bare to thine inspection ly.

*Paris.* O *Ioue*, thou Wonder-maker, make me  
bold.

What glorious objects do I now behold !  
What pulchritude ? What extasy'de delight ?  
What a rare Virgin's that ? how faire, how bright ?  
But she, how venerable ? nay, divine ?  
What royall power within her front doth shine ?  
What majestie ? yet intermixt with love,  
She alone worthy to be wife to *Ioue*.  
How lovely shines the tother in my face ?  
With what a moving irresistable grace ?  
Her tempting lips, so paralleld in meetnesse,  
Whisper to me all blandishment and sweetnesse.  
Of this vnbounded surplufage of pleasure,  
I am now sated in abundant measure :  
Therefore so please them to my will attone,  
I gladly would peruse them one by one ;  
Being ambiguous in my selfe, and doubt,  
(Distracted thus) I shall not long hold out :  
How can my brain or eye be truly guided,  
Being at once so many waies divided.

*Venus.* So let us do.

*Paris.* You two your selves retyre ;  
But *Iuno* stay.

*Iuno.* It is my sole desire.  
And when thou haft with thy acutest eyes  
Perus'd this feature, void of all disguise,  
And with thy most inquisitive eyes made way  
Through all that thou canst possibly display,  
I'll give the rest place. Great is my donation,  
If I prevaile by thee : make proclamation,  
That I am Vict'resse, and take *Iuno's* word,  
I'll of all Asia make thee King and Lord.

*Paris.* I am not sway'd with gifts : but be you gon,  
What's right and iust must now be thought vpon.  
Draw neere, *Minerva*.

*Miner.* See, I am at hand :  
If in this strife of Beauty first I stand,  
And thou pronounce me fairest ; from thy cattell,  
I'll bring thee vnto many a glorious battell,  
From whence thou, vanquisht never shalt retyre ;  
I'll make thee a prime Generall, and aspire  
'To deeds of fame and honor, in all which  
Thou shalt be conqueror, crown'd with triumphs rich.

*Paris.* Of thundring wars I (*Pallas*) have no  
feare ;

Peace (as you see) is publisht everywhere, .  
Phrygia and Lydia are now both at rest,  
Neither with forrein nor home-broiles opprest,  
My fathers Empire is in quiet : yet  
Thinke not that I your noble gifts forget ;  
You may hope well, yet know me thus far stayd,  
I being Iudge must not with bribes be swayd :  
Take up your garments, put your Helmet on,  
I have seen sufficient, you may now be gon.  
Now your time calls you, *Venus*.

*Venus.* I am here,  
And be not sparing, *Paris*, with eies cleere  
Contemplate me in all and every member,  
Passe nothing cursorily, but still remember

What now thou seest ; fix both thine eies and heart  
Not in one place, but all and every part,  
And where the object pleaseth let them dwell ;  
Then truly iudge if I the rest excell.

Whilst th' other fences are full feasted here,  
Lend me (oh Faire one) for a while thine eare ;  
I' have seen thee oft, and have observ'd thee long  
To be a Youth more beautifull and strong  
Than any other here in Phrygia bred ;  
So I have thought, so I have often sed.  
Yet as I for thy curious parts commend thee,  
For some things I of force must reprehend thee ;  
Who 'mongst these crags and rocks consum'st thy  
prime,

Spending thy beauty, which will fade by time,  
In solitudes, with beasts that peopled are,  
And not in cities, who can judge what's rare :  
What (prethee) in these mountaines canst thou gain ?  
Thy Beeves and Cows shall censure thee in vain,  
Thou' art lost amongst them : it should be thy pride,  
(Richly arrayd) to seeke thee out a Bride,  
No Shepherdesse or rustick Damsell, such  
As Ida in abundance yeelds too much.  
I would have thee finde out some Grecian Queen,  
Such as in Argos are, or Corinth seen,  
Or in Lacena. Now I call to minde,  
There's Spartan *Hellen* ; oh that thou couldst finde  
And compasse her ; to thee I make confession,  
Shee's yong and beautifull beyond expreffion,  
Nay in all parts both outward and interior,  
(Still view me) no way to this shape inferior ;  
And what above these should inflame thy minde,  
She is not coy, but affable and kinde :  
Who had she seen, as I behold thee now  
(All fortunes quite relinquit) would, I vow,  
As knowing no way to be better sped,  
Fly to thine armes, thy bosome, and thy bed.  
Perhaps of such an one you have heard tell.

*Paris.* Never, oh *Venus*, but you please me well

In her description : on : to whatfoe're  
 You speake of her, I'll give attentive eare.

*Venus.* She was the childe of *Læda*, than her  
 mother,  
 (Till she outftript her) liv'd not fuch another.  
 For *Læda* was *Ioves* Paramor, who then  
 To have of her fruition, like a fwan,  
 Downe fowling came from heaven, by whose con-  
 greffion

*Hellen*, is *Ioves* owne daughter, by fucceffion.

*Paris.* Of what aspect is fhe?

*Venus.* White without fpot ;  
 And needs fhe muft, being 'twixt two Swans begot :  
 That fhe is foft and tender, agrees well ;  
 Conceiv'd and born too in a fmooth white fhell ;  
 Naked fhe wrestles oft for exercife,  
 And from thefe games returns with many a prize :  
 Sutors from all parts have come thronging to her,  
 And happy he could finde the grace to woo her.  
 Nay, fuch as have bin forc'd to go without her,  
 Not only threatned, but rais'd war about her.  
 Even *Thefeus* held her choice of all his bliffes,  
 Nor could he ftay till fhe were ripe for kifles,  
 But raviſht her yet yong : but when ſhe came  
 To a full feather, her unequal'd fame  
 Grew with her feature : then the Optimates,  
 Princes, and of the Argives the chiefe States  
 Solicited her Nuptials : the prime man  
 Was *Menelaus* the Pelopidan,  
 He woo'd and woo'd ; and yet if thou agree,  
 Her and her Dower I will confer on thee.

*Paris.* What's this you ſpeake ? will you your pains  
 imploy  
 To give me, whom another doth enioy ?

*Venus.* Is that a thing which difficult appears ?  
 Thou art as yong in knowledge as in yeares.  
 I promiſe what I can performe with eaſe.

*Paris.* Shew me the means how, and it well ſhall  
 pleaſe,

*Venus.* Then thus : Thou shalt a voyage vnder-  
take

To travell through all populous Greece, and make  
That thy designe. Now when thou shalt arrive  
At Lacedemon, *Helena* will strive  
To give thee welcome. What shall then succeed  
Leave to my care, for thine it shall not need.

*Paris.* But this appeares incredible to me,  
Impossible and meerly absurd, that she  
Should leave a husband, kingdome, and a Crowne,  
Subjects and servants, and all these her owne,  
Forfaking land, to hazard the seas danger,  
To follow me, a rude guest and a stranger.

*Venus.* Be thou of courage ; for the same intent  
I have two lovely children shall be sent  
Thy Guides and Captaines, who with all facilitie  
Shall worke my ends : (*Cupid* and *Amabilitie*)  
*Cupid* shall altogether undermine her,  
And to thy selfe impulsively combine her.  
With thee shall *Amabilitie* perfever,  
At all occasions be about thee ever ;  
By whose infusion thou shalt be inspir'd  
To' appeare to her much lovely, most desir'd.  
I will be present there, the more to friend thee,  
And will entreat the Graces to attend thee,  
Who shall be thy companions ; all together,  
What cannot we compell her to ? and whether ?

*Paris.* And yet, faire *Venus*, I am still in doubt,  
By what safe means this may be brought about.  
I love that *Hellen*, though as yet unknowne,  
And (by what means I know not) I am growne  
Inamor'd of her ; for beholding thee ;  
(O *Venus*) now me-thinks I *Hellen* see.  
Me-thinks for Greece I now am vnder saile,  
In Sparta am safe landed, and prevaile ;  
That I behold her in her beauties pride,  
And bring from thence a bright and glorious Bride.  
Why, e're begin, do I applaud the end ?  
I grieve I act not what I apprehend.

*Venus.* Be not too forward in thy love, I prethee,  
But (oh thou fair'st of Neat-heards) take me with  
thee;

Doat not too soone, nor be thou over-speedy,  
Till I my selfe thy Bride-bed have made ready,  
Having first reconcil'd you : with condition  
That I of this great prise may have fruition.  
'Twill grace your mariage, when as Victresse I  
Shall present be at that Solemnitie,  
And after all such busie pain and toile,  
Vnto my triumph adde thy glorious spoile.  
Do but thou make this golden Apple mine,  
Shee with her love and bride-bed are all thine.

*Paris.* And yet perhaps when you have gain'd this  
prise,

You may neglect, and me (a Swaine) despise.

*Venus.* Shall I sweare to thee?

*Paris.* No, it shall suffice,  
That you have past your promise.

*Venus.* Heare me then,  
(O thou most faire and beautifull of men)  
I vow, all lets and cavils set aside,  
This hand shall give thee *Hellen* for thy Bride;  
That from all future dangers I'll defend thee,  
And in thy journey carefully attend thee,  
That she shall follow thee, and prostitute  
Both will and body to thine amorous suite :  
That I'll be there to see how all things stand,  
And have in all these an assistant hand.

*Paris.* But will you bring along rankt in their  
places  
*Cupid* and *Amabilitie*, with the *Graces*?

*Venus.* Doubt not I will, and to make quick dis-  
patch,  
*Desire* and *Hymen*, to conclude the match.

*Paris.* For these, and these alone, as fair'st of all,  
*Venus*, to thee I give the golden Ball.





# IVPITER and Io.

## Argument,

**I**O, of whom we next discusse,  
 Daughter toth' River Inachus;  
 (The fairest Nymph that liv'd that time,  
 As being in her youth and prime)  
 Was seen by Iove, lov'd, and comprest.  
 Queen Iuno, Her, as of the rest,  
 Growne jealous o're, doth project lay,  
 How in their sports them to betray  
 Whom to prevent (I know not how)  
 But Iove transhapes her to a Cow.  
 The Goddesse knowing how indeard  
 She was to him, comes to the Heard,  
 And begs this Heifer. He not dar'd  
 (However the request seem'd hard)  
 Her to deny. Shee's now her charge,  
 And nought her freedome can enlarge.  
 The passages that hence may grow,  
 The sequell will hereafter show.

Enter *Io*, *Daphne*, with other Nymphs called *Naiades*, (a)  
 the Daughters of the Rivers neere adjacent.

*Io*. **H**ere, *Daphne*, by your father *Peneus*  
 streams  
 (Which falling from the top of *Pindus* (b) mount,  
 6 s

Waters *Hemonian Tempe* (c) let us sit,  
 All daughters to the Rivers flowing neere :  
 There old *Apidanus* steales (murmuring) by ;  
 Next, Poplar-shadowed *Enipeus* glides :  
 Not far, *Amphrifus*, *Æas*, (d) and 'mongst these,  
 (Not least) my father, good old *Inachus*  
 Lifts up his reverend head, with fresh floures crown'd,  
 Prescribing lawes and limits to his streams,  
 To bound them in their channels, curb their torrent,  
 Left in their pride they should o'reswell their banks ;  
 Commanding them, through thousand strange indents  
 To pay his plenteous tribute to the seas.

*Daphne.* And how much are we bound vnto the  
 gods,  
 (Faure *Io*) to be Nymphs, not generated  
 From marish Meares, nor yet from standing Lakes,  
 From sedgy brooks, thick pooles, or shallow foords,  
 Nor yet from violent and robustuous seas.  
 Their waters keep a smooth and gentle course,  
 Not mov'd to fury by the warring windes ;  
 Nor when loud fluxes fall to swell their bounds,  
 And make deep inundations on the meads :  
 Nor can the parching drought so dry their springs,  
 But that their channels keep a temperature :  
 Their modest shallowes serve us for coole baths  
 In summer time to play and wanton in :  
 Their depths, to bate our hookes with wormes and  
 flies,  
 Fastned to lines made of small twisted filke,  
 And so betray the creatures of the flood.  
 Their chrystall waves are Myrrhurs, in the which  
 We dresse our heads, and put these curls in forme,  
 Sometimes so cunningly, as if that Art  
 Had power to exceed Nature : and againe,  
 With carelesse, but so curious a neglect,  
 As if meere Chance did antecede them both,  
 This makes us of the Satyrs so admir'd,  
 And of the Faunes and Swaines so much belov'd.

*Io.* Why, have you Sutors, *Daphne*?

*Daphne.* Besides such,  
(For these my father, by whose will I am swayd)  
Accounts as mean) of Gallants I have change ;  
Both City and the Court.

*Io.* But I may claim  
Prioritie above all water Nymphs,  
Nor can the *Naiades* compare with me ;  
No, *Daphne*, not your selfe. The rurall Swaines,  
They gather from these banks mellifluous floures,  
And make you chaplets to adorn your browes,  
And shadow your choice beauty from the Sun,  
Nay thinke them costly Presents : but I'am one  
To whom the gods themselves have offred gifts.  
Then before all the daughters of these fouds  
I claim a just precedence.

*Daph.* By what dream,  
Or rather by what brain-sicke fantasie  
Hath *Io* been deluded ?

*Io.* My apprehensions  
Are no weake fantsoms to beguile the sence,  
But reall, and in action ; with their form  
They beare a being substance.

*Daph.* Hath your Beauty  
Had amongst men such long and strange neglect,  
That *Io* would to colour such disgrace,  
Accuse the gods of weaknesse ?

*Io.* Let earths Beauties  
Censure of Earth, meere terren as yours be,  
And aime no further : the while this of myne  
Shall be new question'd by the Powers Divine.

*Daph.* Now by what gods, for Heav'ns sake ?

*Io.* Not the meanest,  
Or such as we call under-deities,  
As melancholy *Saturn*, (by his son  
Exil'd and banisht from the supreme rule)  
As *Phæbus*, a meere Vassal to the earth,  
And forc'd each naturall day to measure heaven  
As *Neptune*, Sovereign o're the Seas, to whom  
Our tributary rivers hourelly pay :

As *Mercury*, though son to *Iove* himselfe,  
 No better than his Foot-boy or his Page,  
 Compeld at every fummons to his speed :  
 But of the potent Thunderer.

*Daph.* He of whom  
 You have learn'd to thunder these impossible braves.  
*Io*, I am asham'd.

*Io.* Yes, that your beauty's  
 Compos'd of the grosser elements,  
 Want that attraction to call *Iove* himselfe  
 Down from his heavenly Fabrick, to behold  
 Vs in our eminence.

*Daph.* Strange wonder sure,  
 To looke vpon that face in which we Mortals,  
 And value it at best, can nothing spy,  
 Breed admiration in a Deity !

*A noise of thunder. Enter Iupiter in his glory, his  
 Trisull in his hand burning : at sight of whom  
 they stand affrighted.*

*Io.* Appeare, *Iove*, in thy glory, let them know  
 Ei, sham'd confesse their fond surmises vain,  
 And what it is, thy god-head to prophane.

*Daph.* Fly, fly, lest we be thunder-strooke, away ;  
 Let's seeke our safety, danger's in our stay. *Exit.*

*Iup.* Thou *Daphne*, who *Ioves* prefence now dost  
 shun,  
 Swifter ere long shalt from *Apollo* run.  
 But there lie that which makes us terrible,  
 Affrighting gods and men. *Io* to thee  
 In calmes I come, and Faire one make me proud,  
 To seale the love which I so long have vow'd.

*Io.* What seale ? what vow ?

*Jup.* Both thou shalt finde impreſt  
On thy ſmooth cheek, ſoft lip, and Ivory breſt.

*Io.* Forbeare to handle ; yet I never knew  
A man ſo bold and rude : Can gods diſpence,  
To teach us Women unknowne impudence ?

*Jup.* Nay rather we ſolicit you to prove  
What yet you have not try'd, the ſweets of love.

*Io.* Things that I would not learn.

*Jup.* A Truant ſtill ?

If you want art *Io*, I can teach you ſkill :  
Give me your hand, your lip : why theſe but are  
The Prologue to a paſtime much more rare.  
Women by nature are ambitious, and  
Long to know what they do not underſtand.  
I'll praſtiſe you in that which you before  
Ne're knew.

*Io.* In all this lip-ſport ? or what more  
Is in theſe kiſſes meant ? I am ſo dull,——

*Jup.* All theſe my Comment ſhall explain at full.  
In vain you ſtrive.

*Io.* Should I do ought ſave well,  
I were vndone, my fathers ſlouds would tell ;  
Theſe are his banks, they'll blab : What mean you ?  
ſie ;

They ſwell above their bounds, only to ſpie  
And ſee what we are doing. Piſh, away,  
Such deeds of darkneſſe can you do by day ?  
Beſides, ſhall I conſent to what you mean,  
Not all theſe ſilver drops can waſh me clean.

*Jup.* Where I doe ſtain I can again make pure :  
And that Day ſhall not hinder us, be ſure :  
Arise you fogs and damp, your vapors gather,  
To ſhroud us both from *Iuno* and thy father.

*Io.* You make me bluſh. *A great damp ariſeth.*

*Jup.* Theſe bluſhes none ſhall ſee ;  
Behold theſe miſts, to curtain us and thee.

*Io.* Well, when what moſt you ſue for, you have  
won,

My comfort is, I see not what is done.

*Iup.* And *Io* now I'll teach thee sports untry'de,  
In darknesse best a Virgins blush to hide. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Iuno.*

*Iuno.* Not in the heav'ns? where then? In vain it  
were

To search the seas; the blew vein'd *Nereæ*  
And green hair'd *Dorides* with all their brats,  
Styl'd by the names of water goddeesses,  
(Though Prostitutes to *Neptune*) 'mongst them all  
Yeeld not a face to please his curious eye.  
Where then? The earth? I that, if any place,  
Yeelds choice of tempting Beauties: Argos bred  
A golden *Danaë*, Thebes afforded an  
*Alcmena* and a wanton *Semele*;  
Pelagia, a *Calisto*; Sparta nurst  
A swan-like *Læda*, (Strumpets) of all which  
I fought a sure, but found a vain revenge.  
Why may not then Thesalian Tempe yeeld  
Like fascination, since their impudence  
Is more and more encourag'd by my wrongs:  
Here then I make inquiry. The day's cleare;  
Whence come these foggy mysts that choke the aire,  
In so serene and bright an hemisphere?  
*Aut ego factor, aut ego ledar.*

If from the earth, this fudden over-cast  
Would smell of thicke and suffocating damps:  
If from the aire, or any sulph'rous fire,  
It would be found by their caliditie.  
If from the Rivers, or these moorish fennes,  
Humiditie would tell us whence they were.  
No, these are forc'd, and by some god-like power,  
Created for a more peculiar use:  
And now my jealousy most truly prompts me,  
'Tis some illusion, made to blinde myne eies

From a new injury ; which if I finde,  
On this one Strumpet I will study more,  
Than all that have my vengeance scap'd before. *Exit.*

*Enter Jupiter, and Io transformed into a Cow.*

*Jup.* The clamorous Queen's descended from the  
Spheres,  
To finde the cause of this illusive Fog :  
But *Io* I have so transhap'd thee now,  
That she by no means can discover thee ;  
And in that confidence I'll front her boldly.

*Iun.* *Jove* heare ? my jealousies are then not vain,  
Howe're I'll give him gentle entertaine,  
Concealing what's within.

*Iup.* My lovely *Iuno* ?

*Iun.* My Brother and my Husband *Jupiter* ?

*Iup.* What make you here on earth ?

*Iun.* What other reason,  
But that I mist my soveraign Lord in heaven ;  
And then I yoakt my Peacocks, to their bills  
Ty'd filken bridles, and in my light chariot  
Made of fine gold, and deckt with Estrich plumes,  
Descended as you see. But what affaire  
(Might *Iuno* be so bold to aske her Lord)  
Detaines you now in Tempe ?

*Jup.* Though it fits not  
Your Sex to aske a thing that ill beseemes,  
Or pry into the counsels of the gods ;  
Yet thus much I'll resolve you ? I came downe  
To censure here some causes amongst men,  
And set things crooked upright.

*Iun.* Now I spy  
That which hath drawne him headlong from the  
sky,  
And I will make th' Adulterer himselfe  
Author of my iust vengeance.

*Iup.* Thou once gon, *Spoken aside.*  
She were again transhap'd, and we both one.

Sweet *Iuno* will you once more mount your Chariot,  
And keep your state above : My designs ended,  
I will not long be from you.

*Iun.* My craft now  
Shall match his cunning ; if there be in me  
A godhead, I have cast her destiny.  
Deare loving Lord, since 'twas my kindenesse drew  
me  
To see vnto your safety (though I know  
The Deities in every place secure)  
Give me some gift on earth, that I in heaven  
May applaud your royall bounty.

*Iup.* Be it bred  
Beneath the Moon, 'tis my *Saturnia's*.

*Iun.* I have not seen so sweet and lovely a  
Beast  
White without spot or stain ; Is she of the herd  
Belonging to these Medowes ?

*Iup.* She is, no doubt.  
Why doth my *Iuno* aske ?

*Iun.* To make her myne.

*Iup.* A gift too small for *Iuno* to entreat,  
Or *Love* to grant ; Demand some greater boon.

*Iun.* This Cow or nothing.

*Iup.* Shee's not for thy use :  
What would my Love do with her ?

*Iun.* Only this,  
(Being above the rest most beautifull)  
To sacrifice her to your Deity. (*Jupiter starts.*)

*Iup.* Not for the triple world : What was it,  
Sweet,  
That you of me demanded ?

*Iuno.* Now to know (*Aside*)  
What put you in this feare ? Nay I have beg'd,  
And must not be deny'd. And have I found you ?

*Iup.* In what a streight am I ? her to betray,  
And give her up into her enemies hand,  
In man would prove a savage cruelty,  
Much more in us : and to deny a gift



Appearing of so small a consequence,  
Would but augment her too much jealousy,  
And open that which is as yet conceal'd.

*Iuno.* What hope have I to enjoy greater things,  
That am deny'd a trifle?

*Iup.* Say I will not, (*Aside*)  
And give no reason; it may then appear,  
This Heifer to be no such as she seems.  
Well, she is yours; but how will you dispose her?

*Iun.* So carefully, because she is your gift,  
My servant *Argus* with a hundred eyes  
Shall guard her from all dangers.

*Iup.* 'Tis enough,  
In that, to us you shall express your love.  
But prove he to her churlish or unkind, (*Aside.*)  
There's one, at once his hundred eyes shall blind.  
So, she is now your charge. *Exit.*

*Jun.* And being myne,  
I'll teach base Earth to injure what's divine.  
Where is my servant *Argus*?

Enter *Argus* with a hundred eyes.

*Argus.* Who's that calls?  
The sacred goddess *Iuno*? What new service  
Will you command your vassal?

*Jun.* Tak't in briefe;  
Beholdst thou This? This? This no matter what,  
Not worth a name; only a thing I loath;  
Out on thee: But I'll spare my railing words,  
To express my hate in action.

*Arg.* What's the cause  
The poore beast trembles thus?

*Jun.* A Beast indeed:  
Like such she shall be us'd; behold her, *Argus*;  
Are these lips fitting for a god to kisse?  
These hooves apt palms to gripe? these teats fit pillows?  
On which a Deity should breast himselfe?

These, eyes to tempt ? or this an hide to touch ?  
 These hornes ? (oh me) in myne owne heraldry  
 She mocks me without blushing.

*Argus.* In all this  
 How will you use my service ?

*Iuno.* As a Spy :  
 An hundred eyes thou hast, of all which number  
 I will allow thee two to sleep by turnes ;  
 The rest to watch this Strumpet ; and of all,  
 But two to winke, the rest to gaze at full :  
 Behinde thee thou hast eyes, both sides, before ;  
 Which way foe're thou turnst shee's in thy view.  
 "A thousand he had need, all piercing bright,  
 "To watch a Lover from his choice delight.

*Arg.* And is this all ?

*Iuno.* Something I had forgot :  
 Thou art an Herdsman, *Argus*, and thou know'st  
 To tame vnruely cattell ; she is such :  
 In some unworthy halter binde her neck,  
 For such a Beauty the fittest Carkanet.  
 Her browning be the Brakes and bitter couche,  
 For dainties feed her with the fourest herbs ;  
 Lead her through briars & brambles, which may  
 scratch

Her itching skin even till her soft sides bleed,  
 Raife vp the mud in cleare springs when she drinks,  
 Keep her from shadow, in the parching Sun,  
 Till she be stung with horse flies, and the breezes :  
 Let her not rest but where the ground's still bare ;  
 Feather her bed with thistles and sharp thornes ;  
 And for her footing chuse the barren paths  
 Strow'd with loose pointed flints to gall her hooves.

*Argus* farewell, I leave her to thy trust,  
 A sweet revenge for her insatiate lust. *Exit.*

*Argus.* Drawing this piece of Beasts flesh thus  
 along,  
 Me-thinks I looke like Lybian *Hercules*  
 Leading the Dog of hell : nay I shall fit her  
 According to my charge, and I will keep thee

(Calfe with the white face) fafe enough from bulling,  
The longest day that I haue eye to fee.  
What do you hang an arse ? Pthrow, come along,  
I'll leade you to bare feeding, and finde fallets  
To take downe your full flanks and these plump  
cheeks.

Along, I'll watch thee well enough from shrinking  
Necke out of collar. Nay, on ; thou shalt finde,  
Though my face from thee, I have eyes behinde.  
*Exit.*

*Enter Inachus the father of Io, Peneus, Appidanus,  
Amphritus, (all Riuers) Daphne, and the other  
Nymphs, &c.*

*Inachus.* Speak not to me of comfort, *Io's* lost !  
Had she miscarried on the earth, her body  
Would have given instance of her timelesse fate :  
Or had she been by savage beasts devour'd,  
Her garments stain'd with bloud would tell her  
death.

Had she in myne or these my neighbour floods  
Perisht, they would have borne her gently vp,  
And cast her on some banke for buriall.

*Peneus.* Deare *Inachus* do not torment your selfe,  
Nothing so lost, but may be found at length :  
For hauing seen no token of her death,  
There's of her life some hope.

*Amphr.* Behold, *Amphritus*,  
With this your antient neighbour *Appidan*,  
*Peneus* and others, as we moane your losse,  
So in our pitty come to comfort you.

*Appid.* O, brackish not your waters with your  
teares,  
That yet run pure and fresh ; but be of comfort.

*Inach.* In vain you speake of what you cannot give,  
As I in vaine lament myne *Io's* losse.

*Enter Argus leading in Io.*

*Arg.* How now, curst Cow? What, start you at that name?

I'll make your long hornes shorter.

*Fnac.* *Io*, where?

If under earth, I'll send my springs in search

As low as to the Centre. *Io*, where?

If snatched vp in the aire, like dew exhal'd,

With eyes fixt vpward I will still thus gaze,

Till from the bosome of some gentle cloud,

Thou drop into myne armes. Faire *Io*, where?

*Arg.* I thinke the beast hath breezes in her taile,  
She cannot keepe her still.

*Inach.* But stay, what's hee

That leads the fairest Heifer tether'd fast,

That e're drunke of my streames; for *Io's* sake

I loue all creatures that are beautifull.

*Arg.* How now you Harlatry?

*Inach.* Thou churlish heardsman,

I know thee, *Argus*, jealous *Iuno's* Spy,

Why canst thou be so fierce to one so faire?

*Arg.* What's that to thee, or any of you all.

*Pen.* Amongst all creatures Nature ever made,  
Some to haue native beauty 'bove the rest,

Commanding soft affection, this is such.

*Arg.* With all myne eyes I spy no difference,  
But love all beasts as beasts.

*Inach.* The more beast thou.

*Pen.* But why should this, the fairest of all heards,  
Cast such a pitteous moving eye on you,  
As wooing your acquaintance?

*Inach.* And 'tis true,  
Where ere I go, her sad eye followes me,  
So she too, did not *Argus* keepe her backe:  
See, see, how gently she endures my touch,  
And makes an offer (had shee power) to speake.  
Heare, take these floures, and now she kist myne  
hand,

Whilest pitteous teares drop down her tender cheeks,  
What should I say ? poor beast I pitty thee,  
And all the good I can do is to grieve,  
Th' hast such a churlish Keeper.

*Pen.* *Inachus*, I feare  
There's something greater in't.

*Inach.* What greater can be,  
Vnlesse there live some vnderstanding spirit  
In this irrationall and savage shape :  
What wouldst thou have, that in this bestiall figure  
Beg'st humane pitty ? what intends she, thinke you,  
By pawing on the ground ? Observe her, brethren,  
It seemes she hath writ something in the dust,  
And see, two letters are imprinted faire,  
As if it were my *Io's* Character,  
And here I reade *Io*.

*Pen.* *Io* : and see,  
In every step she hath trod, that word imprest.

*Inach.* This she ? whom I so long in vain have  
fought,  
Through Forrests, groves, and mountaines, fields &  
floods ?

This she, whom I in finding shall most lose ?  
O miserable wretched *Inachus*,  
More miserable *Io*, thus transform'd :  
I terme thee lovely, till I knew thee such ;  
But when thy former beauty I record,  
Thou ougly art, mishap'd, and terrible.  
Can the gods suffer this ?

*Arg.* Leave this your howling.  
Forbeare, or in this cord I leade her forth,  
Ile strangle her. Dare not to follow me,  
There's danger in me both waies ; she shall perish,  
And you must bleed. Come, Minion we will clime  
Yon craggy montain top, a prospect fit  
For *Argus* only, who (not moving) can  
Behold at once from whence the foure winds blow,  
And there with her I'll like a Beacon stand.  
To watch and to give warning. Will you drive ?  
I say pursue me not, for if you do,

Ile make her sure, and you repent it too.

Why ptrow there.

*Exeunt Argos and Io.*

*Amph.* With what a pitteous action, wailing tongue,

She gave a loving, but a loath farewell.

*Apid.* But that the high Powers are not limitable,

Who would beleewe this wonder possible.

*Pen.* We must not question what the gods can do, Yet in th' extremitie of all extremes,

And worst of bads, despaire not, *Inachus.*

*Inach.* How easie 'tis for those that tast not grieve, Bid others be of comfort.

*Amph.* Reverend Sir,——

*Inach.* There is no reverence due: not to the gods,

If this be seen and suffer'd: O my *Io*,

With acclamations I will fill the Meades:

In stead of prayers, Ile execrate and curse,

And to the burthen of myne untun'd shreeks

The rocks and caves shall echo to thy name.

*Pen.* But *Inachus.* ——

*Inach.* But when your Channells swell, You can have dammes and sluces to discharge Superfluous water, lest your torrents rage;

And will you bar the conduits of myne eies

To ease the flux of my furcharged heart?

My care was, *Io*, to provide a man

To be thine husband: but I now must finde

One of the bellowing heard to cal me sonne:

To have some pretty infant draw thy brest,

But now must some py'de urchin sucke thy teats.

But that I am immortall, and the dores

And gate to death against me are debar'd,

I'de weepe my selfe to nothing, and this Beeing

Scatter amongst my flouds, that mixt with them,

They might (in lesse than drops) amongst their waves,

Convey me to the all-devouring seas,

To mix my brine with his, and be so lost;

And lost, forgotten : But I am still the same,  
And *Io*, I'll still call vpon thy name.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Jupiter and Mercury.*

*Jupit.* How am I mov'd with *Inachus* exclames ?  
Why are the eares of gods kept open still,  
But first to heare, then pittie ? hast thou not, *Mercury*,  
Seene *Io's* teares ? Perceiv'd her scalding sighs,  
And even thus far heard her suspires and grones,  
Tortur'd beneath that Neatherd churlish groome,  
More savage than the beasts he feeds ?

*Merc.* I have.

*Jup.* How oft hath she, thinking to heave her  
hands  
For divine pittie ; when she spy'de her hooves  
Cast them to th' earth, with them her head with  
shame,  
And bellowing when she would complain her grieve,  
Started at her owne sound ?  
How oft, when grazing on her fathers banks,  
(These fruitfull banks on which she vs'd to sport)  
Offering to drinke, when in his Crystall streams,  
In which so often she with pride hath lookt,  
On her white brow, red cheeke, and golden curls :  
Now when she spies those lips a god hath kist,  
Stretcht to so vast a widenessse, penthous'd o're  
With inlarg'd nostrils ; looking on those eyes,  
(In which 'twas once my sole delight to looke)  
To see them broad and glaring ; her cleare brow  
Late deckt with shining jewels, prest with hornes.  
How oft hath she (more frighted than asham'd)  
Thought, from her selfe, in vaine, to hide her selfe ?

*Merc.* This can you see ? not study how to helpe ?

*Jup.* I do, and will, by thyne aid, *Mercury* ;  
Hye therefore to the top of Pindus mount,  
(There *Argus* keeps his watch) in some disguise ;  
Thy *Caduceus* and thy wings layd by,

Finde with the slave some conference, till by cunning

Thou charm'st his waking eies, and being fast,  
Cut off his head, and with one blow extinguish  
So many lights at once.

*Merc.* Great *Iove* I will :  
But thus condition'd, you will interpose  
Your awfull power 'twixt me and *Iuno's* hate.

*Iup.* Presume th' art safe in vs.

*Merc.* Then *Argus* dies ;  
One fatal stroke shall shut an hundred eies. *Exit.*

*Enter Argus leading Io in an halter.*

*Argus.* How dost thou like thyne usage, madam  
*Cow?*

Your lodging and your dyet? How dost thinke  
This hempen chaine becomes thee? Will you see  
Your sweet face in the riuier once againe?  
Or how doth your faire beastship feele your selfe?  
Wouldst thou not haue some Bulchin from the herd  
To phyricke thee of this venereall itch?  
If not, I'le see what Nettles muddy streams,  
Couch-graffe and weeds, thornes, briers, & flints can  
do.

These failing, here's a goad to prick your sides.  
If all these medicines will not tame your lust,  
I'le muster new inventions. Nay, I know  
You looke for pittie, but it lives not here.  
In this high watch-tower stand I sentinel,  
To spy who comes and goes. I am made thy gardian,  
Ile gard thee both from danger and from rest ;  
'Twas in thy hearing, *Iuno's* late behest.

*Enter Mercury like a yong formal Shepheard.*

*Merc.* This shape may prove suspectlesse, and the  
fittest  
To cloud a godhead in ; my plumed hat



And fether'd fandals, by the which I am knowne,  
I have left at foot of this descending hill :  
My snaky Rod I have to this sheephooke turn'd.  
Accommodated thus, to *Argus* now,  
*Aristors* sonne : behoooves him keepe good watch,  
Whom *Mercury* (*Ioves* son) intends to catch.  
But Many-eyes have spy'de me.

*Arg.* How now shepheard,  
There's none who in that simple shape or name  
Needs treason feare. Should any come prepar'd  
For mischief, I have lights about me shine  
Sufficient to prevent it : but thou seem'st  
None of such ranke. Come sit by me and talke.

*Merc.* The servant to the great *Saturnia*  
Doth me no common grace.

*Arg.* Thou know'st me then ?

*Merc.* What shepheard but not only knowes your  
name,

But feares your strength ?

*Arg.* Nay fit (by me th' art safe)  
And tell some pretty tales to make me laugh :  
I have not long been merry.

*Merc.* Firſt resolve me ;  
Is that faire heifer of some neighbour herd,  
You drag thus in an halter ?

*Arg.* Shee's my charge,  
A witty Brute, a most ingenious beast,  
A very apprehensive *Animal*,  
That can do tricks : she hath been taught, I tell  
thee,

To write and reade.

*Merc.* *Argus*, not possible.

*Arg.* 'Tis as I said before : but having her,  
Some pretty tale, I prethee.

*Merc.* But what if  
Some goddesse should live in this shape disguis'd,  
To whom you are so churlish. I could tell you  
A story to that end.

*Arg.* Such toyes I love.

*Merc.* Thus the *Pierides* (*e*) report: The Gyants  
 Assembled and made war against the gods,  
 Heapt Offa upon Pelion, Caucasus  
 Vpon Pernassus, Pindus above them;  
 Hill upon mountain, mountain vpon hill,  
 Till they had made a scale that reacht to heaven,  
 The conflict then began: the monstrous *Typhon*  
 Was Captain of the Gyants: Of the gods  
 Great *Ioue*, Archduke. The Generals met and  
 fought.

In brieft (to cut off circumstance) the earth  
 Prevaile'd 'gainst heauen. The gods are forc't to fly:  
*Ioue*, chac'd by *Typhon* into Egypt, chang'd  
 Himselfe into a Ram: *Apollo*, frighted,  
 Turnes to a Crow, *Bacchus* into a Goat,  
*Iuno* a Cow, *Diana* to a Cat;  
*Venus* into a Fish, and tooke the sea;  
*Mars* to a Pigmy, lest he should be knowne:  
 And *Mercury*, fynnam'd the crafty god,  
 Into a Fox.

*Arg.* A Fox? But I would meet  
 That craft which could beguile *Argus* bright eyes.  
 Proceed, proceed, good shepheard.

*Merc.* Why may not then  
 Some goddesse be included in this shape?

*Arg.* A goddesse, saist thou? thinke me equall  
 then

With one of these huge Gyants, if not greater,  
 That have the power and potencie to leade  
 A god-head in a string. But ha, what musick  
*Musicke.*

Was that strooke vp? 'Twas sweet and delicat,  
 Nor have I heard the like.

*Merc.* My fellow shepheards  
 Behinde that rocke (from whence an echo growes)  
 For the more grace have chus'd that place as fittest,  
 Prest to bestow their cunning vpon you,  
 Whom they have heard, much tyr'd with watching  
 long.

*Arg.* And shall we have some merry Madrigall  
To passe away the time with ?

*Merc.* What you please.

*Arg.* I faine would know how first these Pipes  
came up,  
That make this dainty musicke ?

*Merc.* First from *Pan*  
The god of Shepheards. In the memory  
Of the Nymph *Syrinx*, (*f*) Musicke strike and tell,  
How in th' Arcadian plaines it once befell.

*Mercuries Song.*

*S* Irinx, one of Dian's traine,  
Hunting with her on the plaine,  
Arm'd alike with shafts and bow ;  
Each from other would you know ?  
Which from which could not be told,  
Saue ones was horne, the others gold.

*Arg.* Hey ho ; very fine musicke I promise you.

*Merc.* Now it begins to worke.  
*Pan he sees himselfe makes fine.*  
*In his cap he pricks a Pine :*  
*Now growes carelesse of his heard,*  
*Sits by brookes to prune his beard,*  
*Meets her, and hath minde to wooe,*  
*Much he speakes, and more would doe.*

*Arg.* 'Tis pleasing, but it makes me melancholy,  
And drowfie too withall.

*Merc.* 'Twill do anon. *Aside.*  
*Still he profers, she denies ;*  
*He pursues (for Syrix flies.)*  
*Past her knees her coats vp flew,*  
*He would faine see something new :*  
*By the leg and thigh he guest*  
*(It seemes) the vertue of the rest.*

*Arg.* Were it not for my charge I'de take a nap.

*Merc.* This addes wings vnto his pace,  
 The goale for which he is in chace.  
 She addes feathers to her speed :  
 Now it was no more than need.  
 Almost caught, Alas she cries,  
 Some chaste god my shape disguise.

*Arg.* The rest may sleepe secure, so I can keepe  
 But two eyes waking.

*Merc.* Here's a charme for them.  
*Lædon heares, and girts her round,*  
*Spies a reed that makes sweet found :*  
*Such is Syrinx. Wondring Pan*  
*Puts it to his mouth anon :*  
*Yet Syrinx thou are myne he said,*  
*And so of her his first pipe made.*

My charm hath tooke effect ; with these thyne eyes  
 Take thy last sleepe, thou hast not one to see ;  
 My taske is done, and *Jo* thou now free.

*Cuts off his head. Exit.*

*Enter Iuno.*

*Iuno.* The dying groans of *Argus* call'd me  
 down,  
 To know what of his lustre is become.  
 What, all extinct ? and is no memorie  
 Extant of their knowne brightnesse ? hath one night  
 (Whose nature should be to be proud of stars)  
 Shut at one time an hundred ? nay at once ?  
 Should euery piece of time deprive so many,  
 How shortly would these lights innumerable  
 Be vanisht into nothing ? But deare *Argus*,  
 That all may know thou hadst a louing mistresse,  
 Grieking thou shouldst thus perish for her sake ;  
 And that these eies (now blinde) in after-times  
 May giue a light to perpetuitie,  
 And memorize thy name, thy faith and fall,  
 Thy hundred eyes (who wast for *Iuno* slain)  
 I will transport into my Peacocks train ;

Whilst such a bird hath breeding, and can bee,  
Her painted feathers shall remember thee.

*Enter Iupiter and Mercury.*

*Jup.* And whilest an heifer grafeth on the  
    plaine,  
*Io*, her hoofe shall still imprint thy name.  
My *Iuno* are we friends? Let her long divorce,  
My faire intreats, with *Inachus* exclaimes  
Invoke thy love and pittie, by my life.

*Iuno.* You vse me like a sister, not a wife,  
My bed is still so empty.

*Iup.* Now by Styx, (*g*)  
An oath no god was ever knowne to breake,  
Signe her release, she shall hereafter be  
To *Iove* as a meere stranger.

*Iuno.* Since by that you sweare,  
What's past is lost, it cuts off future feare,  
Saving my quarrell, *Mercury*, to you.

*Merc.* Madam, I did your seruant no great wrong,  
Save teaching him to relish a new song.

*Juno.* Where jars are mediated, vain it were  
Call injuries in question. As with *Iupiter*,  
With you we are atton'd.

*Iup.* Now *Mercury*,  
Since *Iuno* is appeas'd, fetch *Io* hither,  
In her owne native beauty, whom we will  
Restore vnto her father.

*Merc.* Sir I shall.

*Enter Inachus with the other Riuers, &c.*

*Inach.* O *Iupiter*! oh *Iuno*!

*Iup.* *Inachus*,  
Surcease exclaimes, thy prayers have had acceffe,  
Thy teares been pittied, and thy losse bemoan'd;  
*Argus* is slain, and faire *Saturnia* pleas'd,  
And *Io* to her pristine shape restor'd.

*Enter Mercury with Io.**Inach.* Thanks you immortall gods.*Merc.* No sooner was this mighty Queene appeas'd,

But the rough haire dropt from her tender skin,  
 Her hornes fell off, her eies appeard to shine  
 In a lesse orbe, her mouth and lips contracted  
 Both into compasse, and their native sweetnesse,  
 Her shoulders are restor'd, fingers and hands;  
 Her parted hoofe diuided into five,  
 Now with two feet contented, for on them  
 She straightway stood erect, and of a Cow,  
 Save whitenesse, nought retaining, and even yet  
 She feares to speake, lest she in stead of words  
 Should bellow forth her minde.

*Io.* Yet will I dare  
 To give my father greeting.

*Inach.* Oh my childe.

*Iuno.* I am still jealous of that face : What's he  
 That makes but a mean sport of wedlocks breach,  
 But thinkes to violate an oath no sin,  
 Though calling testates all the Stygian gods ?  
 Great King and Lord, Brother and Husband too,  
 If I be worthy of those attributes  
 Your self have daign'd, and all the gods approve,  
 Grant me a second boon.

*Iup.* For thy remifnesse  
 In *Io's* late affliction, speake, 'tis granted.

*Iuno.* Then from these fields of Tempe banish  
 her,  
 As far as into Egypt.

*Inach.* From her father ?

*Iup.* Be you pleas'd,  
 And *Iuno* shall, I hope, be satisfied.  
*Io*, you shall to Egypt be confin'd,  
 Be that your punishment for *Iuno's* hate :  
 Which executed you shall taste our love.  
 In Egypt held a goddesse thou shalt be,

Ador'd and worshipt in thine heifers shape ;  
Oblations shall be daily offer'd thee,  
And Incense burnt to thy divinitie,  
And this for ever. *Iuno*, in vain you sorrow,  
*Ioves* word is past, and cannot be revok'd.  
And now with this one Maxim we conclude ;  
Where lust is punisht, though the blood be tainted,  
It (after such long Penance) may be fainted.

*Exeunt.*

*FINIS.*

---

Annotations upon *Iupiter* and *Io*.

(a) **N** *Aaiades*, were Nymphs or Fayries of the wells, and fountains.

(b) *Pindus*, was a mountaine in Theffaly, sacred to *Apollo* and the Muses, &c.

(c) *Hemonian Tempe*. *Tempe* was a pleasant valley flourishing with trees, herbes, and flowers, scituate in Theffaly at the foot of the hill *Hemus*. It was much celebrated by the Muses, as lying betwixt *Ossa* and *Olympus*. The River *Peneus*, *Larisa*, and the *Ægean Sea*, &c.

(d) *Spærchius*, a River whose banks were round beset with Poplar trees, and therefore called *Populifer*, *Enipæus*, *Apidanus*, *Amphisus*, and *Æas*, &c. only the names of Rivers, whose currents and chanel were famous in those parts of Greece : for your better satisfaction, I refer you to *Ovid* his *Metamorph. lib. i.* upon the same argument.

(e) *Pierides*, were the Muses, so called from *Pierus*, or else a mountaine of Greece of that name : this *Pierus* had nine daughters, who contended with the Muses in singing, and being vanquished by them, were transformed into chattering Pyes : in glory of which victory the Muses would be called by their names.

(f) *Syrinx*, an Arcadian Nymph, who flying from the embraces of *Pan*, the god of the Shepheards, at her intercession to

the gods changed into a Reed, her prayer being to preserve her virginity.

(g) *Styx*, a certaine well in Arcadia, the water of which is so cold and venomous, that whosoever drinketh thereof immediatly dyeth. It eateth and wasteth yron or brasse, neither can it be contained in any thing, but the hoof of a Mule ; some say *Alexander* the Great was poisoned with the water of this river, by *Antipater*, at the persuation of *Aristotle*, the great Philosopher, and Tutor to *Alexander*. The Poets feigne it to be a river in hell, and so sacred to the gods, that if any of them sweare by it, and breake his oath, he shall be deprived of his godhead, and drinke no Nectar for an hundred yeares after.





## APOLLO and DAPHNE.

### The Argument.

**A**fter many a louing greeting,  
 Mars and Venus point a meeting;  
 And that Vulcan might not haue  
 Least note thereof, they chuse a Cave  
 Obscure and darke, to which they trust,  
 Intending there to sate their lust.  
 But when themselues most safe they thinke,  
 The rising Sun pries through a chinke,  
 Sees all, and what hee sees discovers  
 To Vulcan, touching these two Lovers.  
 Th' enraged Smith, taking foule scorne  
 To be affronted with the horne,  
 Provides for them a subtill ginne,  
 In hope to take them both therein.  
 His plot prevail'd, and now being fiery  
 In iust reuenge, by striēt inquiry,  
 To finde where these by custome met,  
 He by his art contrives a Net,  
 More fine than is the Spiders thred,  
 And yet of wire; which he so spred  
 About the place, all things compact  
 So well he tooke them in the act:  
 And then doth all the gods invite,  
 Who came at once to view that fight.

*Apollo and Daphne.*

*Some jeer'd, some pitty'd their disgrace,  
 One wisht himselfe in Mars his place.  
 Yet for all this, the churlish Sir  
 So kept them that they could not stir.  
 Mars chafes and threats, and struggling keeps:  
 But Venus blushes first, then weeps.  
 And when the gods could laugh no more,  
 Then Vulcan freed them, not before.*

*Now Venus knowing all this done  
 Was first discover'd by the Sun;  
 Against him open war proclaimes,  
 And at him her revenge she aimes:  
 Cupid she useth as her instrument.  
 And that's of our Scène the sole argument.*

Enter the riuier *Peneus* the father of *Daphne*, *Daphne*,  
*Amphrifus* and *Apidanus* two Riuers that were  
 Suiters unto her; two Nymphs Attendants on  
*Daphne*.

*Peneus.* **W**Hy lovely *Daphne*, will you lose  
 your Youth,  
 And let your best houres passe you? Well you know,  
 Beautie's a Floure, which not being cropt in time,  
 Soone withers on the stalke, and then (alas)  
 Will neither serue for vse nor ornament.  
 You owe me sweet grand-children, pretty babes,  
 Even for your birth you do: it is a debt  
 That I would see discharg'd: I to my parents  
 Paid it in thee; it is a Bond stands firme,  
 'Till canceld in thy sweet posteritie.  
 See, I have brought thee Suitors, choise ones too,  
 Two noble Rivers, both residing neere,  
*Amphrifus*, and still flowing *Appidane*,  
 Yong, and of means, both active and of strength  
 To wrestle against barrenesse, and give  
 The hugges the foile. Being dead, I live in thee:

Live thou too in thine issue ; so successively  
Our Line and memory shall never perish,  
But last as long as Time.

*Amph.* Your father (*Daphne*)  
Counsels with iudgement, and this argument  
I could by many reasons amplify.  
As, That without succession (one age past)  
Mankinde should cease to be. O what a punishment  
Deserve they from the gods, that would destroy  
So glorious a creation, and to leave  
So wonderfull a fabricke as the world is,  
To no admirers ?

*Appid.* Save the Plants and Beasts ;  
And what can they distinguish ?

*Pen.* Therefore, Daughter  
Make use of time : a season being past,  
Can never be recall'd, no, not a moneth.  
A moneth ? no day, no houre, no minute can :  
Therefore make use of opportunitie  
Which throwes it selfe vpon thee : but being  
streightned,

Will after prove a stranger ; the least instant  
By long repentance cannot be redeem'd.

*Daphne.* To you I bow in duty, as to a father ;  
And these affront in noble courtesie,  
Not wronging him, to shew my breeding base,  
Scoffing your profer'd love with womanish scorne.  
His counsels, your persuasions, I commend,  
Knowing both fitting, were they seasonable.  
That Maids should love men I am not ignorant,  
Or that the breeding world should still encrease ;  
That Progenie should reach from age to age,  
And that the gods make 't a necessitie,  
To have all their miraculous works admir'd :  
All this I know ; but

*Amph.* I'll proceed : But what  
Can you produce against this ?

*Daph.* Heare me out :  
But when I in my best considerat thoughts

Ponder my youth, and what it is to loue ;  
 That vowes are tyes not easie to be loos'd,  
 And that the smallest finger can pluck on  
 What not the hand and arme can well put off :  
 That Mariage is a Maze, which enter'd in,  
 The line is snatcht thence which should guide us out.  
 Ere hazard then that vnknowne labyrinth,  
 Much blame me not to pause.

*Pen.* What needst thou feare ?

Fond timerous Girle, did not thy mother this  
 Long time before thee ?

*Appid.* Nay, hereafter too  
 May not your daughter do so ?

*Daph.* I'll resolve you  
 That, when I have a daughter of my yeares,  
 And tutor'd by her mother.

*Amph.* Excellent Nymph,  
 These are evasions meere vnnecessarie ;  
 We know you to be ripe, and our selves grown,  
 Betwixt us is equalitie in state,  
 And paritie in yeares : nor is our course  
 Irregular or indirect, we come  
 Admitted by your father, as a way  
 Plain, and not interdicted : nor is our suit  
 So far with cradle it may childish seem ;  
 Nor so old, to appeare decrepit : we are two  
 Rivals, yet friends ; so you chuse one of either,  
 Even he that is despis'd rests satisfied,  
 Nor is our love divided.

*Daph.* I commend you :  
 There is of you lesse danger, and least feare  
 That you should die of love ; when both of you  
 Come with like premeditation to digest  
 A rigorous answer.

*Appid.* Pray what should we do ?  
 Our service we have offer'd equally :  
 The world is wide, and if we speed not here,  
 We must provide us elsewhere.

*Daph.* Worthy friends,

To be most plain, to me most pleasing is :  
 Then take as plain an answer ; I confesse me  
 (Weake as I am) vnworthy of your love.  
 And yet not so low pris'd, but have bin courted  
 Both by as great and good. Nor can you blame me,  
 If I in adding to your worths, shall spare  
 From mine, in the least kinde to derogate.  
 To you then, as my equals, I entreat ;  
 Or if you shall deny me, *Daphne* then  
 Proclaimes it as her will. I must retyre me  
 For some few moneths, in them to meditate  
 What mariage is, and truly study man,  
 (A booke in which I yet have truant.)  
 Now, if I in my more maturitie,  
 And after some cessation of your suits,  
 Can ground this Maxime, Man is worthy us,  
 And we of him ; wee'l breuiat your long motions  
 Within a few short termes.

*Amph.* You speake but reason :  
 And so long wee'l attend you.

*Appid.* Most fit, that such as bargain for their  
 lives,

Should reade us o're and o're, before they set  
 Their hands to that Indenture. We are pleas'd.

*Daph.* And I that you are so. Nor can my father  
 At this be discontented.

*Pen.* Not I, Childe ;  
 I would not hurry on my ioyes too fast,  
 Having such hope of them. And yet, sweet *Daphne*,  
 The more thou hast their harvests, the ripe crop  
 Shall be to them more welcome. For this time  
 'Tis best to leave her to her privacie :  
 More leisure that she hath to meditate,  
 Lesse time you have in which to be resolv'd,  
 'Twill shorten expectation.

*Amph.* May these houres  
 That adde vnto your yeares, still as you grow,  
 Increase toward us your love.

*Appid.* Friend you pray well,

And in that hope I take a loving leave,  
By kissing your faire hand.

*Exit.*

*Daph.* You understand a curtesie as well,  
Once being done, as she that knowes to do't.  
Farewell. Where be my maids?

*1 Nymph.* My Lady, at hand.

*Daph.* Doth either of you know what this love is,  
That men so much affect it?

*2 Nymph.* Trust me, not I; I never lookt so far  
into man; and most sure I am, man never yet  
entred so farre into me, that I should know how to  
define it. But can you tell the reason why this little  
god is still portraid like a childe?

*Daph.* I think, because that dotage which he  
breeds  
Only belongs to children.

*1 Nymph.* But why naked?

*Daph.* Either t' affright the Modest; or to such  
As vow to him, to expresse their impudence.

*2 Nymph.* But why with bow and arrowes?

*Daph.* That denotes  
Inconstancie, because the shafts of love  
Are ever shot at random.

*1 Nymph.* Wherefore hoodwinkt?

*Daph.* Howe're his shafts are aim'd, it shewes  
his kinde,  
Because they strike the eies of Reason blinde.

*2 Nymph.* Then am I with Love quite out of  
love, because at these yeres I should be loath to  
have one to lead me.

*Daph.* Yet do I love the beauty of the spring,  
To listen to the birds, with various layes  
To welcome in his comming. I affect  
The pride and warmth of Summer, to behold  
Aboundant Autumne poure his harvest forth  
In plenteous sheafes; to see the presses bleed  
A flowing vintage. But I most admire  
The glory of the Sun who comforts these:  
For without him, what were the earth? what heaven?

If all were darknesse, who should then discern  
The lustre of the one or of the other,  
The fresh fertilitie proudly adorn'd  
With choise and change of all discolour'd floures?  
More than a cas'd up Iewell, what were Beauty,  
Without the Sun to give a brightnesse to 't?  
What's ornament, without the Sun to iudge it?  
What to be faire or foule, without the Sun,  
To censure and distinguish which is best?  
The Sun's the deity which I adore.  
Here then upon this verdure cast your selves,  
And rest a while; not long 'tis e're he will  
In all his glory mount the Eastern hill.

*They lay themselves downe, then enter Venus  
and Cupid.*

*Venus.* Here on the top of the mount Ericine  
Ambush thy selfe, (a place sacred to me)  
Where thou mayst boldly front the god of Light,  
Who hath by this already chac'd hence night.  
I'le leave thee now: strike, but strike home, my son,  
I'le in these shades absent me whil't 'tis done.

*Cupid.* He mocks my bow, but *Phæbus* soon  
shall finde  
*Cupid* hath power to strike the Sun-god blinde.

*Enter Apollo with his glittering beames.*

*Apollo.* The stars are frighted from the firmament,  
And at the sight of our illustrious beams  
Darknesse vnto the blacke Cymmerians (a) fled.  
Now to our daily progresse through the Signes.  
But stay, what's he that with our honors, arm'd,  
(The Bow and quiver, proper sole to us)  
Braves us upon high Erix (b) Promontorie?  
I know him now, 'tis Paphian *Venus* son,  
To whom some fooles have vow'd a deity.  
I'le know the reason why the bastard brat  
Dares thus assume my trophies. 'Morrow *Cupid*.

*Cupid.* As much to *Phæbus*.

*Phæb.* Weake brat resolute me,  
 By whole inticement thou hast bin so bold  
 To take to thee the emblems of my power ?  
 Is't not sufficient, thou with brain-sicke toys  
 Canst fill the heads of mad-men and of fooles,  
 Who' ascribe to thee a god-head, meerly usurpt ?  
 But thou must weare my due *Impresa* insculpt,  
 And ('bout thy shoulders) those known ornaments,  
*Apollinis insignia* ? (*Apollo's Ensignes*)

*Cupid.* And why thine ?

*Apoll.* Because I am styl'd the god of Archerie ;  
 And where I aime I hit, my prey or enemy,  
 Kill neere or far. The monstrous serpent *Python* (c)  
 (Whose bulke being slaine, an hundred acres spread)  
 Had from this bow his wounds, and I my honors :  
 And shall a childe boast eminence with me ?

*Cup.* *Phæbus*, thy bow hath monsters strooke to  
 ground,  
 But myne hath power the gods themselves to wound,  
 Of which thou art not least. Mother he's sped,

*He shoots.*

I have pierc'd him home with my shafts golden head.

*Ven.* Thou art myne own sweet boy, thy darts  
 ne're fail ;

And now *Apollo* languish and looke pale,  
 More wan than did thy sister *Moon* once prove,  
 When for *Endymion* (d) she was sicke of love,  
 Whil't I laugh and reioyce. Now make all sure,  
 And strike faire *Daphne* whil't she sleepes secure,  
 But with contempt and hate.

*Cup.* My arrow flies,  
 And as it hits, sicke of disdain she lies.  
 Now mother let's away.

*Ven.* *Phæbus*, I divine,  
 Thou'lt say his shafts can wound as deep as thine.

*Exit.*

*Apoll.* What alteration's this I feele ? a heate  
 Beyond myne owne fire, kindled at myne eye.

*Daphne starts up.*



*Daph.* All sleep is still in darknesse, yet our soules  
See when our eies are shut. My brest's in uprore ;  
And yet a dream tels me, the morning gray  
Says the Sun's up, I shame to looke on day.

*Apoll.* What Beautie's this on earth, transpiercing  
more,  
Than can the beams from my celestial Orbe ?

*Daph.* The Sun is up ; Awake : What, shame  
you not  
That he should finde you sleeping ?

*Apol.* Sweet Nymph stay.

*Daph.* The shades best please me, I in them will  
play ;  
The Sun's too hot and fultry.

*Apol.* I am hee  
That measures out the yeare ; and shun you me ?  
Fair'st of thy sex, behold the Suns bright eye,  
That all things sees, by whom you all things spy.  
Will you in everlasting darknesse dwell ?  
Light is heavens emblem, and becomes it well :  
Where I appeare, I comfort and make glad ;  
Be comforted in me, why are you sad ?  
Would you in blindnesse live ? these raies of myne  
Give that reflect by which your Beauties shine,  
For what are artificial lights ? when I  
Appeare in fulnesse they soon faint and die.  
They only put on counterfeits : my rayes  
False colours finde, and give the true the praise.  
If yours be such, then prove them by my light,  
The world will censure they are pure and right.

*Daph.* His piercing beams I never shall endure,  
They sicke me of a fatall Calenture.

*Apol.* What are you better to be lovely born,  
If not beheld ? What's state, if not observ'd ?  
Or wherefore before Cottages do we  
Prefer the stately Palace, and the sumptuous rooffe ?  
What vertue were in jewels without me ?  
Else should they be with pibbles equall pris'd.  
Wherefore did Nature make you with bright eies,

Which profit not in night without my beams ?  
 Why should the Rose be red ? the Lilly white ?  
 The Violet purple ? and the Holly greene ?  
 All these my creatures. But when I decline,  
 And night usurps upon the Vniverse,  
 Their tincture's not discern'd : but white and red  
 Which in your peerlesse cheeks exceed all floures,  
 What lustre beare they ? When my beams are gone,  
 The faire and foule in darknesse seem all one.

*Daph.* That darknesse doth best please me : let's  
 away,

My beauty will be sun burnt if I stay,  
 Hee'l blast me like an Ethiope. *Exit running.*

*Apol.* Dost thou fly me ?

Love bids me follow, and I must pursue :  
 No vault, no cave or cavern so obscure,  
 Through which I will not pierce, to finde thee out.  
 Th' Antipodes for ever want my rayes :  
 To gaze on her, I'll this Meridian keepe,  
 And till attain the saint that I adore,  
 Here ever shine, where night shall be no more. *Exit.*

*Enter Venus and Cupid.*

*Venus.* Laugh *Cupid*, laugh, for I am halfe  
 reveng'd,

And shall e're long be fully, when this Blab  
 Shall in his course, or too much lag or speed  
 Post somtimes, and again run retrograde.  
 Where by his too long presence th' earth is scortcht,  
 Or by his absence th' other world shall freeze :  
 And all that lies beneath the Moon complaine :  
 And that the gods at mans request shall call  
 Disorder into question. What can then  
 Both heaven and earth conclude when this is  
 done,

But this thou didst to avenge me of the Sun.

*Cup.* Will not *Mars* thanke me for't ?

*Ven.* And kisse thee too.

O still by his example punish those  
That shal our sweet adulterate sports disclose.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Daphne flying, and Apollo pursuing her.*

*Apollo.* Why flies my *Daphne*, knowing 'tis in  
vaine :

Love makes me twifter than thy feare can thee.

*Daph.* O me, I am so tortur'd with the Sun,  
I hate my very shadow.

*Apol.* I pursue not  
As Eagles, Doves do ; or the Lions, Harts ;  
Or Wolves, the Lambe. Love is my cause of hast :  
Run not so fast, lest thou shouldst trip perhaps,  
And do thy selfe some damage : the ground's  
rough,

Shouldst thou but slide, and I the Author on't,  
How much would it offend me ? To preuent which,  
Stay but thy hast, and I will slack my speed.

*Daph.* I am almost breathlesse.

*Apoll.* See, I am no Satyre,  
Shepherd, or such as live by grazing herds,  
Delphos is myne, Pharos, and Tenedos :  
Thou know'st not who thou fly'st, I am *Apollo*,  
The only god that speakes by Oracle :  
*Iove* is my father, and the *Muses* nine  
Are all my daughters : I am Patron held  
Of Numbers, Raptures, and sweet Poesie.  
My shafts are ever certain where they aime,  
(Yet one more certain, which hath pierc't me  
deep)

Phyicke is myne, I first devis'd that Art,  
And could it help me, I were then assur'd :  
But Love is by no Simples to be cur'd.

*Daph.* O now I am quite spent ; help, goddesse  
*Iuno*,  
(Queene of chaste marriage) bright *Diana*, help  
One of thy true vow'd Virgins : change my shape,  
That I this hot adulterous Sun may scape.

*Sudden Musicke, and she is turned into a Lawrel tree.*

Thanks, oh ye Powers divine : the Spheres assent  
To my chaste prayer : your heavenly dooms are  
just.

Here grow I fixt against all powers of lust.

*Apol.* Strange prodigie ? Lesse hope is in her  
stay,

Than in her speed ; her bodie's round incompast  
With a rough rinde, in which her warm heart  
beats.

Her haire is all growne vppward into boughes,  
Her milke white fingers and her armes advanc'd  
To great and lesser branches : her faire feet  
But late so swift, fast rooted in the earth :  
And I, whom Love late blinded, now may see  
My *Daphne* turn'd into a Laurel tree.

Her life still struggles in the churlish barke,  
And from her lips I feele her breath still flow.  
One blessed kisse at parting, but in vain,  
The very tree shrinks from me in disdain.

And yet in lasting memory of thee  
And of my love, thou shalt be ever myne :  
In all ovations triumphs and rich shewes  
The Laurel shall ingirt the Conquerors browes.  
All eminence shall thinke it grac'd in thee.  
Poets, the Muses darlings, shall from thee  
Receive their honour, and the best esteem'd  
Be crowned Laureat, and no excellence  
But have it's noble estimate from hence.  
Emperors shall prize thy leaves above pure gold :  
For thou shalt ever wait on victorie ;  
And as my youthfull and still unshorne haire  
(Vnchanging) of this golden hew are seen,  
So shall thy boughes and branches still be greene,  
And arme against *Ioves* lightning. And all these  
Shall be for our sake by the gods approv'd,  
In memory that *Daphne* we once lov'd.

*Exit.*

*Enter Aurora attended by the Hournes.*

*1 Hourn.* How comes it, faire *Aurora*, we the  
*Hournes*

Are thus disturb'd ?

*2 Hourn.* One halts, whilest th' other runs ;  
Sometmes made longer by a many minutes,  
Sometmes not full three quarters ?

*Aurora.* Am not I  
As much distemper'd, being forc'd to rise  
So oft before my time ? which makes my husband  
Old *Typhon* jealous (for he bed-rid lies)  
I have light on some new Love.

*1 Hourn.* All's out of order.

*Enter the foure Seasons, Spring, Summer,  
Autumne, Winter.*

*Spring.* How comes this strange confusion rise of  
late ?

My spring to grow so forward by the Sun ?  
Summer complaines that I usurpe on her.

*Sum.* As much as I on thee, Autumne on me,  
And saith, that in my ripening I include  
His harvest, and so rob him of his due.

*Aut.* Have I not cause ? when thou not only  
claimst  
The honor of my crop : But frozen Winter,  
Hee keeps a coile too, swearing, I intrude  
Into his bounded limits.

*Wint.* This I am sure  
I am curtaild of my right ; my snow is melted,  
And hath not time to cloath the mountain tops :  
September is like May, Ianuary as Iune :  
And all my bright and pretious Ificles  
Melting to nothing : What's the reason trow we ?

*2 Hourn.* 'Tis the Suns slacknesse, or his too much  
speed,  
That breeds all this distraction.

*1 Houre.* The Sun, say you ?  
 Breake he, or not directly keepe his day,  
 Seasons and Houres all out of order stray.

*Enter Day.*

*Som.* Behold her whom you speak of, *Day*, whence  
 come ye ?

*Day.* I parted now with Night, who had bin here,  
 But that both must not in one place appeare.

*Auror.* And what faith she ?

*Day.* Like you, railes on the Sun,  
 And faith he doth her wrong : nor blame her, when  
 Being full twelve houres, he scarce affords her ten.

*Autumne.* Day, you are the Sun's mistresse, hath  
 he not

Reveald the cause to you ?

*Day.* No, his known brightnesse  
 Hath unto me been only darke in that,  
 Nor am I of his counsell.

*Winter.* Fine world grown,  
 When every drunken Sexton hath the skill  
 To make his giddy clocke go truer far  
 Than can the best Sun dyall.

*Enter Apollo.*

*Apollo.* What are you  
 That murmure thus against our Deitie ?  
 Are you not all our creatures ? though we give you  
 Full sailes on earth, do not we steere the helme ?  
 Disposing you both where and how we please ;  
 And dare you thus rebell ?

*Omnes.* The god of Light  
 Is our great Lord and Soveraigne.

*Apoll.* This submission  
 Hath somewhat calm'd us : had you still flood out,  
 Disorder, we had to Confusion turn'd,  
 And so you all been ruin'd. But henceforth

Morning shall keep her houre, Houres measure day,  
In a true scope the Day proportion Weekes,  
Weekes, Moneths ; Moneths, seasons ; to sum up the  
yeare.

And wee our course in that, perfecting time :  
That nothing in this concordance appeare  
Either preposterous or vnseasonable.  
For which our grace, where-ever you shall finde  
This new sprung Laurel, you *Aurora* I charge,  
With your moist teares bathe her green tender  
boughes :

From whence I will exhale them with my beams.  
*Houres*, do you wait vpon her gentle growth.  
*Day* comfort her : *Ver* cheere her with thy spring.  
Thou *Summer* give her warmth : and *Autumne*, thou  
Dare not to spoile her of her plenteous leaves :  
Nor *Winter* thou with thy robustuous gusts,  
To blast her lasting verdure. These observ'd,  
Still flourish under us. And that this unitie  
May last amongst you many fortunate yeres,  
End in a Hymne tun'd to the chiming Spheres.

The Song.

**H**owso'ere the Minutes go,  
Run the houres or swift or slow :  
Seem the Months or short or long,  
Passe the seasons right or wrong :  
All we sing that Phœbus follow,  
Semel in anno ridet Apollo.

Early fall the Spring or not,  
Prove the Summer cold or hot :  
Autumne be it faire or foule,  
Let the Winter smile or skowle :  
Still we sing, that Phœbus follow,  
Semel in anno ridet Apollo.

### Annotations upon *Apollo* and *Daphne*.

(a) *Cimmerians*, were people dwelling in Italy, betweene the *Baiæ* and *Cumæ*, so invironed with hills, that the Sunne never appeared unto them, hence came the Proverb *Tenebræ Cimmeriæ*, the Cimmerian darknesse.

(b) *Erix*, Promontory : *Erix* was the sonne of *Venus*, slaine by *Hercules*, and buried in a mountaine of *Cicilia*, so called after him, in which place *Venus* had a Temple erected unto her, and from that she had the denomination of *Eriana*, &c.

(c) *Python*, was a mighty huge Serpent, which *Iuno* sent unto *Latona* when she was with child by *Iupiter*, to devoure her, but she went to her sister *Astrea*, who protected her, and she was after delivered of two twins, *Apollo* and *Diana*.

(d) *Endymion*, was beloved by the Moone, who courted him upon *Latmus* hill ; and therefore said to looke pale by reason of the great affection which she bore unto him.

(e) *Tithon*, or *Tithonus*, was the sonne of *Laomedon*, who desiring long life, was so waisted with old age, that the Poets faigned him to be turned into a Grashopper : he was also said to be beloved of *Aurora*, the morning ; because he used to rise early, which was thought to be the reason why he preserved his life so long.

What other difficulties you shall finde in these short Dialogues, you shall find in some or other fully explicated.





The Argument of AMPHRISA the  
forfaken *Shepheardefse*.

**T**He innocence, truth, and simplicitie  
Of countrey Damsels: What felicitie  
They arrive to in their low estate;  
What freedoms they participate,  
What ioy, what solace, what content  
To their innocuous life is lent.

The humble shed and cottage held  
More safe than gorgeous houses, swell'd  
With pompe and wealth. It likewise proves  
More simple truth in their chaste loves,  
Than greater Ladies, tympany'de  
With much more honour, state, and pride.  
Her's of the Willow wreath dispute,  
How, and why worne. What best doth fute  
Forfaken Virgins, reade and finde  
Their characters who prove unkinde.

Enter two Shepheardefses, *Pelopæa* and *Alope*.

*Pel.* **G**ood morrow.  
*Alop.* So to you, faire Shepheardefse.

*Pel.* What newes in our Arcadia?

*Alop.* I know none:

For well you wot it is no newes with us,  
That men should prove inconstant.

*Pel.* Thinke you so?

*Alop.* Thought's free.

*Pel.* I pray can you define me Thought?

*Alop.* Let me bethinke my selfe, I thinke I can :  
For I have thought of many things e're now.

*Pel.* But can you guesse what I thinke?

*Alop.* I (perhaps)

May jumpe with your conceit, come neere't at least.  
Of colours that are none so opposite  
As white and blacke : and of the Elements  
Than fire and water none more contrary :  
Nor is there ought so antipathy'de in men,  
As what they thinke and speake.

*Pelop.* Now let me helpe you :

Mens thoughts like Courtiers clokes are often shifted,  
And change as oft as they are truly sifted.

*Alop.* This then hath been the cause of womens  
forrow ;

Men thinke to day ill, to do worfe to morrow :  
Witnesse *Amphrifa's* servant.

*Pel.* Pitty 'tis,

So faire a body, and so sweet a foule  
Should be so foulely dealt with. Her false Lover  
Vnkindely hath forfooke her.

*Alop.* That's the reason

Shée's growne into so deepe a melancholy.  
I wonder any woman dare trust man,  
Since, like as the Chamelions change themselves  
Into all perfect colours saving white ;  
So they can to all humors frame their speech,  
Save only to prove honest.

*Pel.* You say well.

But as no wormes breed where they feele no warmth,  
No Vultures watch where they can finde no prey ;  
No Pirat roves but where he hopes for spoile :  
So none of these false servants wait, but where  
They finde a yeelding Mistresse.

*Alop.* Indeed light minds are catcht with little  
things,

And Phancie smels to Fennell.

*Pel.* But *Amphrifa*  
Is held to be the wisest shepherdesse  
That lives in our Arcadia.

*Alop.* But I have heard,  
Late wit and cheated wisedome to be counted  
Next neighbours unto folly. Shepherds now  
The holier that they seeme in outward shew,  
The hollower are their hearts. By subtilt sophistry  
(As I have heard) the best Philosophy  
May be perverted. And mens flatteries  
Are iust like *Circes* riches, which can turne  
Vain-glorious fooles to Asles, credulous Fooles  
To Woodcocks, pretty wanton Fooles to Apes,  
And proud Fooles into Peacocks.

*Pel.* But amongst these,  
*Amphrifa* had no place.

*Enter Amphrifa seeming discontented.*

*Alop.* See, here she comes  
That for her selfe can answer.

*Pelop.* But 'twere sinne  
In us, not to be answer'd, thus to suffer her  
To pale the cheerefull bloud in her faire cheeks,  
Through wilfull passion. Which I'le not endure.

*Alop.* Then rowse her from these dumps.

*Pel.* You'r sad, *Amphrifa* :  
Sweet may we know the cause ?

*Amphrifa.* You have prevented  
A strange conceit which somewhat troubled me ;  
But by your interruption almost lost.

*Pel.* Nay recollect your selfe, pray let us hear't.

*Amph.* I was thinking, why *Parrafius*, drawing  
Youth,  
Made Love to tickle one side with a feather,  
To move a smile ; and with the other hand  
To sting it with a Scorpion.

*Pel.* You'r stung then.  
But I was thinking on *Praxiteles*,

Who drew his mistress thus : Looke on her one way,  
 She laught upon him : Strait before, she wept :  
 But change the side, and cast your eye aduerse,  
 And then she appear'd sleeping. And so you,  
 Fit but your phancies unto such a face,  
 You'l ne're complain of servant.

*Amph.* Then it seems,  
 My storie's told aforehand.

*Alop.* Yes, and rumor'd  
 Through all Arcadia.

*Amph.* And none pittie me ?

*Pel.* There's none so marble brested, but doth  
 melt

To heare of your difaster.

*Amph.* Is there one,  
 To whom the cause of my disease is knowne,  
 That can prescribe me cure for 't ?

*Pelop.* Without feeling  
 Your pulse, I know the nature of your grieve :  
 You have an heate, on which a coldnesse waits,  
 A paine that is endur'd with pleasantnesse,  
 And makes those sweets you eat have bitter taste :  
 It puts eies in your thoughts, eares in your heart :  
 'Twas by desire first bred, by delight nurst,  
 And hath of late been wean'd by jelousie.

*Amph.* But how can these disgusts be remedy'd,  
 Which Reason never yet could comprehend ?

*Pel.* By patience.

*Amph.* That's a physicke all prescribe,  
 But few or none doth follow. Pray what is 't ?

*Pel.* It is the best receit that can be tooke  
 Both against love and fortune (Croft in both.)

*Alop.* To wish the best, to thinke vpon the worst,  
 And all contingents brooke with patience.  
 Is a most soveraigne medicine.

*Pelop.* And moreover ;  
 What cannot be redrest with peevishnesse,  
 Ought to bee borne with patience.

*Alop.* Patience ?

She is so like to Fortitude her selfe,  
That by her sweet aspect she appears to be  
Her sister or her daughter.

*Pel.* The onely remedy for injuries, is  
By patience to forget them. And more noble  
It is to yeeld your selfe in triumph to 't  
Then to be drawne by force.

*Amp.* You have prevaild,  
For I am now your Patient ; and intreat you,  
Like skild Phisitians, study for my health.

*Alop.* From their Doctors  
The sick expect more art then eloquence :  
And therefore what defect you find in words,  
Expect in our Prescriptions.

*Enter their Queene and two Nymphs.*

*Queen.* I never was with pastime better pleas'd ;  
So cleare a morning, and such temperate ayre ;  
The Sun so bright, yet sparing of his heat,  
Made all the toyle we tooke (to chace the Stag)  
To seeme no labour, but an exercife.  
The wily beaſt to shun our swift pursute,  
Forooke the Plaines, to take the mountaine tops.  
Yet maugre the opposure of the Rocks  
And clifts depending to molest our speed  
Our well-tride Nymphs, like wild Kids clim'd those  
hills,  
And thrild their arrowie Iavelins after him :  
Nor left the chace, till all those golden heads  
Were new stain'd in his blood.

1. *Nymph.* It prov'd, great Queene  
Your active Nymphs were better breath'd than he,  
For whom we could not overtake, we tyr'd :  
That done, we toucht our Beagles, and so made  
Both hills and vallies eccho to his death.

2 *Nymph.* He stood so long, and made us stray so  
far,  
Amongst the Swaines and lovely Shepheardesses,

That use to graze their Flocks upon these downes ;  
The Sun must needs passe the Meridian,  
E're we can reach the Lodge.

*Qu.* The Arcadian Girles  
Are of no common beauty ; as their habits  
Much grace the fields ; so many of those features  
Mine eye by chance hath glanc't on in the Chace,  
In mine opinion would become the Court.  
They say, these virgins are acute in wit,  
And fluent in conceit, to speake or sing ;  
As having oft drunke from the Muses spring.

1. *Nym.* See, Royall Queene, where three (not of  
the meanest  
Or least to be respected) are retyr'd.

*Qu.* Be not too lowd, These bowes will shelter us ;  
Let's listen how they fashion their discourse,  
And how far short the Folds and Cottages  
Come of the Court or City.

*Amp.* Nay pray prescribe. 'Tis said of all Phys-  
tians  
What good comes by their Physick, the Sun sees :  
But in their art, if they have bad successe,  
That the earth covers. Howsoe're I suffer,  
You blamelesse are.

*Alop.* All those that are unskilfull  
Will flatter grieve 'till it grow desperate.  
But though you know the use of Physick sweet,  
To taste it is unfavory.

*Amp.* Howsoever I am prepar'd.

*Pel.* Imagin first, You never had a servant.

*Alop.* Not so: for who can know the sweet of  
ease,  
That never was in paine ?

*Pel.* Or say she had,  
Thinke that he ne're playd false.

*Alop.* A meere relapse,  
Before the first be cur'd, to thinke him faithfull,  
Were but to enter her disease anew,  
To make her grieve more violent.

*Amp.* But one speake :  
The medicine that's propos'd of contraries,  
Can ne're breed peace of mind.

(*Qu.* All, solid fence.)  
For I perceive, those that are found themselves,  
Have still more will to help, than skill to cure.

*Pel.* Well, Mistresse Doctor I'll give way to you.

*Alop.* Thinke then you had a servant, and he  
false ;

For whose sake never more trust perjur'd man.  
And though some say *Love* winks at Lovers Oathes,  
'Tis (after) with broad eyes to punish them.  
Words should not credit men, but men their words :  
For he that breaks his promise lies to heaven ;  
And whom Heaven hates, who but would feare to  
love ?

Most curst 'tis to flatter and forweare ;  
And dearth of oathes is blessed barrennesse.  
You'r sicke at heart : the only help for that  
Is, Let your heart abhorre his trecherie,  
And him, for it. You'r pain'd too in the head,  
For that here's balm made of a willow wreath.

*She presents a wreath of willow.*

Let this charm'd circle but impale your brows,  
'Tis present help for both.

*Amp.* Make this apparant.

*Alop.* Thus : All th' Arcadian Swaines & Nymphs  
that see

Your browes ingirt with this forsaken wreath  
Will take note of his falshood, and your faith ;  
Your innocence, and his inconstancie :  
And those that weare teares in their eies for you,  
Of love and pittie, to be thus abus'd,  
Will steep their tongues in wormwood and in gall,  
To brand him for his open perjury ;  
Their pittie, with your patience join'd,  
(With this to boot) will prove an absolute cure.

*Amph.* Some ease I finde already, crowne me  
then. *She is crowned with Willow.*

*Alop.* May, wherefoe're your head you softly pillow,  
Be ne're more troubled, whil't thus wreath'd in willow.

*Amph.* Nor shall it, *Alope*, for from this houre,  
Hearts grieve nor heads paine shall of me have power.  
I now have chac'd hence sorrow.

*Queen.* This conceit  
Hath tooke me highly ; and great pittie 'tis,  
That such choice wits should finde no other eares  
Than those that Swains, and flocks, and fowls have.  
Wit

So spent, is only treasur'd in the aire.  
The earth hath least part on't. Virgins, Good day.  
Nay, do not fall too low.

*Pel.* You are our Queen.

*Alop.* And Lady of our fortunes.

*Qu.* By that title  
I do command you then to spare your knees.  
Nay rise.

*Amph.* 'Tis only by your Grace and goodnesse  
We breathe and live.

*Qu.* It is enough to me,  
That you present us such acknowledgement.  
And as for you, faire Virgin, I could wish  
Your Willow were a Lawrel. Nay, so 'tis :  
Because all such may be styl'd Conquerors,  
Than can subdue their passions.

*Alop.* Our feare is,  
That if our rude discourfe have toucht your eare,  
The coursenesse might offend you.

*Qu.* Pleas'd us highly :  
Which that you may perceive in mee's vnfeignd,  
I charge you, as I am your Soveraignesse,  
All coyneffe and evasion set apart,  
To be most free in language.

*Pel.* Imposition  
That comes from you is vnto us a Law,  
Which ought to be kept sacred.



*Qu.* I'll as freely  
Command then, as you willing are t'obey,  
For were I not a Queen, I'd wish to be  
As one of you, a witty Shepheardesse.  
Pray sing me somthing of your country life,  
To make me more in love with 't.

*Amp.* Tis our feare;  
A life that is so mean, so ill exprest.  
As needs it must bee, (if impos'd on us)  
May make you rather loath it.

*Qu.* I had thought  
Courts onely had beene fill'd with complement.  
Of which I see, the cottage is not cleare.

*Amp.* Give not our simple truth, and feare to  
offend,  
A character we know not (gratious Queene)  
But howsoever, if you make us faulty,  
You have the power to pardon.

*Qu.* And presume  
That's granted, e're the offence be.

*Amp.* Then thus, Madam.

*She sings.*

*The Song.*

*We that have knowne no greater state  
Than this we live in, praise our fate:  
For Courtly silkes in cares are spent,  
When Countries russet breeds content.  
The power of Scepters we admire;  
But sheep-hookes for our use desire.  
Simple and low is our condition;  
For here with us is no ambition.  
We with the Sunne our flockes unfold,  
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold.  
"Our musick from the birds we borrow:  
"They bidding us, we them, good morrow.  
These last two lines twice.*

*Qu.* Nay, faire ones, what you have begun in  
song,

Continue in discourse : Wee would heare more  
Of your pleas'd life.

*Amp.* Your highnesse may command.

*Our habits are but course and plaine,  
Yet they defend from wind and raine.  
As warme too, in an equall eye  
As those be, stain'd in Scarlet dye.  
Those that have plenty weare (we see)  
But one at once ; and so doe we.*

*Alop.* The Shepheard with his home-spun Lasse  
As many merry houres doth passe,  
As Courtiers with their costly Girles,  
Though richly deckt in gold and pearles :  
And though but plaine, to purpose woo,  
Nay oft-times with lesse danger too.

*Pel.* Those that delight in dainties flore,  
One stomack feed at once, no more.  
And when with homely fare we feast,  
With us it doth as well digest :  
And many times wee better speed ;  
For our wild fruits no surfets breed.

*Amp.* If we sometimes the Willow weare,  
By subtile Swaines that dare forweare.  
We wonder whence it comes, and feare,  
Th' have beene at Court, and learn'd it there.  
If any Lady then shall please,  
Whose cheeke lookes pale through my disease,  
By any faithlesse servant, or false friend,  
(Being cur'd my selfe) this I can give or lend.

*She offers the willow.*

*Qu.* Beleeve't, a sweet conclusion : for oft-times  
Such things fall out. But we have further heard  
(Besides what now our eares are witnesse to)  
That as your words keepe time, your voices tune ;  
So hath the curious motion of your feet  
Beene taught to know true measure. You can  
dance ?

*Amp.* Yes royall Princeffe, as we sing and speake,  
After such rurall fashion.

*Qu.* If no worfe,  
It may become a Theatre of eyes,  
Yet wrest no blushes from you. Will you then,  
Since that we parallell in number thus,  
Helpe us to fill a measure?

*Pelop.* So wee thought  
There might no jarring discords grow from us,  
To spoile your better musick.

*Qu.* No such feare.  
Come then, such musicke as the place will yeeld,  
Wee'l instantly make vse of.

*Musicke sounds, and they dance the measure.*

*Qu.* Compleat in all: You have made us now  
Eie-witnes  
Of what, Relation sparingly hath spoke.  
To encourage which, and that so great a merit  
Passe not without some meed, receive these favors,  
And weare them for our sake. Time bids us part.

*Jewels given.*

Greater than these we have for you in store,  
And mean hereafter to employ you more.

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FINIS.

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An Emblematicall Dialogue, interpreted from the Excellent and most learned  
*D. Iac. Catzius* ; which sheweth how Virgins in their chaste loves ought to beare themselves.

### 1. The Argument.

**T**Wo modest Virgins, of unequall time,  
 Th' one past, the other growing to her prime,  
 (Anna and Phillis) interchange some chat  
 Of Love, of Mariage, and I know not what.

### 2. The Argument.

**A**Nne hearing Phillis her rude Love relate,  
 (Whose tender brest was free from all deceit)  
 Feares lest her youth to lust she might ingage,  
 And bids her to be counsel'd by her age.

A Virgins office, and how Maids be caught,  
 (Saith she) three times nine Winters have me taught :  
 Take me thy Guide, and no way canst thou erre,  
 Who before Venus sweets, chaste love prefer.

Which in alternate language whilst they plead,  
 In view and presence of the Marriage bed,  
 Phillis, whom youth and fresh love doth possesse,  
 Her amorous thoughts begins thus to expresse.

We, when in health, for sicke folks counfel finde,  
But sicke our felves, we quickly change our minde.

*Without Marriage there is no courage.*

*Phi.* Whilst neere my Fathers house I observ'd but  
late

Two Turtles bill, and either court it's mate,  
I cald to minde the palme which I might spy  
Drooping, because the male plant was not nye,  
Whom with erected lookes when she beheld,  
She buds, she bloomes, with fruit her branches  
sweld,

At which I said (O *Venus*) were I dead,  
But that I thinke it a sweet thing to wed !  
Which as I spake, (and more would have exprest)  
I felt soft love to steale into my brest.  
Trees have their Ardor, and the birds their flame,  
The Mountaine bores, and wild beasts have the  
same.

Nor doth the scaly fish want their desire,  
Why then should onely Virgins shun this fire ?

*Concerning which the Poet Lucretius is thus read.*

Each generation that on earth abides,  
Whether of beasts, or men, (whom reason guides,  
Horfes or Cattle, what's beneath the Sunne,  
Into this fry ardor madly runne.)

*Most things unprov'd cannot content us,  
Which being tryde they oft repent us.*

*An.* Into the Brides yoake wilt thou madly fly,  
Thinking there Roscs, and sweet Apples lie ?  
If such a thing as pleasure be ? search round ;  
In mans rude armes it never can be found.  
What is this snare to which young Virgins haste,  
But like the Osier weel in rivers plac't ?  
The fish yet free, to enter wind about,  
Whilst they within are labouring to get out.

Boyes in their first heate, want the wit to tarry,  
 And Girles (not ripe) are mad untill they marry;  
 When scarce the one hath warm'd the others side,  
 But they with beds and houses to divide.

*Diog. Laert.* tells us that it was a saying of *Socrates*, that young batchelers desirous of marriage were like to fishes who play about the weele, and gladly would get in, when on the contrary they that are within strive how they should get out.

*The family of the unmarried is lame.*

*Phi.* Though you say, Wedlock doth such troubles breed,

Love bids, and *Hymen* prompts me to proceed.

The tedious silence of a forlorne bed

To me is hatefull, therefore must I wed:

Looke how the Ducks mourne when they misse the male,

No one but droopes her wings, and flags her tayle,

But he once come, the pond with clamour rings,

And you then see another face of things.

The good man absent; then the fire doth freeze,

The house is sad, the wife her mirth doth leese.

(They all are troubled,) when the maide doth aske

To goe to rest, shee's put to some new taske.

A beard's the houses prop, (besides is none)

There can be no delight to sleepe alone.

Impose the burthen of virginity on none (saith *Ignatius* the ancient Theologift) being a yoake which even the Virgin Vestals (of old) in *Rome* were not able to beare, to whom onely five yeares were injoynd to abstaine from marriage, and to keepe the holy fire from going out.

*Binde in thy flames.*

*An.* Though thou hast such a will to change thy state,

Yet gently heare me what I shall relate,  
 The flame (too raging) that by heate is blowne,  
 To fit the marriage bed was never knowne.  
 Observe the Cooper when he joynes his tunne,  
 That the contracted planks may evenly runne,  
 (The fury of the violent heat to tame)  
 In a round Iron cradle keeps his flame.  
 By his example thine hot fires suppress,  
 Lest this or that way fondly it digresse.  
 With amorous tales let not thine eares be tainted,  
 Before thy mother be therewith acquainted ;  
 Shee'l tell thy Father ; so take off thy care,  
 They well provide to keepe thee from the snare.

*Cicero* tells us that it is fit, men should be brought within the compasse of reason and learning.

And *Cipri*, that the tutors or guardians, namely, the Father, Grand-father, or Brother, were wont of old to contract young Virgins, which ancient custome is upon great consideration observed in these dayes, And amongst other causes, especially in regard of the weaknesse, and bathfulnessse of the sex : and wee read in *Euripides* that when *Orestes* sollicitated *Hermione* for marriage, Her answer was, *My espousals remaine in my Fathers power, and not mine.*

*By the finger, not the tongue.*

*Phi.* Shall I then clamour for an husband ? no,  
 My virgin shame forbids me to doe so,  
 Three lusters, and three yeares ore past, I pray,  
 Is't not enough ? what more can virgins say ?  
 Looke how that watch doth the swift houres divide,  
 And with its hand doth to the figures guide,  
 It nothing speakes, yet points (early and late  
 To what it meanes, such is our virgins state,  
 Although the mind be silent, and sit mute,  
 Her mature age (though tongueles) moves her suit.  
 It shewes her to be enterd in her prime,  
 And tells the parents that shee loseth time.

Her round breasts speak, fresh cheeks & brows so fayer  
Thus the whole girle's dissolv'd to silent prayer.

That Father is much to bee blamed, who when  
his Daughter is in her full maturity provideth her not  
an Husband. Well therefore said *Ignatius*, A ripe  
Virgin to prevent the wrinckles of age, may speake  
to her Father in private, to dispose of her in marriage.  
And wee read *Claudian* thus :

The virgins ripe age breeds the fathers cares,  
Who, for her sake neglects his Lords affaires.

*The Colony is to bee removed elsewhere.*

*Phi.* When the earth helps the Vine her sprigs to  
beare,

Tis fit they should transplanted be elsewhere,  
The dresser calls and sayes these same will bud,  
And prosper bravely if the soyle be good.

I have two swelling breasts that twins can feed,  
A lap besides to dandle those I breed :

And my virginity (say what you can)

Proclaimes me now that I am ripe for man.

I looke on Wives, and wish that I were such,

But grieve my Father will not see so much :

Yet long he shall not barre me from that blisse

Which law allowes, or I am taught amisse.

That daughter who hath past the age of five and  
twenty, if she marry without her fathers consent, by the  
law of some Nations cannot be deprived of her dowry,  
because the father ought to consider in time convenient  
to provide his daughter of an husband, and himselfe  
of a Son-in-law : but when our *Phillis* professeth her  
selfe not to bee much above fiteene, it is ridiculous in  
the maide longing for marriage, to wrest the law, and  
apply it unto her owne purpose.

*After the wound, in vaine is warning.*

*An.* What's shame to speake, is it not sinne to act,  
To blush at words, and not to blame the fact.



No girle that's wife to lovers will incline,  
 The choyse should be thy parents, and not thine.  
 Courtship inchaunts, when lovers vow they faigne,  
 And enterd once, there's no way back againe.  
 Vaine is it for the wounded Whale to fly,  
 Who carelesse earst before the stroke did lye.  
 Loves arrowes to remove, or ease their smart,  
 As vaine it is, if once they touch the heart.  
 Then of thy parents counsell first be sure  
 Before thy choise : once wounded there's no cure.

If regard be to be had of dignity, comelines or  
 honesty ; then in the contracting of marriages, it is  
 more decent and seemely, if the parents troth plight  
 their daughters to their husbands, and tye them to-  
 gether with their owne tongues, than if they themselves  
 immodestly in their owne language subject themselves  
 to one anothers power. *Cypr.*

They that in gathering *Venus* flowers are free,  
 Say daily, these to morrow such will bee.  
 Meane time soft fires into our bosomes creepe,  
 And the worst trees still roote themselves most  
 deepe. *Ovid.*

*The more haste, the worse speed.*

*An.* In hast's no helpe : if follow love, 'twill fly,  
 Lovers hate such as come to every cry.  
 Of any suddenn conquest they are sick,  
 Nor what they covet, would have come too quick.  
 When the Lord sends to bid the Cooke make  
 haste,  
 He straight gives charge the spit turne not too fast,  
 Lesse speed is made, the meat's the sooner ready.  
 Hee hinders and not hasts that is too speedy.  
 Shee that in *Cupids* Kitchin would command  
 Must have dull motion, and a tardy hand :  
 Tis speed that spoyles all, spurres are in delay,  
 No lover stoopes unto a yeelding prey.  
 All delay is odious, yet it brings on wisdome. *Sen.*

You that would marry, though you both make  
speed,

Delay't awhile, small stay great gaine may breed.

Delays oftentimes bring to passe that hee who  
should have dyed, hath killed him who might have  
lived. *Clem. Alexand.*

*For what wee can, wee care not.*

*An.* Wee see in birds for whom the pitfall's set,  
Such as would faine be tooke, escape the net,  
Others that would fly thence, the strings combine,  
Their captive legges intangling in their twine.  
She that first craves deserves a cornefull smile,  
As both in maid or woman hold most vile.  
Shee's onely certaine to be caught that flies,  
Shee teacheth to bee su'd to that denies.  
Coy Dames the breasts of lovers most besot,  
The sweetest kisses are by struggling got.  
That game best pleaseth which is sur'ft in chace,  
Not that being swolne, and lies dead in the place.  
What I most wish may for a time be spar'd,  
Nor pleaseth me the conquest that's prepar'd. *Petron.*

To this purpose is that of *Seneca* the Philosopher, it  
shameth me to enter conflict with a man prepared to  
bee overcome. The sword-player holdeth it a great  
indignity to bee matched with his inferiour, as know-  
ing it can bee no glory to him to subdue that man,  
who is vanquisht without danger.

*Preffe occasion.*

*Phi.* What means this *Ann*? thinkst thou me mad,  
that I

What my heart thinks should with my tongue deny?  
Past loves, in vaine she studieth to recall,  
Who to her friend hath shewed no grace at all,  
Whilst golden *Venus* with a cheerefull face  
Smiles on our acts, let's lose nor time nor place.

The wary *Ospray* whilst the fishes play  
Above the wave, floopes downe to cease her prey.  
That Bird for our example is we knowe,  
Who slips no time, parts conquerour from his foe.  
Catch at occasions, looke e're he passe by thee,  
Let him escape, and *Venus* too will flie thee.

If in the very moment of occasion the opportunity  
whereof by thy delay or negligence thou hast o'reslipt,  
in vaine it is to complaine upon it being past. *Liv.*

*The honour of virginity perisheth in the lasting.*

*Phi.* While th' envious Rose, wrapt in new leaves we  
find,  
She hides her beauty in a thorny rinde.  
Forbeare your hand (boyes) for their pricks are  
found,  
Nor can you crop the bud without a wound.  
But stay the time, the flower it selfe will spred,  
But if not gathered then, the leaves will shed.  
Sweet are young maides to lovers in their prime,  
And pleasant love rejoyceth in that time.  
She that is long a maid, scarce such appeares,  
Virginity still wasteth with her yeares.  
Let *Cupid* have our vigor, and youths fire,  
Maides young deny, what old, they most desire.  
Standing streames gather mud, but running rivers  
are fresh and sweet.

Such as resist love, must either have no braine, or  
no eyes. *Protogenes.*

Ambition and love are impatient of delay : lin-  
gring groves loathsome where necessity craves haste.  
*Quintilian.*

*No prize if not provok't.*

*An.* A deeper Sea I now perforce must faile,  
And lay my sheats ope to a freer gale.  
Such as the subtile traines of love would fly,

Let them upon this embleme cast their eye.  
 Thou seeft that net which hangeth in the glade,  
 A traine for Woodcocks by the Fowler made ;  
 He doth not touch the strings, but remote ftands,  
 Whilft her owne weight compels her into bands.  
 If took or not, the traveller scarce knowes,  
 Becaufe the net inforc't about her flowes.  
 Virgins beware by this, if tooke at all,  
 Catch not thy felfe, but by thy fuitier fall.  
 Draw not upon thy felfe that fubtle frame,  
 So fhalt thou make the Fowler his owne game.

Many virgins at their contractings rather confent  
 then fpeake, efpecially if their parents bee then in  
 prefence, left they fhould appeare to defire a hus-  
 band, which in maids is not feemely, and *Baldus*  
 obferves, that it is ingrafted in the nature of women  
 to bee filent, efpecially at the time when there is a  
 treaty of their marriage ; moreover it is a great figne  
 of virginall modefty, to blufh when marriage is but  
 named : according with that of the Poet.

*Quale coloratum Tithoni conjuge Cælum  
 Subrubet, aut fponfo vifa puella novo.*

Like to the coloured Heaven, by the morning  
 dyde,  
 Or blufhing maide by her new husband fpyde.

*It lights, but leads not.*

*An.* If to more proper rules a minde thou haft,  
 Take thefe : and more, Ile not allow thee chaft.  
 On the vaft Seas the Beacon doth difplay  
 Its light : directing fhips their fafeft way.  
 The flame doth fhew the harbour to be neare,  
 Yet doth not helpe the Mariner to feare :  
 'Tis they muft guide the Sayles, and ply the  
 Oare,  
 Save light from it, they can expect no more.

If thy face, speake thee not of *Cynthias* traine,  
And thou the Vestals modest dresse disdaine :  
Thou onely on the shore, to light them, stand,  
But let the Sayler labour how to land.

It much behoveth a virgin to be very circumspect in cases of matrimony, that for the honour of her sex, she neither seeme to offer her selfe, or to doe any thing against modesty: lest it happen unto her, as (wee read) it did to *Icasin* a noble and learned virgin, who when she became so gracious in the eyes of *Theophilus* Emperour of *Constantinople*, that he seemed to offer her a golden apple as a pledge of nuptiall faith and contract: She was taxed for her too ready answer and acception thereof, and for grieve of mind confinde her selfe into a Monastery. *Cypri.*

*No play without some pray.*

*Phi.* If it be harmefull then for maides to woo,  
What we are bar'd may not our Fathers doe?  
Trust me, to tardy louers sport it lends,  
And love hath often growne from bare com-  
mends.

The Latian King would needs *Aeneas* draw,  
To take his daughter, whom (before he saw)  
The Trojan lov'd: but fathers that are wise  
With better art these contracts may disguise.  
More private slights there are: by agents, best  
Where many are, still one may helpe the rest.  
By Birds, the Fowler to his net, birds drew,  
Yet in the act, seem'd as he nothing knew.

Parents of old made proffer of their Daughters to Husbands before they sought after them, neither did they imagine in that to have done any thing uncomly or undecent. Wee read in the first of Kings, chapter eighteenth, *Saul* offred his Daughter unto *David*. *Homer* reports that *Alcinous* did the like to *Vlysses*. *Virgil*. that *Latinus* did the same to *Aeneas*: *Terence*, that *Chremes* did it to *Pamphilus*. *Herodotus*,

that it was done by *Megacles* to *Pisistratus*, and *Zonaras* and others, that *Darius* did as much to *Alexander*, &c.

*Try ere you trust.*

*An.* Wary's thine art, but not from danger fure,  
For dost thou thinke that craft can be secure?  
Wretch th'art deceiv'd. We live in corrupt times,  
Nor can craft long conceale her subtile crimes.  
Adde that the profferd bride few humors fits,  
As fearing there be baits laid in their bits.  
Whilst aged *Priam* to *Achilles* sues  
To take his child, he doth the match refuse.  
Let Fathers pause untill their minds they know,  
And whether they be well dispos'd or no.  
The Foxe his eare unto the Ice doth lay  
E're venter on; if heare them crack, hee'l stay.

Whilst *Darius* to *Alexander*, *Priamus* to *Achilles*:  
*Alcinous* to *Vlyffes*, without due circumspection made  
offer of their daughters, they were altogether frust-  
trate in their hopes and expectations, therefore the  
wiser are of opinion: that nothing ought to be pro-  
fferd, which hath not before beene proved.

*Too much light dimmes the sight.*

*An.* Concerning *Habit*, which in Love's not least,  
Receive these few rules fit to be imprest.  
Cost (within compasse) doth the young man taste,  
Neatnesse best pleaseth love, where there's no waste.  
When once thy virgins habit is laid by,  
And th' art a wife, thy gifts will then grow high.  
If thou (before) in princely jemes shalt shine,  
He'l say; my gifts are sleight, thee needs not mine.  
Rich vesture I have seene Lovers to' affright,  
Youth starts at Iewels when they shine too bright,  
Much oyle chokes lampes. The Lysard when he  
lies

Too open to the hot Sunne, faints and dies.

A cleanlinesse is to bee used by women, neither despised, nor too exquisit, onely let it avoid clownish and fordid negligence. *Cicero.*

She that hath too much care over her attire, sheweth she hath little regard of her vertue. *Cato Censf.*

Husbandmen praise best those eares of corne which bow down, and make the stalk crooked, more then such as grow straight and upright, as being assured to find more grain in the one than in the other. Humbleness in heart & habit, is both pleasing to God, and acceptable with man.

*Cheekes oft painted, are soone tainted.*

*An.* A grave man supping with my Father said,  
(What in my brest, I ever since have laid)  
Then Peach trees (when they flower) nothing more faire,

And none more fordid when their bowes are bare.

That wife growes often loathsome by neglect,

Who (yet a Maid) her selfe too nicely deckt.

How comes this too much liberty of dresse ?

When a whole day is spent in't (and no lesse)

Too curious trimming maides hath oft mis-led,

Nor did it ever suite the marriage bed.

It oft falls out, such as most leasure find,

To paint their cheekes, their husbands do not mind :

But from all ages, this a maxim was,

None loves her distaffe, who admires her glasse.

Let not thy habit be too rich nor too base, make it neither for admiration, nor contempt ; their ornament is cald womanly neatnesse, by which is meant modest handsomnesse, free from curiosity or cost : and *Vives* in the same place proceeds thus : in thy garments it is enjoined thee that they be not over nise or precious, but without spot or staine. For I cannot imagine how

much the purity of the mind rejoyceth at the matron-like neatnesse of the body.

*Fire from Frost.*

*An.* But say the reine be given up to thine hands,  
And the sad suiter at thy mercy stands ;  
Though burne within, perswade him thou dost  
freeze,  
For still to smile, will much advantage leese.  
The Sunne shines clearest breaking from a cloud,  
Sweet is the North-wind when it breaths not  
lowd.  
Heat flies, love bates, and suiters weary grow,  
When the fond Girle doth too much favour show.  
Water doth make the lime-chalk scortch with heat,  
And the Smiths flame by water grows more great.  
Learne to say nay, love heightens by deniall,  
And hath through wounds and difficult things  
best triall.

Better the Bee on flowers doth feed,  
Having first tasted on a weed.  
The starres of greater lustre show,  
After the North-wind leaves to blow.  
When *Lucifer* hath chac't hence night,  
The blushing morning shoves more bright. *Boeth.*

It may be called a disease rather than mirth, ever to  
smile on them who alwaies laugh at thee, or to frame  
thy countenance unto every mans humour. *Seneca.*

*The light to keepe, snuffe not too deepe.*

*Ph.* Too strict thy rules are, golden *Venus* cries,  
To no such lawes she tender virgins ties.  
If like the Sabines we contract the brow,  
Give them bad words, use them we care not how ;  
We shall our loves make weary of their lives,  
As farre more fit to be made Souldiers wives.  
*Cupid* inur'd to lie soft and secure



In *Venus* shades, no hardnesse can endure.  
 Say, brittle be his shafts, that their points turne,  
 Flashie his fire, and cannot ever burne.  
 To cleare the taper, if you snuffe too deepe,  
 Out goes the light, i'th darke you may goe sleepe.

When one churneth milke he bringeth forth butter : and hee that wringeth his nose causeth bloud to come out : so he that forceth wrath bringeth forth strife. *Pro.* 30.

Thy secure pastime should be mixt with feare,  
 Or else thy favours he'l not hold so deare.

*Passions too high, will speaking lie.*

*An.* If chide ; 'tis nothing, there's no danger, know :  
 (I speake strange things) love doth by brauling grow :

He first retyres and must goe back some step,  
 Who hath a mind to make the stronger leap.  
 The further *Cupid* drawes his elbow back,  
 He deeper strikes, and makes the greater wrack.  
 Warre begets peace, jarre to atonement tends,  
 Thus *Mars* and *Venus* quarreld, and were friends.  
 Adde this : his wrath up to the height to wind,  
 To search what gall thou in his breast canst find.  
 Anger will lay his heart wide ope, and bare,  
 In rage, (for men to hide their thoughts) 'tis rare.  
 Those Doves, who late, each other fought to wound,  
 Now joyne their bills with murmure and sweet found. *Ovid.*

*Lovers stray, where there's no way.*

*An.* Court, kisse, drinke deepe, strow roses when you meet,

And let your banquets be of junkets sweet.  
 In little, little space, unhappy thou,  
 With a sad foule beneath his feet shalt bow.  
 The beane-stalke by a slender wand doth clime,

Shooting his head up to the ayre in time.  
 The top it aimes at, having reacht unto 't,  
 He bowes his wanton head downe to the root.  
 Lovers rash heat unto the utmost aimes,  
 And though you grant it much, yet more it claimes.  
 Give all : 'tis not enough, unlesse thou grant .  
 (Of what hee hath) He to his friend may vaunt.

This also is to bee admonished them, that virgins  
 smile not on all such as laugh upon them : which in-  
 deed is not seene in any but such as are rather im-  
 modest or madde, shee ought not also to suffer her  
 selfe to bee tugged or over wantonly toucht, but rather  
 to shunne the place, or forbear the company. If  
 shee cannot otherwise avoide it. *Vives.*

*They care nor feare, For what they sweare.*

*An.* Let neither promise, nor complaint perswade,  
 Nor his laments thy tender brest invade.  
 Seest thou that Reed, which when the North winde  
 blowes,  
 Bowes downe it's head, and like a suppliant shoves ;  
 But the gulf past, it growes straight as a line,  
 And of the former storme remaines no signe.  
 The Bee makes honey till his sting be gone,  
 But that once lost, he soone becomes a Drone.  
 The sutor sues, and seekes, and gives good words,  
 Whilst she stands off, and no kind grace affords :  
 But with contempt and scoffing he'l retire,  
 When he hath once obtain'd his wisht desire.  
 Rash oathes by raging lovers uttered, bind  
 Like words inscrib'd on water, or in wind.  
 Hot love groweth soone cold ; and faith plighted  
 with feigned vowes as it is tyed without conscience, so  
 for the most part it is broken without care.

*Touch it with salt, it turnes to nothing.*

*An.* That thy prime age, thou without stain mayst  
 weare,

See thou to no obscene talke lend thine eare,  
 When wanton youth 'gainst modesty makes warre  
 To make it captive, such their weapons are,  
 Therefore, if any with a bluhlesse face,  
 And talke uncomely, presse into the place ;  
 Grace nothing, but a brow censorious take  
 And answer him, as if some Matron spake.  
 Observe the snaile, on which if salt you cast,  
 To water first it turnes, to naught at last.  
 Let but thy words into lowd thunder breake,  
 And instantly, hee'l have no word to speake.

*Posthumia* the vestall, because shee was free in  
 laughter, and more liberall in discourse with men, then  
 became her order, was cald in question about incest :  
 but being acquitted of that crime by *Spurius Minu-*  
*tius*, then High Priest or *Flamin*, he admonished her  
 that thenceforward shee should conforme her language  
 to her life. *Plutarch.*

As the North-wind driveth away the raine, so doth  
 an angry countenance, the slandering tongue. *Prov.*  
 25. 23.

*There's much danger, to trust a stranger.*

*Phi.* To marry, in my thoughts much better were,  
 It strengthens bashfull shame, preventing feare.  
*An.* But light and hasty will, doth fraud provoke,  
 Who eates with too much speed may hap to choake.  
 When *Palamedes* birds the rusticks take,  
 They snares of paper, daub'd with birdlime, make.  
 The meate the fowle loves, in the midst is plac't,  
 Which whilst the hungry bird desires to taste,  
 The slimy paper blinding both her eyes,  
 She now a pray before the fowler lies.  
 Most justly they the Cities scorne are made,  
 Who will be caught, yet see the traine that's laid.

The way to marriage is doubtfull and double, the  
 one leadeth to misery, the other to happineffe : there-  
 fore before thou givest thy selfe into that way, it be-

hoveth thee to be of that solicitous deliberation which is reported of *Hercules* travelling where two wayes met ; for if once in marriage, it hath hapned unto thee ill, there is no art by which thou canst correct it : for thou art false into the number of those, of whom the proverb speakes, *Hee deserveth no pittie, that chuseth to doe twice amisse.*

It is more honest after thou hast once determined, to love, rather than begin to determin when thou hast loved.

*Sometimes faire words, wound worse than swords.*

*An.* If any one unworthy seeke thy bed,  
From thy chaste house let him be banished :  
Admit him not, so much as to be jeer'd ;  
Some scoft at first, have after prov'd indeer'd.  
If he have any wit at all, he'l show it,  
And prove in sundry straines to let thee know it,  
Imbracing first, strive a forc't kisse to win,  
Such kisses have to virgins fatall beene.  
So by degrees into thy breast love steales  
And wanders round, but his soft steps conceales ;  
Whilst Fowlers play upon their pipes, and sing,  
Th' unwary fowle into their nets they bring.

Wonder not that thou art deceived by him that speakes thee faire and flatters thee, but rather wonder how thou hast escaped from not being deceived by him. *Demosthenes.*

*Sic avidis fallax indulget piscibus Hamus,*

*Callida sic stultas decipit esca feras.*

So the deceitfull hooke the fish betrays,  
So beasts, by crafty baits, a thousand wayes.

*Spare for no cost, where nothing's lost.*

*Phi.* To imbrace, or kisse, why should a maid deny ?  
Since neither shame, nor fame we lose thereby.  
Who can believe a soft kisse can eclipse  
Our honor, coming from a young mans lips.

The Bee the violet kist, and the Sunnes flower,  
And laden with sweet juice, hies to her bower,  
Yet neither one nor other is since dride,  
But both still flourish in their wounded pride.  
What with compulsive strength the young man  
tooke,

The maide wipes off, and keepes her former looke.  
If it be lawfull light from light to take,

Why should we maides to kisse, such scruple make ?  
Why fiewst thou Satyrist, kisses are vaine,  
And thine owne spit will wash them off againe.

*Ex. Gr. Ep.*

*True honour is so pure, It will no touch indure.*

*An.* Kisses, soft gripes, and blandishing perswades,  
From amorous futors ; harme not those young  
maides.

No Poet (howsoever his vaine please)  
Shall sway me ; but there's poison in all these.  
Touch not the purple grape : for then 'tis ripe,  
And that pure colour cannot brooke the gripe.  
'Tis fresh, now the Vines grace, and hath affinity  
Vnto the *Genius* of untoucht virginity ;  
Shun them, they have sweet poison mixt among :  
The lip but toucht, doth weare the impresse long :  
For wash thy face a thousand times, the sinne  
Thou canst not wipe thence, for that lies within.

Nothing is more tender than the fame and reputation of women, or more subject to injury : in so much that it may be properly said to hang by the small thread of a Spider. *Vives.*

No Father can have too great a care of preserving his daughters chastity. *Plaut. in Epidic.*

*Once sham'd, ever blam'd.*

*An.* Not sinne alone, but what may such appeare,  
If thou beest wise (maide) studdy to forbear,  
Tis not enough, thine acts are free from blame,

Since thou (meanetime) maist suffer in thy fame.  
 If the Nuts-shells, thou shalt asunder draw,  
 Doe what thou canst, there wil remaine the flaw.  
 Thy fame once toucht, bee thy mind ne're so  
     pure,  
 Yet scandall shall thy chastity indure.  
 Though thou the ruine studie to repaire,  
 Thou canst not make it good with all thy care.  
 How-ever joyne the shells, the breach is seene,  
 Though hide thy wounds, yet will they still be  
     greene,  
 Her modesty once blam'd,  
 She is for ever sham'd.  
     Remember still thy fame to cherish,  
     That lost, thy selfe doth likewise perish. *Ovid.*  
 It behoveth the chaste one, not onely to abstaine  
 from crime, but also to avoyd the fordid aspercion  
 of blame. *Dion.*

*His slave shee lives, to whom she gives.*

*An.* Bee't then the virgins care and labour still,  
 That of her carriage, no tongue can speake ill,  
 Heare me with patience and Ile teach thee then,  
 What dangerous rockes t' avoide, both where &  
     when.  
 Part to thy Love with nothing that thou haste,  
 Farre be free hands to virgins that are chaste.  
 If give but trifles, hee'l for greater looke :  
 Part hath beene offerd, when the whole was  
     tooke.  
 Besides, thy gifts to every one hee'l show,  
 Speaking them thine, to all whom he doth know.  
 Fat spilt in frying, makes the flame so great,  
 That it both waits it selfe, and spoiles the meat.  
 Let the woman give nothing to the man : for  
 whosoever she bee that presents a gift, prostrateth  
 her selfe. *Vives.*

And there may bee reason rendred, that whofo-

ever gives may bee thought to insinuate himselfe into that mans favour to whom hee giveth ; alluding to that of *Martial*.

Thou sent'st me present, oh but why ?  
Because with thee I should comply.

*All things by Gold, are bought and sold.*

*An.* Give not said I ? *Now*, doe not take, I say,  
Gripple we are, gifts will our sexe betray :  
They weaken us : she that hath long out-held  
(A gift receiv'd) to yeeld hath beene compeld.  
The baser coyne they to the Seas commend,  
But the choise Gold, to the white bosome fend.  
Where Steele can force no entrance, Gold is free,  
Let *Danaes* brazen Tower witnesse for mee.  
Then Steele give place, to Gold thy strength resign,  
(Woe me) that choller, hath a power divine.  
By Iron some few ; Their number, who by Gold  
Have beene made prostrate : never can be told.

There is nothing so sacred which is not to bee violated and prophaned, nothing so defended, which is not to be scaled, and entred by money.  
*Cicero.*

Gods, Chastity, and Faith have faild,  
Gold onely, over them prevaild.  
Receive no gifts, (a hooke lies in the meate)  
None but have birdlime, and their poison's great.

*M. Verinus.*

*Trust none in the giving vaine ;  
Lovers give not but to gaine.*

*An.* Bee't then thy care, (if care thou hast to stand  
Vpright) from Lovers gifts to keepe thine hand.  
Seest thou Love painted naked in all drafts  
With quiver onely, and some few small shafts ?  
He weares no pocket, but hates all their tribe,  
Who in Loves free converse expect a bribe.  
Can Diamond, Iemme, or golden chaine beguile

Thy modesty so farre ; to become vile ?  
 The gaping Oyfter, intertaining stones,  
 By'th Crab injected, is dispoild at once.  
 Once guilty of a gift (if put to triall)  
 Thou hast not power to make the least denyall.  
 To receive a gift, is to sell thy liberty. *Seneca.*

*Often by too much play, Virgins themselves betray.*

*An.* Now trifles I injoyne, and I confesse  
 They're fuch, yet worthy to be read, (*no lesse*)  
 To tumble on the grasse, urge them to try  
 Maistries : These fit for chaste ones I deny.  
 A Bee's hid in the flower, a maide doth come,  
 To crop it 'twene her finger and her thum.  
 No staves, no rest, her tender flesh it stings,  
 It smarts, it swels, she cries, her hands she wrings,  
 And faith, why Bee, thus seek'st thou me to kill,  
 I came to sport, and purpos'd thee no ill.  
 When maides with young men try, they doe not  
     well,  
 But oft catch stings, which make their flesh to swell.  
 Sporting hath beene the occasion of many evils, as  
 we may read. *Horace.*

Sport hath begot both sudden strife and rage,  
 Anger, contention, warre, commixt with strage.  
 In pastime & sport, womens breasts are easily discovered :  
 according with that of the Poet.

We are carelesse then of what we doe or say,  
 Our very mindes lie open in our play.

*Most hold such bad, as love to gad.*

*An.* In all things *Ovids* booke I cannot praise,  
 For he allows the virgins foot that strays,  
 He doth advise the Romane girles to meet  
 In Theatres, and gad about the street,  
 In my opinion, he amisse periwades,  
 If I be judge ; it is no worke for maides.



In streets lust rageth, there thou canst not be  
Safe ; then keepe home, that's the best place for  
thee.

The sheepe that through the briers and thornes doth  
stray,

Much of his wooll, oft loseth by the way :

Neither can she her modesty keepe long,

Who much frequents the *Dionæan* throng.

The ornament of women is to flourish in honesty  
and elegancy of manners: and for the most part to  
keepe within at home: to prescribe limits to her lips,  
eyes, and cheekes, and not often to put her foot over  
her owne threshold. *Greg. Nazian.*

*There's danger, strictly to confine*

*Either young wenches, or new wine.*

*Phi.* Must we be then in lasting darknesse tyde,

As in close houses ever to abide ?

Is it enough that we a mistresse feare,

And from her teasty fingers blowes oft beare ?

Our mind's now stronger grown, love bids us  
play,

And of the City take a free surveigh.

Locks cannot let, *Venus* sets wide the dore,

When lovers entrance to clos'd maides implore :

Love hates all durance, he was ever free,

And *Bacchus* too delights in liberty,

New wine : young maides : by too strict keeping  
still,

Hazard the caske, and house : Both apt to spill.

No woman can be restrain'd against her will. *Lib.*

*Amor.* 3.

That which is most kept from us, most we crave,

The prey calls theeves, few love what they can  
have. *Id.*

Such as have leave to sinne, commit least ill,

The power to offend, oft takes away the will. *Id.*

That lesse pleafeth us to which wee are most per-

fwaded : that rather wee desire from which wee are  
most diffwaded.

*There can bee given no strong security,  
For Maiden heads in their maturity.*

*Phi.* Maides, if you looke to rost your Chestnuts  
well,

Observe first with a knife to wound the shell :  
If with unbroken skin it touch the fire,  
'Twill break in pieces, and with noise retire.  
Who to chaste love shall make her brest obdure,  
From *Venus*, oh what panges shall she procure ?  
She burnes, nor can her youth take least content,  
That's cloistred, and at home in prison pent.  
The bridle once tooke off, she growes untame,  
And then, with greater fury burnes her flame.  
Some I have seene at lawfull love repine,  
And after, madly to base lust incline.

Dangerous is the custody of a virginity, and most  
difficultly is she to be restrained, to whom the yoke of  
virginity is imposed. *Egn.*

That which *Tacitus* spake of the plebe or multi-  
tude, may not unfitly be construed upon young  
virgins. *vid.* They are altogether impatient of meere  
servitude, or absolute liberty.

*To free thy selfe from danger cleane,  
Shun the extremes, and keepe the meane.*

*An.* I doe not prisons on young Maides conferre,  
Onely would curbe their feet lest they should erre.

*Phi.* You charg'd me to no sutor lend an eare,  
What Husband shall I have then ? let me heare.

*An.* Marry one grave, of masculine vertue, who  
No loose veneriall sports is pleas'd to know,  
On whom *Apollo* smiles, *Themis* doth grace,  
He will direct thy path, secure thy place.  
If rude (thy selfe) one ruder thou shalt try,

Neither the nuptiall office can supply.  
Ioyne two unlighted Tapers without flame,  
(How so thou wilt,) the darknesse is' the same.

What profiteth it thee to grate one tooth against  
another. *Martial.*

*Young Maides fancies are inclin'd,  
To affect the shape, neglect the mind.*

*Ph:* Wouldst have a maide to take into her bed,  
A Sophist of sterne brow, like *Cato* bred,  
Whom, courts by day ; by night, his bookes afflict,  
In curtaine businesse, will not he be strict ?  
Whilst he his clients cause doth onely mind,  
Small right (alas) the bed is like to finde.  
The gowne the loadstones braine hath, hard things  
drawes,  
But in soft amours cannot plead a cause.  
Lawes not of (1) *Benshes*, but the bed I love  
The austere brow I have no will to prove.  
Give me the man that's deeply read in kisses,  
And fure my love aimes at no further blisses.

Let us remember that the sexe in its owne nature  
is weake, as not in body, so neither in minde being  
able to under-goe things serious and weighty, therefore  
we must allow them retirement, and relaxation from  
their cares, and give them some liberty of sporting, and  
telling tales amongst their friends and neighbours:  
provided, no curiosity be used, &c. *Vives.*

*Merry Suiters, make mad Husbands.*

*An.* What madnesse is't of kissing thus to prate,  
When thou a sacred bed shouldst intimate ?  
Leave lusts to *Venus*, Husbands are a treasure,  
And holy *Hymen* hates the name of pleasure.  
No groome or squire of *Venus* can be fit

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(1) *Benshes* of judgement.

To take a houses charge and mannage it.  
 These (1) *Memnons* statue follow (in their fuite)  
 Who when the Sun shines, clamor, else are mute.  
 Whilst thy choise (2) *Paris* in his first love rag'd,  
 'Twixt you a thousand kiffes were ingadg'd.  
 But that heat past, thou (to thy grieve) hast try'd,  
 Th'art onely an unworthy souldiers bride.

It is hard to maintaine credit where truth is suspected : but howsoever fuspition may enter a false action, yet truth will never bring in her plea, to suspect where there is cause is sufferable : but where there is no cause, it is intolerable. *Octavius Cæsar Domum suam non solum crimine, sed fuspitione criminis, vacare voluit.* i. *Augustus Cæsar*, would have his house not onely free from fault, but even from the very fuspition of crime.

*Sorrow treads, where folly leads.*

*An.* On the bright fire whilst some fish too much  
 gaze,  
 Fixing their eyes upon the tapers blaze :  
 They neither mind the fishers nor their boats,  
 Nor their sharpe knives prepar'd to rip their throats,  
 Whilst the young man, whom mad love doth  
 surprise,  
 Admires his mistresse front, and star-like eyes :  
 Or whilst the girle whom childish folly blinds,  
 His new sprung beard and feature onely minds.  
 All faults lie hid, there is no further stay,  
 'Tis now enough if they can kisse and play.  
 T'wixt these where itching makes such quick dif-  
 patch  
 'Tis often seene *Megara* spoiles the match.  
 As *Circe* injoy'd not those whom she transform'd

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(1) *The Sun of the morning.*

(2) *He was slaine at Troy.*

into Swine, Lions, &c. but affected *Vlyffes* in his owne perfectnesse aboue all others : So those women who by amorous potions (too which I adde whorish blandishments) have got their husbands, for the most part leade with them an unquiet life, through madnesse. *Plutarch.*

*Where vertue tyes, love never dyes.*

*An.* The Rose doth yeeld a favour sweet and strong,  
After 'tis shed, or in the Sunne laine long.  
Fond is the love of feature, which doth fade,  
And putrid growes, when age doth once invade,  
Agues deface, and cares the beauty staine,  
And these in young men often breed disdaine.  
But wit's more stedfast ; 'twill to age indure,  
A thousand waies that, favour can procure.  
Gray haire, nor wrinckles, can such ardor quench,  
Nor love (on vertue built) in *Lethe* drench.  
If match with one, whose mind his shape excels,  
That love, till death lasts onely, and none else.  
In us we nought immortall find,  
Saving the goods of brest and mind. *Ovid.*

*Couples ill matcht, like garments patcht.*

*An.* If love thy selfe, doe not an old man wed,  
Lest thou lie frozen in a desolate bed.  
If any ; thou a *posthume* birth shalt beare.  
He, if thy child call father, cannot heare.  
Or should he have choice whom to make his heire,  
Fame, to speake largely of thee will not spare.  
Meane time the faire flower of thy youth is spent,  
And thy best dayes thou sadly shalt lament.  
Why doth the Ivie 'bout the Elme so cling ?  
'Las ; one must perish, if the other spring,  
Whilst it (ambitious) 'bout the top branch twines,  
The drooping Tree hangs downe the head and  
pines.

*Matrimonium ita demum tranquille exigi potest, si mulier Cæca, maritus surdus fiat, &c.*

Then marriage may be said to be past in all quietness, when the wife is blind, and the husband deaf. The nature of women is subject to jealousy, from whence grows clamour and noise, and the wives garbularity and prating offends the husband, which he should be farre from, if he wanted his hearing, &c.

*Children in law, breed may a flaw.*

*An.* Hence brats in law? maides, mothers the first day,

What mak'st thou in a widdowed bed I pray?  
When *Hymen* joynes you fingle: these are bred  
Are the best pledges of thy maidenhead.

To graft a branch with ripe fruits if thou strive,  
Tis a meere burden, and it cannot thrive.

The withered apples fall (unfit to taste)

For both the stock and graft indure like waste.

Slyps without fruit, transpose unto thy tree,

So shall thy fruit in *Autumne* better be.

Do't whilst the gumme in the greene rind doth  
swell,

Plants without mutuall sap ne're prosper well.

A small benefit may arise to a great profit, if it be seasonably confer'd, saith *Curtius*.

Time is the best counsellor, and the chiefe president of counsels, saith *Antisthenes*, and *Cicero* calleth it the most perfect Herald of truth.

*To have thy will, be humble still.*

*Phi.* Now thy injunctions please: but, woon with gold,

My father aymes me at a man that's old.

What shall I doe? my love I will not slave

'To an old King, (though he my love should crave.)

*An.* If he to one unworthy would thee tye,

What ere he urge, let not thy voyce found hye,  
Prayers arme the virgin, If intreat : 'tis done,  
Sterne fathers, by no other art are woon.  
Smooth foreheads more prevaile, than these averſe  
Hard hearts, ſubmiſſion, and not feare can pierce.  
The Pine-tree Nut thou canſt not break with blows,  
But a ſoft fire, the ſhels wide open throws.

Mild power doth compaſſe that which rough violence never can. *Claud.*

Where men by favour ſtrive to git  
Gods favour, and incourage it,  
But the ſame gods when force is uſ'd,  
(As angry) thinke themſelves abus'd.

## I.

*An.* We are in harbour, thou ſhalt be a bride,  
Heare ſomething in that ſtate thy ſelfe to guide.  
The grafter, all the native ſprigs doth ſtrip,  
That the whole ſap may feed th' adopted ſlip.  
All wandring fancies ſhe muſt quite expell,  
Who in a lawfull match would proſper well.  
No ſooner ſhall thy nuptiall Tead take fire,  
But thou on him muſt fixe thy whole deſire.  
Not thy old play-fellow muſt thine houſe frequent,  
Nor he with whom (before) thine houres thou ſpent.  
Let mother and thy ſiſter now goe by,  
Leſt former love the adopted ſap ſhould dry.

Let men obey the lawes, and women their husbands. *Socrates.* Silence and patience maketh concord betwixt married couples. A good husband ought to be wiſe in words, wary in converſation, carefull in proviſion, diligent in ordering : a diſcreet maſter, a carefull father. A good wiſe muſt bee grave abroad, well govern'd at home, patient to ſuffer, conſtant to love, to her neighbours friendly, courteous to her ſervants, carefull of her children. *Theophrastus.*

## 2.

*An.* Am I deceiv'd ? or more elſe ſhould be ſpoke,

To such as newly enter *Hymens* yoake.  
 The stock which late had branches of his owne,  
 Must now by a strange leafe and fruit be knowne.  
 The top cut off, it boasts not its owne feed,  
 But beareth what another branch did breed.  
 When married : thou thyselfe wilt then withdraw,  
 For now thy husband is to thee a law.  
 What he prescribes : to that thou must agree,  
 (If wife) so partner of his counsels be.  
 By his direction, all thine actions sway,  
 To yeeld's to conquer, and (to rule) to obey.

A chaste Matron by obeying her husbands will,  
 getteth command over him, *Bias*. But give thy wife  
 no power over thee, for if this day thou sufferest  
 her to tread upon thy foot, she will be ready by  
 to morrow to spurne at thy head, &c.

## 3.

*An.* Grafting hath more on which thy mind may rest,  
 Graft then these precepts likewise in thy brest. .  
 Tree's grace the graft, by sap themselves do spend,  
 And their owne ornament to others lend.  
 If with thy golden dower thy house shine bright,  
 And swell his coffers which before were light :  
 Be not thou proud, nor thine owne wealth pro-  
 claime,  
 Let all thine house rest in thine husbands name.  
 Who would not thinke that clamorous woman mad,  
 To cry *This, That*, from me, my husband had.  
*These were, and are still mine.* It is not knowne  
 How wives can boast of ought that is their owne.  
 That the law make men lords, there is no doubt,  
 And 'tis a right, that goes the world throughout.

Marriage teacheth, that a woman should hold her  
 husband to be all things unto her, and that he alone  
 shall succeed in all loving and deare nominations,  
 which (as we read in *Homer*) the most vertuous *An-*  
*dromache* confers upon her husband  *Hector*.



What father, mother, brother, else can be,  
Thou, thou, sweet husband art all these to me.

*The Epilogue.*

Proceeding further we were strooke with feare,  
Because of noife which *Anna* first did heare :  
Enough if not too much, come now let's breake,  
This having said, she blusht, and ceast to speake.

---

FINIS.

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## PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

*The Queene feasting the King at Somerfet house, upon his Birth-day, hers falling in the same weeke, this was there spoken unto them.*

WE cannot read in any flourishing state,  
 Whether by King swäid, or by optimate,  
 A greater blessing hapning to one Nation,  
 By two such births, beneath one constellation,  
 For being in one moneth, (1) one weeke ; small let  
 There was, these two blest birth-dayes had not met :  
 Yet hath the powerfull hand of heaven so guided,  
 (Though) by small distance of two dayes divided :  
 These starres who then, their influence had alone  
 Are now combin'd, fixt in one glorious Throne :  
 From whose joynt rayes another's risen since,  
 (Lusterd from both) a sweet and hopefull Prince.  
 O may he from your vertues so much gaine,  
 That little *Charles* may prove our *Charlemaine*.

---

(1) *October.*

*To them both at parting.*

The Romanes of their birth-dayes had such care,  
They kept them sacred, and not one might dare,  
In all their families to worke, but play,  
Observing that, as an high festivall day.  
The Emperours birth-dayes were cald *Alba*, white,  
As the sole lustre, and their Kingdomes light.

In you : how much doth heaven your Nations  
blesse,  
To enjoy two such : the greater, and the lesse.

*A speech spoken to their two excellent Majesties, at the  
first Play play'd by the Queenes Servants, in  
the new Theater at White Hall.*

When Greece, the chiefe priority might claime  
For Arts, and Armes, and held the eminent name  
Of Monarchie ; They erected divers places,  
Some to the Muses, others to the Graces :  
Where Actors strove, and Poets did devise  
With tongue and pen, to please the eares and eyes  
Of Princely Auditors ; The time was, when  
To heare, the rapture of one Poets pen,  
A Theater hath beene built, By the fates doome,  
When th' Empire was removed from thence to *Rome*.  
The potent *Cæsars* had their *Circi*, and  
Large Amphitheaters : in which might stand  
And sit, full fourescore thousand, all in view,  
And touch of voice : This great *Augustus* knew.  
Nay *Rome*, it's wealth, and potency injoyd,  
Till by the barbarous Gothes these were destroy'd.  
But may this structure last, and you be seene  
Here a spectator, with your Princely Queene,  
In your old age, as in your flourishing prime,  
To out-strip *Augustus* both in fame and time.

*To the King and Queene upon a New yeares-day at night :  
the Two-fact Ianus with a great golden Key in his  
hand, the Presenter.*

Where is my Sonne *December*? yong'ft and laft  
Of twelve? what sleeping now? now fnoiting faft?  
In this joyes festivall? from yeares agone,  
Solemnis'd one thousand fixe hundred thirty one.  
Can neither mufick, fport, nor myrth awake thee,  
But to eleven moneths fleep muft thou betake thee?  
Why doth not *January* then appeare,  
Before old *Janus* father of the yeare?  
My eldeft boy? now I remember. Hee,  
Is bufied in this annuall *Iubilee*.

And ftill the one hand with the other fhifts,  
In giving and receiving New-yeares gifts.

But ftay; two faces *Ianus*? one to view  
The paff yeare; th' other, that which fhall infue.  
Shal't be imputed to thine age or floath  
To neglect thefe; the glory of them both?  
No; fall thus low, to celebrate that throne  
In which the two great lights (1) are met in one  
Without ecclipfe; This key commands the fcrew,  
That lockes the paff yeare up, and opes the new,  
This fhuts up all difafter, dearth, difeafe,  
Opening to you all glad things that may please,  
To crowne your blessedneffe, and as that gone  
Hath crown'd you with an Heire (as yet alone)  
There's by auspitious *Love* a fecond breeding,  
Our hope, and honour of the yeare fucceeding.  
As in the laft, may Heaven in this defend them,  
Whilft *Ianus* with his twelve fonnes fhall attend them.

*The Epilogue fpoken by the fame Ianus.*

Health, ftrength, and many a glad new yeare,

---

(1) *Meaning their 2. Majesties.*

A constant solace, joyfull cheere,  
Waite ever on that awfull throne,  
Where rest two Princely hearts, made one.  
From which blest union, may supply  
Of issue to eternity  
Grace and become it : These presages  
Prove fortunate to after ages,  
Which long succession hence may see,  
Till time and houres shall cease to bee.

*A Prologue spoke before the King, when her Majesty was  
great with child.*

Health, joy, peace, plenty, and a flourishing state,  
A *dexter omen* : an auspicious fate,  
Attend you ever, like *Hiperion* shine  
In his meridian, never to decline.  
And may your royall *Cynthia* who hath run  
Sixe annuall courses with you, and begun,  
Now on the seventh, who to your Kingdomes  
Cheere  
And your great joy, at this time fills her sphere,  
In a most hopefull plenitude : so waine  
After blest issue, that your glorious raigne,  
May see your Sonnes Sonnes Princes of such name,  
That the whole world may eccho to their fame.  
From her chaste wombe may such faire daughters  
spring,  
That each may prove the comfort to a King,  
And both survive to see't : this we intreat  
May come from her who is so good, so great.

*The Epilogue.*

Those heavenly Guardians that with patents large,  
Have in tuition Kings and Kingdomes charge,  
Protect you both, that as we daily see  
Nations, that farre remote and forraigne be  
Send hither as to an Oracle to know,

What's for their safety best : you may still grow  
 In wisdom and in power, till your command  
 May extend it selfe so farre by Sea and Land,  
 That through the Christian world it may be said,  
 All begge of *Charles*, but he needs no mans ayd.

*Another spoken at White Hall before their sacred  
 Majesties.*

Exuberant joyes, delights transcending waite  
 About the orbe of this illustrious state.  
 All sad disasters flie beyond those Seas  
 That ebbe and flow unto th' *Antipodes*,  
 Or if they chance to linger by the way,  
 May they with *Mahomet*, and *Ali* stay :  
 But never in these Climes find place of rest  
 Or shelter, where the sacred truth's protest,  
 But in their stead, prosperity and peace,  
 Abundance, health, with numerous increase  
 Of royall issue 'bout your throne be seene,  
 To glad my soveraigne, and rejoyce his Queene :  
 So shall your Nations in bright lustre shine,  
 Figuring in these your Persons, powers divine.

*The Epilogue.*

Mirriads of joyes your royall hears surprise,  
 Yea more than any rapture can devise,  
 The heart of man conceive, or tongue expresse,  
 That in your more than common happinesse,  
 All your true subjects with unanimous voice.  
 May both in you, and your blest seed rejoyce.

*A Prologue spoken to their sacred Majesties, at  
 Hampton Court.*

If *Cæsar*, greatest in great *Pompeii* fall,  
 As being made the soveraigne over all  
 The (then knowne) world ; or if *Augustus* ; Hee

Who left his ample name Hereditarie  
 To all succeeding Emperours ; If to th' last  
 Of the twelve *Cæsars*, Theaters were grac't,  
 And when the Iulian family expir'd  
 In many ages after were admir'd ?  
 And the more fame from forraigne parts to win,  
 Adorn'd without, and beautified within.  
 If by succession we can draw them downe  
 Through nations, realmes and tongues, even to our  
     own,  
 Proving these flourishing Kingdomes prosperd well,  
 And never faild before these structures fell :  
 Or were suppress'd ; for 'tis a bad preface,  
 (All mirth exil'd) still followes wrack and strage.  
 If then a factious peevish male-content,  
 Envyng a blest state ; shall his malice vent  
 In bald unlicenc't papers ? so much daring  
 As neither Sovereigne, nor the subject sparing :  
 Assuming in a strange libellious straine,  
 To thinke all wisedome treasur'd in his braine ?  
 Be all such frustrate in their vaine indeavour,  
 Whilst you oh Royall *Cæsar* live for ever.

*The Epilogue.*

*Joves* Influent Planet boading power and state  
 For ever, on this high tribunall waite.  
*Apolloe's* fire, add verdure, to your dayes,  
 And crowne your long raigne with his *Daphnes*  
     bayes.  
*Hermes* attend you with his peaceful starre,  
 And *Mars* protect you in all menacing warre.  
 May *Venus* and the Moones bright constellations,  
 With their best fulgence smile on all your Nations ;  
 But on all male-contents let *Saturne* lower,  
 Such as maligne your glory and your power.

*Spoken to their two Majesties at White Hall.*

*Prologue.*

Whom Heaven with all choice graces hath indowed,

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Whom even the Angels praise and men admire !  
 On whom your Maker hath his bounty shewed,  
 Where nothing wants that mans heart can desire,  
 Your peoples joy, your Peeres selected pleasure.  
 Your Kingdomes admiration, Nations wonder,  
 Of forraigne climes the praise, of ours the treasure,  
 O never may that sacred union sunder.  
 That whilst we daily of high heaven importune,  
 You may be in your royall issue blest,  
 You may still grow in greatnesse, fame and fortune,  
 All which at seeming height, be still increast.  
 Prove thou a prophet muse, say 'tis decreed,  
 All Christendome shall flourish in your seed.

*The Epilogue.*

Could we all Panegyries put in one,  
 That have beene on the ancient *Heroes* writ,  
 They might all be conferrd on you alone,  
 And you great Princes justly merit it.  
 O may you in your happy loves persever,  
 Diurnally augment, but not decline,  
 That this your people may admire you ever,  
 Till heaven that gave you us make you divine.  
 And that which we of aged *Nestor* read,  
 May of you two be chronicled indeed.

*Spoken to their excellent Majesties upon the like occasion.*

*Prologue.*

Excellent Princes may you ever bee,  
 As great as good, each yeare a Iubilee.  
 That as heavens bounty crownes you with th' in-  
     crease  
 Of honour, glory, and domestick peace.  
 You, with like liberall hands instated here,  
 May to each subject and deserving Peere :  
 Like the bright Sunne your glorious favours throw,  
 To comfort and make flourish what's below.



Whilst we like the woods Quiristers still sing  
Loud Hymnes to you the Lord of this our spring.

*The Epilogue.*

You that are Emblemes of that light divine,  
Which equally on all estates doth shine,  
The Palace and the Cottage, flower and weed,  
Of whose bright luster all have use, and need,  
Even from the Scarlet, to the Ruffet : Gray  
As well as Purple : Had we power, as they  
That are in eminent place ; there could not be  
Those, should expresse more gratitude than we.  
The rich may pay in gold, that which he owes,  
But we our debt, onely in words and shoves.

*Spoken to his Majesty upon a New yeares day at night.*

*The Prologue.*

Renowned King, we to your eares commend  
These our unpolisht labours, harsh and low,  
Hoping your grace will like the Sunne extend,  
Those glorious beames that make the Cedars grow,  
Shine on the basest shrubs, his vertue's seene  
As well in weeds as flowers, for both are greene.  
Then let your Maiesty by whose aspect  
All these sweet garden flowers, these Trees still  
flourish,  
The least part of your glorious shine reflect  
On us : your beames great *Brittaines* land doth  
nourish.  
Still moving in this bright and luminous sphere,  
To joy your Court with many a glad New-yeare.

*The Epilogue.*

'Mongst other presents, high and sacred King,  
This solemne day presented at your feat  
Their tribute love, your humble vassals bring.

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But though our gifts be small, our wills are great,  
 We come, though naked of desert or merit,  
 Yet arm'd with wishes, and devouteſt prayer,  
 Truſting you many ages may inherit  
 That high Tribunall, peace and love prepare,  
 That this firſt day which enters a new yeare,  
 On which the two fac't *Ianus* lookes with joy,<sup>1</sup>  
 May many ſeaſons hence, with gladſome cheare,  
 Be hallowed ſtill, that heavens hand may deſtroy  
 Your enemies : and ſo your friends maintaine.  
 They many yeares hence may admire your raigne.

*Another ſpoken at the Court to the like purpoſe.*

*Prologue.*

As all ſmall rivers to the ocean runne,  
 As to the ſoveraigne of their ſilver ſtreames,  
 As all leſſe lights doe borrow of the Sunne,  
 From whom alone they take their golden beames.  
 So to this glorious Sunne we pay our light,  
 Without whoſe face we live in endleſſe night.  
 O you, on your owne earth ſoly divine,  
 Who fill your faire Court with your beames of grace,  
 With one ſmall glimmering on our paſtimes ſhine,  
 The Sun barres none the beauty of his face.  
 Poets that have like Larkes already fung,  
 Vnto the morning of your prosperous raigne,  
 Shall with an Angels quill and Cherubs tongue,  
 Your grace and goodneſſe through the world pro-  
 claime.  
 But when you reach the noontyde point, then ſtay,  
 And in the height of glory ſhine for aye.

*Epilogue.*

Moſt high and ſacred Sir, we now are caſt  
 Low as the earth, ſtrook mute with feare and terror,  
 Left through our want of judgement we have paſt

Words rudely plac't : or duty mixt with error.  
 The Shepheards Pipe made of an Oaten Reed,  
 Cannot compare with great *Apollo's* lyre ;  
 Nor should our Muse, that no delight can breed  
 Vnto your high and Princely eares aspire.  
 We bring a mite that would present a mine,  
 Our loves we pay, to whom our lives we owe,  
 Water we bring, who could afford it wine,  
 Our art you see, our hearts we cannot show.  
 O if we could ! we would enrich this place  
 With joyes essentiall, blessings above measure,  
 Heaven, Earth, Ayre, Sea, all powre upon your grace,  
 Their speciall bounties, and their richest treasure.  
 In our last wish all your desires attaine,  
 Life, safety, health, with a long-lasting raigne.

*A Prologue spoken at the right Honourable the Earle of  
 Dovers house in Broadstreet, at a Play in a most  
 bountifull Christmas hee kept there; the Speaker  
 Hospitality a frolick old fellow: A Collier of  
 Brawne in one hand, and a deepe Bowle of Mus-  
 cadel in the other.*

Where is that rich mans Minion, cal'd *Frugality* ?  
 What hath he quite hence banisht *Hospitality* ?  
 In dayes of old, when yea and nay did passe  
 For currant troth, I and old *Christenmasse*  
 Were of acquaintance ; but of late I find  
*Frugality* quick sighted, my selfe blind.  
 He goes through Court, through Country, City, and  
 Findes-entertainment, for each frugall hand  
 Still bids him welcome : yet a novice hee :  
 But I, that am of more antiquity  
 Than *Pauls* (alas) by time and age decayd,  
 Nay almost since this Cities ground-fills layd,  
 Walke up and downe and knock at each mans dore,  
 And finde the same cold welcome as before.  
 But harke, a Cock crowd, and I heard a Swan  
 Ecchoing to him, that here did live a man,

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Noble, and of that high and ancient straine,  
To call back *Hospitality* againe.

Then by the good Lords and kind Ladies leave,  
Since their wide Gates stand ready to receive  
So great a stranger, and (in me) these guests  
So oft invited to their annuall feasts,  
This blessing take, oh whether in this place,  
Or where so else this blest time you so grace,  
May your warme Chimneyes smoke, and hot fires  
glow,  
Whilst *Thames* breeds Swans, or Cocks 'gainst Christ-  
mas crow.

*It is to be observed that the Earle in Heraldry  
gives the Swan, and the Countesse the  
Cocke, &c.*

*The Epilogue presented by delight.*

We see bright day succeeds darke night,  
Disaster past, then comes delight,  
From seeming death reviv'd to tell,  
That here she henceforth meanes to dwell,  
When hospitality hath grace,  
Delight should ever there finde place.  
Receive her then your household guest,  
This night to attend you to your rest :  
And when your quiet sleepe is spent,  
Awake you to your more content,  
At home, abroad, handmaid, and guide :  
Whether you sit, lye, walke or ride,  
Sport, purpose serious meditation,  
And thought, still have to me relation,  
And so for ever, as this night,  
Be waited on by choise delight.

*Spoken to the right Honourable the Earle of Dover, at  
his house in Broadstreet upon a Candlemas night.*

*The Prologue.*

The downy Swan though yoakt in *Venus* Teame,

Yet of all birds that ever lov'd the streame,  
Is held to be the chieftest : *Pallas* Owle  
In *Athens* fam'd for many a learned scrowle,  
Compos'd in Inke and Oyle, th' embleme of watch,  
By which the most laborious students catch  
At Arts (howe're, benighted) was not more  
Famous, in Greece, then on Caister shore  
Your sacred Bird, which the nine Sisters strove  
To make the symbole of conjugall love,  
With which the Cock, the Bird of *Mars* combin'd,  
A double gardian knot, to be untwin'd  
Never : 'Tis now made fast, so intricate,  
Not *Alexanders* sword, not time, not fate  
Can e'ver untye, for what's in vertue laid,  
Envie can never blast, nor age invade.

In this blest state both you, and yours, now stand  
As first dispos'd, so strengthened by that hand,  
Which as it makes, protects ; you have begun  
To grace the City with your prefence : run  
That happy course still : you and your lov'd wife  
Have to dead hospitality given new life.  
Still cherish it : old Christenmasse almost starv'd  
Through base neglect, by you hath beene preserv'd.  
O give him still like welcome, that whilst he  
Hath name on earth, you may his harbourer be.

*Epilogue.*

What man can wish his blisse to crowne,  
Or in abundance heaven powre downe.  
Health, plenty, solace, all delights  
That lengthen dayes, or shorten nights.  
Heavens favour, and the Courts best grace,  
Attend the great Lord of this place.  
Old Christenmasse hunger-starv'd and dry,  
Who earst did drinke deepe and far'd hye  
You welcome, and with Princely cheere,  
Feast *Ianus* father of the yeare.  
The sparing Chuff could be content

To thrust the twelve dayes into Lent.  
 You *Englands* custome, wake from sleepe,  
 Which all the Christian world still keepe :  
 For which may you thus stor'd with guests  
 Long celebrate these annuall feasts,  
 That you and your good Lady may  
 Together, many a New-yeares day,  
 Rejoyce in your blest Issue till  
 The houres shall faile, and time stand still.

*A speech spoken before the right Honourable the Earle of  
 Dover, at his House at Hunsden, as a preparation  
 to a Maske, which consisted of nine Ladies.  
 Presented the last New-yeares night.*

The silver *Swan* soft gliding in the streame,  
 Cald to the *Cocke* then pearching on a beame,  
 And said to him ; why, *Chanticleere*, when I  
 Move on the waves so low, thou sit'st so high ?  
 The *Cocke* replide : O thou my best lov'd Sister  
 Well knowne in *Poe*, *Meander*, and *Caister*,  
 But best in *Thamesis* ; Dost thou not know  
 The reason, why we in *December* crow ?  
 More than before, or after ? who againe  
 Thus answer'd : we of nothing can complaine  
 Being of all the birds that are, most white,  
 Loyall and chaste, and taking our delight  
 In rivers onely, bathing there our feete  
 To make our rare-heard musick sound more sweet.  
 Yet one thing to resolve, would make me proud,  
 To tell why at this time thou sing'st so lowd ?  
 Who said : none of our ancestors but knew  
 That ever since Saint *Peters* Cock first crew,  
 We are injoynd to make lowd proclamation,  
 Of our most blessed Saviours Incarnation.  
 To which the *Swan*, (then in a Tone much higher)  
 Said, in this Caroll I will fill the quire :  
 Which being voyc't, did sound so sweet and shrill,  
 That where the *Swan* and *Cock* were heard, did fill

The ayre with such an eccho, thither came  
 Vpon that fummons, both the blind and lame,  
 Hungry and thirsty, poore, of all estates,  
 And none but fully fated at these gates.  
 Long may your bounty last, and we reioyce,  
 To heare both City and the Country voyce  
 Your Hospitality, to your loud fame,  
 Whilst Time indures, or *Christmas* beares a name.  
 And now great Lord and Lady both prepare,  
 To know what *Sports* in agitation are.

*Truth presenting the Maskers.*

Plaine *Truth* who onely hath the power  
 To steare the way to *vertues* bower,  
 By these cleare Tapers shining bright,  
 Doth celebrate this joviall night.  
 But by the Bird of *Mars* that crowes,  
 I now perceive the morning growes.  
 Her love to *Phæbus* to expresse,  
 And put his steeds in glorious dresse  
 Who shewes you what chaste virgins dwell,  
 Within the bosome of this Cell,  
 Appeare then O thou treble Trine  
 Of number, with the *Muses* nine.  
 (*Appolloes* sacred daughters) still  
 Frequent about *Parnassus* hill.  
 Or if you number them by Threes,  
 The first are the three *Charitees*,  
 Handmaides to *Venus*, *Graces* stil'd,  
 On whom their Father *Iove* still smil'd.  
 The second *Chorus* doth containe  
 Those beauties, by the *Trojan* swaine  
 On *Ida* judg'd: The third we call  
 The *Vertues* Theologicall,  
*Faith*, *Hope*, and *Love*, haply meet here,  
 To crowne the parting of the yeare,  
 With *Roses* fresh of *Swan*-like hew,  
 Which from a royall Stemme first grew,

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And the brave *Yorkists* long since bore,  
 These *vertues bower*, doe best decore,  
 Flowers redolent, which Heralds say,  
*Ianus* doth weare, as well as *May*.  
 Farre may they spread, be ever seene,  
 With milke white leaves, and branches greene,  
 Folded in amorous twines together,  
 Which *Winter* ne're may blast or wither.

*A young witty Lad playing the part of Richard the third :  
 at the Red Bull : the Author because hee was  
 interested in the Play to incourage him, wrot  
 him this Prologue and Epilogue.  
 The Boy the Speaker.*

If any wonder by what magick charme,  
*Richard* the third is shrunke up like his arme :  
 And where in fulnesse you expected him,  
 You see me onely crawling, like a limme  
 Or piece of that knowne fabrick, and no more,  
 (When he so often hath beene view'd before.)

Let all such know : a Rundlet ne're so small  
 Is call'd a vessell : being a Tunne ; that's all.  
 Hee's team'd a man, that showes a dwarfish thing,  
 No more's the Guard, or Porter to the King.  
 So Pictures in small compasse I have seene  
 Drawne to the life, as neare, as those have beene  
 Ten times their bignesse : Christenmas loaves are  
 bread,

So's your least Manchet : have you never read  
 Large folio Sheets which Printers over-looke,  
 And cast in small, to make a pocket booke ?  
 So *Richard* is transform'd : if this disguise  
 Show me so small a letter for your eyes,  
 You cannot in this letter read me plaine,  
 Hee'l next appeare, in texted hand againe.

*The Epilogue.*

Great I confesse your patience hath now beene,



To see a little *Richard*: who can win,  
Or praise, or credit? eye, or thinke to excell,  
By doing after what was done so well?  
It was not my ambition to compare,  
No envie, or detraction: such things are  
In men of more growne livers, greater spleene,  
But in such lads as I am, seldome seene.

I doe, but like a child, who sees one swim,  
And (glad to learne) will venter after him  
Though he be soundly duckt for't, or to tell  
My mind more plainly, one that faine would spell,  
In hope to read more perfect: all the gaines  
I expect for these unprofitable paines,  
Is, that you would at parting from this place  
Doe but unto my littlenesse that grace  
To spie my worth, as I have seene dimme eyes  
To looke through spectacles, or perspectives,  
That in your gracious view I may appeare,  
Of small, more great; of coming far off, neare.

*Vpon his Majesties last birth-night, he being then thirty  
five yeares of age, and the Queene great with  
child.*

A Star appearing of bright constellation,  
More luminous than those of the same station,  
The powers Cœlestiall much amaz'd thereat  
To know the cause thereof, in Councell fate,  
And summond *Mercury* the winged god  
To search and find what wonder it might bode,  
Who brought them word that *Lachesis* then drew  
A thread from *Clothoes* distaffe, which to' his view  
Was of such splendor, and withall so fine,  
(The substance gold) and of so close a twine,  
No edge could funder, and that Star (so bright)  
Rose five and thirty yeares since, as this night.  
You are (if time we may compute) by story  
In the meridian of your age and glory.  
Your *Cynthia* too that shines by you so neare,

And now with such rare splendor fills her sphere,  
 Whose birth-dayes almost meete, as if that fate  
 Would adde a double lustre to your state.  
 Never may your two golden threds be spun.  
 Whilst the Moone guides the night, or day the  
 Sun.

*Epilogue.*

What Muse so mute, but both with voice and  
 strings  
 Will strive to celebrate the births of Kings.  
 Kings birth-dayes, of such goodnesse and renowne.  
*Ceres* should fill with plenty, *Bacchus* Crowne.  
 Mirth should exceed it's limite, Ioyes abound,  
 And (after praise to heaven giv'n) Healths go round.  
 No other language then let this night coyne,  
 But *Vive, vive la Roy, vive la Royne.*

*Spoken to the Palsgrave at his first comming over, in the  
 presence of his Majesty, &c.*

The bright hayr'd Comets are of all the best,  
 Boading most good, when ayming towards the  
 West.  
 (So Astrologians say) and when such shine,  
 Groffe clouds they scatter, and the ayre refine.  
 Now such an one appeares ; a glorious thing,  
 As if the *Eagle* from her spatious wing  
 Had her prime feather dropt, which to regaine,  
 She (almost) would give *Almaigne, Rome, and Spaine.*  
 A feather to be stuck in *Venus* fanne.  
 The like to it, not *Iuno's* Peacock can  
 In all her moon'd traine boast: may your fame  
 flie,  
 Mounted upon those plumes that soare most hie :  
 Of which, make two rare presidents, We intreat,  
 One of *Charles* little, th' other *Charles* the Great.

*Epilogue.*

A numerous fruit, sprung from a golden Tree,  
 Such (as old *Atlas*, was ne're seene by thee  
 In thine *Hesperian* orchard) long t' indure  
 And prosper in the world : now growes mature.  
 And the faire blossoms ready even to spread  
 Their leaves abroad, and top the *Eagles* Head  
 (The Roote still safe) where-ever shall be seene  
 Scient, transplanted, may it still grow greene,  
 So may none issuing from King *James* his Stemme,  
 But be thought fit to weare a Diadem.  
 Would you a president by which to steare  
 So faire a course? you may behold it here.  
 If you to Honours *Apex* would attaine,  
 Let the bright *Starres* that guide you be *Charles*  
 waine.

*The Prologue to the Famous Tragedy of The Rich Few  
 of Malta, as it was playd before the King and  
 Queene, in his Majesties Theatre at White-  
 Hall, by her Majesties Servants  
 at the Cock-pit.*

*The Prologue spoken at Court.*

G Racious and Great, that we so boldly dare,  
 ('Mongst other Playes that now in fashion  
 are)  
 To present this ; writ many yeares agoe,  
 And in that Age, thought second vnto none ;  
 We humbly crave your pardon : we pursue  
 The story of a rich and famous *Few*  
 Who liu'd in *Malta* : you shall find him still,  
 In all his proiects, a sound *Macheuill* ;  
 And that's his Character : He that hath past  
 So many Censures, is now come at last

A A 2

To haue your princely Eares, grace you him ; then  
You crowne the Action, and renowne the pen.

*Epilogue.*

**I**T is our feare (dread Soueraigne) we haue bin  
Too tedious ; neither can't be lesse than sinne  
To wrong your Princely patience : If we haue,  
(Thus low deiected) we your pardon craue :  
And if ought here offend your eare or sight,  
We onely Act, and Speake, what others write.

*The Prologue to the Stage, at the Cocke-pit.*

**W**E know not how our Play may passe this  
Stage,  
But by the best of (1) Poets in that age  
The *Malta Few* had being, and was made ;  
And He, then by the best of (2) Actors play'd :  
In *Hero* and *Leander*, one did gaine  
A lasting memorie : in *Tamberlaine*,  
This *Few*, with others many : th' other wan  
The Attribute of peerelesse, being a man  
Whom we may ranke with (doing no one wrong)  
*Proteus* for shapes, and *Roscius* for a tongue,  
So could he speake, so vary ; nor is't hate  
To merit : in (3) him who doth personate  
Our *Few* this day, nor is it his ambition  
To exceed, or equall, being of condition  
More modest ; this is all that he intends,  
(And that too, at the vrgence of some friends)  
To prove his best, and if none here gaine-fay it,  
The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.

(1) *Marlo.*(2) *Allin.*(3) *Perkins.*

*Epilogue.*

I N Graving, with *Pigmalion* to contend ;  
Or Painting, with *Apelles* ; doubtlesse the end  
Must be disgrace : our Actor did not so,  
He onely aym'd to goe, but not out-goe.  
Nor thinke that this day any prize was plaid,  
Here were no betts at all, no wagers laid,  
All the ambition that his mind doth swell,  
Is but to heare from you, (by me) 'twas well.

FINIS.



# FORTUNE

BY

## LAND and SEA.

A

### TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it was Acted with great Applause  
by the QUEENS Servants.

---

WRITTEN BY

*THO. HAYWOOD.*

AND

*WILLIAM ROWLY.*

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*LONDON,*

Printed for *John Sweeting* at the *Angel* in *Popes-head Alley*,  
and *Robert Pollard* at the *Ben Johnson's Head* behind  
the *Exchange*. 1655.







## The Persons of the Play.

Old Forest.  
Frank Forest. } *his Sons.*  
Young Forest.

Old Harding.

Philip *his eldest Son married Susan Forest.*

William and } *his younger Sons.*  
John

M. Rainsford, *a quarelsome Gentleman.*

Goodwin, } *Gentlemen, friends to Rainsford.*  
Forest.

Merchant, *Brother to Mrs. Harding.*

Purfer, and } *Pirates.*  
Clinton.

Clown.

Pursivant.

Host.

Saylors.

Hangman.

Drawers.

Officers.

Mrs. Anne Harding, *second wife to old Harding.*

Susan, *daughter of old Forest, wife of Philip Harding.*

*The Scene* L O N D O N .





## Fortune by Land and Sea.

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Act. I. Scen. I.

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*Enter Mr. Raynsfoorth, old Mr. Forrest, Frank Forrest, Susan Forrest, Goodwin and Mr. Foster, 2. Gentlemen.*

*Raynf.* I Prithee *Frank* lets have thy company to supper.

*Frank.* With all my heart if I can but give my Father here the slip by fix a clock I will not fail.

*Raynf.* Ile talk with him, I prithee old man lends thy son to night, wee'le borrow him but some two hours, and send him home agen to thee presently.

*Good.* Faith do *Mr. Forrest*, he cannot spend his time in better company.

*Old For.* Oh Gentlemen, his too much liberty Breeds many strange outrageous ills in youth, And fashions them to vice.

*Raynf.* Nay school us not old man, some of us are too old to learn, and being past whipping too, there's no hope of profiting ; if we shall have him say so ? if

not, I prithee keep him still, and God give thee good of him.

*Frank.* Nay will you be gone, Ile be at the heels of you as I live.

*Foſt.* 'Tis enough, nay come, and if we ſhall go, let's go.

*Old For.* Nay Gentlemen do not miſtake me pray,

I love my ſon, but do not doat on him ;  
Nor is he ſuch a darling in mine eye,  
That I am lought to haue him from my ſight ;  
Yet let me tell you, had you gentlemen  
Called him to any fairer exerciſe,  
As practice of known weapons, or to back  
Some gallant gennet ; had it been to dance,  
Leap in the fields, to wreſtle, or to try  
Maſteries in any noble quality,  
I could have ſpared him to you half his age :  
But call him out to drinking, of all ſkill  
I hold that much uſ'd practice, the moſt ill.

*Frank.* I told him you would ſtill be urging him,  
and ſee what comes on't. *I Per ſequar.*

*Raynf.* Sir what we doe's in love, and let you know

We do not need his purſe nor his acquaintance,  
Nor if you ſhould miſtake, can we be ſorry  
Nor wound to aſk your pardon : fare ye well,  
Come Gentlemen.

*Frank.* Will you be gone ? Ile come.

*Old Forr.* Oh ſonne that thou wilt follow rioting,  
Surfeit by drinking and unſeaſoned hours ;  
Theſe Gentlemen perhaps may do't they're rich,  
Well landed, and their Fathers purchaſe dayly,  
Where I heaven knowes the world ſtill frowning on  
me,

Am forc'd to ſell and Margage to keep you.  
His brother rancks himſelf with the beſt gallants  
That flouriſh in the Kingdom, thee not able  
To ſpend with them, yet for his vertuous parts

He is borne out, his perfon woe'd and fought,  
And they more bound to him for his difcourfe  
Then he to them for their expence and coft.  
Thy courfe is otherwife, all drinking healths,  
Cups of muld Sack, and glaffes elbow deep :  
Drink in thy youth, maintain thee in thine age,  
No 'twill not hold out boy.

*Frank.* My company hath not been to your purfe  
So chargeable ; I do not fpend fo much.

*Old Forr.* Thou fpendeft thy time  
More pretious then thy coyn, confumefth thy hopes,  
Thy fortunes and thy after expectations,  
In drowning furfeits, tell me canft thou cal  
That thrift to be in all thefe prodigal.  
Ufe thy difcretion, fomewhat I devine,  
Mine is the care, the lofs or profit thine. *Exit.*

*Sufan.* Brother be ruled, my Father grieves to fee  
you given to thefe boundlefs riots, will you follow ?

*Frank.* Lead you the way, Ile after you.

*Sufan.* 'Tis well, hee'l look for you within.

*Frank.* When ? can you tel ? *Exeunt feverally.*

*Enter Raynsfoorth, Goodwin, and Fofter.*

*Raynf.* Boy my cloak.

*Goodw.* Our cloaks firrah.

*Enter a Drawer.*

*Foft.* Why Drawer.

*1. Drawer.* Here Sir.

*Raynf.* Some Canary Sack and Tobacco.

*Rraw.* You fhall Sir, wilt pleafe you ftay fupper ?

*Raynf.* Yes marry will we Sir, lets have the beft  
cheer the kitchin yeilds : the pipe firrah.

*Drawer.* Here Sir.

*Raynf.* Will *Frank* be here at fupper ?

*Goodw.* So Sir he promis'd, and prefumes he wil  
not fail his hour.

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*Rayns.* Some Sack boy, I am all lead within, ther's no mirth in me, nor was I wont to be so lumpish sad : reach me the glasse : what's this ?

*Draw.* Good Sherry Sack Sir.

*Raynsf.* I meant Canary Sir, what hast no brains ?

*Draw.* Pox a your brains, are your fingers so light.

*Rainf.* Say fir.

*Draw.* You shall have Canary presently.

*Goodw.* When was he wont to be in this sad strain, Excepting some few sudden melanchollies, There lives not one more free and sociable.

*Foft.* I am too well acquainted with his humour, to stir his blood in the least distemperature ; Cofe Ile be with you here.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Rainf.* Do, come to me ; have you hit upon the right Canary now, or could your Hogthead find a *Spanish* But ? A health.

*Goodw.* Were it my height Ile pledge it.

*Foft.* How do you now man ?

*Rainf.* Well, well, exceeding well, my melancholly sadness steals away, and by degrees shrinks from my troubled heart : Come let's be merry, more Tobacco boy, and bring in supper.

*Enter Frank Forrest.*

*Foft.* *Frank*, welcom, welcom, wilt thou be here old lad ?

*Good.* Or here ?

*Frank.* Wherefore hath nature lent me two hands but to use them both at once (my cloak) I am for you here and here.

*Foft.* Bid them make haste of supper ; some discourse to pass away the time.

*Rainf.* Now *Frank*, how stole you from your  
Fathers arms ?

You have been schooled no doubt : fie, fie, upon't,  
E'r I would live in such base servitude  
To an old gray beard, Sfoot Ide hang my self.  
A man cannot be merry and drink drunk,  
But he must be controled by gravity.

*For.* O pardon him, you know he is my father,  
And what he doth is but paternal love ;  
Though I be wild, I am not so past reason,  
His person to despise, though I his counsel  
Cannot severely follow.

*Rainf.* Sfoot he's a fool.

*Fran.* A fool ; y'ar a——

*Fost.* Nay Gentlemen.

*Frank.* Yet I restrain my tongue,  
Hoping you speak out of some spleenful rashness,  
And no deliberate malice : And 'tmay be  
You are sorry that a word so unreverent  
To wrong so good an aged Gentleman  
Should pass you unawares.

*Rainf.* Sorry, Sir boy, you will not take ex-  
ceptions.

*Fra.* Not against you with willingness, whom I  
have loved so long ; yet you might think me a most  
dutilefs and ungracious Son to give smooth counte-  
nance unto my fathers wrong ; come I dare swear  
'twas not your malice, and I take it so ; lets frame  
some other talk, hear Gentlemen.

*Rainf.* But hear me boy, it seems Sir you are  
angry.

*Fra.* Not throughly yet.

*Rainf.* Then what would anger thee ?

*Fra.* Nothing from you.

*Rainf.* Of all things under heaven what wouldst  
thou loathest have me do ?

*Fra.* I would not have you wrong my reverent  
Father, and I hope you will not.

*Rainf.* Thy Father's an old dotard.

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*Fran.* I could not brook this at a Monarchs hands,  
Much lesse at thine.

*Rains.* I boy, then take you that.

*Flings wine in's face.*

*Fra.* I was not born to brook this, oh I am slain.

*Goodw.* Sweet Cofe what have you done ; thift for your self.

*Rains.* Away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Drawers.*

1. *Draw.* Stay the Gentlemen, they have kild a man : O sweet Mr. *Francis* ; one run to his Fathers.

2. *Draw.* Had not we Drawers enough in the house, but they must needs draw too ?

1. *Draw.* They have drawn blood of this Gentleman that I have drawn many a quart of wine to : Oh sweet Mr. *Francis* ; hark, hark, I hear his Fathers voice below, ten to one he is come to fetch him home to supper, and now he may carry him home to his grave : See here he comes.

*Enter the Host, Mr. Forrest and Susan.*

*Host.* You must take comfort, Sir.

*Old For.* Would heaven I could, or that I might beg patience.

*Suf.* Oh my brother.

*Old For.* Is he dead, is he dead girl.

*Suf.* Oh dead fir, *Frank* is dead.

*Old For.* Alafs, alafs my boy, I have not the heart To look upon his wide and gaping wounds : Hide them, oh hide them from me, lest those mouthes Through which his life past through swallow mine : Pray tell me, Sir, doth this appear to you Fearful and pittiful, to you that are A stranger to my dead boy ?

*Host.* How can it otherwise ?



*Old For.* Oh me most wretched of all wretched men,

If to a stranger his warm bleeding wounds  
Appear so grievously, and so lamentable,  
How will they seem to me that am his Father?  
Will they not hale my eyeballs from their rounds,  
And with an everlasting blindness strike 'em.

*Suf.* Oh Sir, look here.

*Old For.* Do'st thou long to have me blind,  
Then Ile behold them since I know thy mind:  
Oh me is this my sonne that doth so senseless lye,  
And swims in blood, my soul shall fly with his  
Unto the land of rest, behold I crave,  
Being kild with grief, we both may have one grave.

*Suf.* Alas my Father's dead too gentle Sir,  
Help to retire his spirits over-travell'd  
With age and sorrow.

*Host.* Mr. *Forrest*.

*Suf.* Father.

*Old For.* What saies my girl? good morrow; what's  
a clock

That you are up so early? call up *Frank*,  
Tell him he lies too long a bed this morning:  
Was wont to call the Sun up, and to raise  
The early Lark, and mount her 'mongst the clouds;  
Will he not up, rise, rise thou sluggish boy.

*Suf.* Alas he cannot Father.

*Old For.* Cannot, why?

*Suf.* Do you not see his bloodless colour fail.

*Old For.* Perhaps he's sickly that he looks so  
pale.

*Suf.* Do you not feel his pulse no motion keep?  
How still he lies.

*Old For.* Then is he fast asleep?

*Suf.* Do you not see his fatal eye-lids close.

*Old For.* Speak softly, hinder not his soft repose.

*Suf.* Oh see you not these purple conduits run,  
Know you these wounds?

*Old For.* Oh me my murdered Son.

*Enter young Mr. Forrest.*

*Mr. For.* Sister.

*Suf.* O brother, brother.

*Mr. For.* Father, how cheer you Sir? why you were wont to store for others comfort that by sorrow were any way distrest, have you all wasted, and spared none to your self.

*Old For.* Oh Son, son, son, see alafs, see where thy brother lies, he dined with me to day, was merry, merry, eye that course was, he that lies here, see there, thy murdered brother, and my son was, see doest not thou not weep for him.

*Mr. For.* I shall find time,  
When you have took some comfort Ile begin  
To mourn his death, and scourge the murderers  
fin.

Dear father be advifed, take hence his body,  
And let it have a folemn funeral.

*Old For.* But for the murderer, shall not he attend  
the sentence of the Law with all severity.

*Mr. For.* Have you but patience, should we urge  
the Law  
He hath fuch honourable friends to guard him,  
We should in that but bark againft the Moon;  
Nay do not look that way, take hence the body,  
Let the Law fleep, the time ere it be long,  
May offer't felf to a more iuft revenge:  
We are poor, and the world frowns on all our  
fortune,  
With patience then bear this amongst the reft:  
The heavens when they be pleased may turn the  
wheel

Of Fortune round, when we that are dejected,  
May be again raifed to our former height.

*Old For.* Oh when faw Father fuch a tragick  
fight,  
And did outlive it, never fonne, ah never  
From mortal breaft run fuch a pretious River.

*Mr. For.* Come Father and dear Sister joyn  
with me,

Let us all learn our forrows to forget,  
He owed a death, and he hath payd that debt.

*Exeunt.*

ACT. I. Scen. 2.

*Enter old Mr. Harding, his two sonnes William and John, his Wife Anne, as newly come from the Wedding.*

*Old Hard.* So things are as they should be, we  
have attained

The height of folace and true joy, sweet *Nan*

No sooner married but a Mother of this

My hopeful Issue, cheer thoughts

For what I want in youth I will supply

In true affection, and what age doth scant me

In sprightly vigour, Ile make good in wealth.

*Anne.* Sir, you well know I was not easily wonne,

And therefore not soon changed; advisedly,

Not rashly did I venter on your love.

My young unsetled thoughts from their long travels

Have late attained unto their journeys end,

And they are now at rest.

*Old Har.* Here they have found a harbour to  
retire to.

*Wil.* 'Twould become you to use my Father here  
respectively: you see how he receives you almost  
dowerless.

*Foh.* True, where he out of his own abilities  
might have commanded Widdows richer farre, I, and  
perhaps each way as beautiful.

*Anne.* Upbraid me not, I do confesse he might,  
Nor was this match my seeking: If it hath pleased  
Your father for some virtues known in me,

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To grace me with his free election :  
 Me-thinks it worfe becomes you being sonnes  
 To blame a Fathers pleasure ; howsoever  
 Better my self I cannot if he thought me  
 Worthy his bed I see small reason you  
 Should wrong me to him that my state best knew.

*Old Hard.* Nann, I am pleased they shall be  
 fatished ;

And boyes I tell you, though you be my sonnes,  
 You much forget your duty to a Mother  
 Whom I hold worthy to be called my Wife ;  
 No more of this I charge you.

*Wil.* Sir, we have done.

*Old Hard.* No child to her, can be to me no Son.

*Foh.* I am pleased, here my spleen dyes,  
 Suddenly fallen as it did quickly rise.

*Old Hard.* This is the end I aim'd at, were my  
 eldest present among us much I had my height of  
 wifes.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clow.* I have been there, Sir.

*Old Hard.* And foundest thou my Son *Philip* ?

*Clow.* When you had given him me in charge, I  
 had of him great care I have took of him great care,  
 and I have took him napping, as you know who took  
 his Mare : I found your son *Philip* like a Cocksparrow  
 billing : if I had stayed but a little longer, I might  
 have taken him and his hen treading, I know not  
 whether it be *St. Valentines* day or no, but I am sure  
 they are coupled.

*Old Hard.* How coupled dost thou mean ?

*Clow.* I see them one and one, and that you know  
 makes two, and two makes a couple, and they well  
 coupled, may in time make a third between 'em ; I do  
 not think but tis like to be a match.

*Old Hard.* I vow if e'r he match into that  
 family,

The Kindred being all begger'd, that forc'd union  
Shall make a firm divorce 'twixt him and mine.

*Enter Philip and Susan.*

*Clow.* Here they are, Sir, *coram nobis*, you will find  
it a plain case if the matter be well searcht ; I have  
spoke but what I have seen ; and now let every one  
answer for themselves.

*Old Hard.* What means these hands ?

*Phil.* Nothing Sir,  
Save a meer interchange of hearts and souls  
Doubly made fast by vows.

*Old Hard.* 'Twixt her and thee !

*Phil.* So, and no otherwise.

*Old Hard.* Yet thou hast time  
To pause, and to repeat but after this  
No limit to consider ; cast her off,  
Or henceforth I disclaim thee for my Son.

*Phil.* Yet I shall ever hold you for my father.

*Old Hard.* Then shew in this thy duty, quite forsake  
her,  
And be restored into my family.

*Phil.* O Sir she is a virgin chaste and fair,  
Unto whose bed I am by oath engaged ;  
That power above that heard the contract pass,  
Both heard, approved, and still records the same :  
Oh Sir I am of years, oft have you wisht  
To see me well bestowed, and now's the time  
Your wish hath took effect : It was your prayer  
That heaven would send me a good Wife, and lo  
In her they have shewed their bounty.

*Old Hard.* Thou thy baseness, take one that's of  
my chusing.

*Phil.* Do men use  
By other hearts and eyes their wives to chuse ?

*Old Hard.* She's poor.

*Phil.* Yet virtuous.

*Old Hard.* Virtue, a sweet dower.

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*Phil.* Yet that when *Mammon* fails retains her power.

*Old Hard.* Possess of virtue then thou need ought else.

*Phil.* Riches may waste by fire, by sea, by stealth,  
But water, fire, nor theft can virtue waste, )  
When all else fails us that alone shall last.

*Old Hard.* Go to *Cheapside* with virtue in your purse,  
And cheapen Plate, or to the Shambles hye, )  
And see what meat with virtue you can buy.  
Will virtue make the pot seeth, or the Jack  
Turn a spit laden ? tell me will your Landlord  
At quarter day take virtue for his rent ?  
Will your Wives virtue yeeld you ten i'th hundred ?  
A good stock would do all this : Come, come, Son,  
I'll find thee a rich match and turn her off.

*Wil.* Faith doe brother, the onely way to thrive is to be ruled by my Father.

*Fohn.* Do you think I being but the youngest, would marry under the degree of a Gentlewoman, and that without my fathers consent too ?

*Phil.* I wish you may not, but withall advise you  
To make a conscience how you break a vow :  
And Sir, for you, with pardon, I could trace you  
Even in that path in which I stand condemned :  
This Gentlewoman my beauteous Mother-in-law,  
Whose virtues I both honour, and admire,  
Whom in no kind I envy, I presume  
You married not for riches ; for if so,  
Where is the wealthy Dower she brought along ?  
Being your self example blame me not  
To make a father my strict president.  
In viewing me bear but your self in mind, )  
And prove to her, as I to this like kind.

*Anne.* The Gentleman speaks well, pray let me mediate between you a reconciliation.

*Wil.* Good Sir do.

*Joh.* Since 'tis my Mothers pleasure to take't well  
wee'l be joynt suitors with her.

*Clow.* And I too good Master.

*Old Hard.* The boy's inflexible, and I obdure,  
He cannot be more faucy to object  
That which I would not hear then I perverse,  
In yeelding to a knaue so obstinate.

*Suf.* He is your Son, and of your blood the first ;  
Brand him not with a name so odious,  
You cannot write your self a Gentleman,  
But leave him of that name inheritor,  
Though you have power to take away his means,  
Deprive him both your blessing and your love,  
Which methinks in a Father should seem strange,  
His state you may, his blood you cannot change. )

*Old Hard.* Bated on all sides ; have I been thus  
long  
A Father and a Master to direct,  
To be at these years pupil'd by a girle ?  
A beggar, one that all the welth she has,  
Bears on her back, and shall I suffer this ?  
Whilest these that ought to arm me with just rage,  
Preach to me patience ; He endure no more,  
Come leave them sweet wife, gentle sonnes away.

*Excunt.*

*Phil.* He have thee yet though all the world fay  
nay.

*Clow.* Now which of these parties shall I cleave  
to and follow : well now I remember my self He shew  
my self a true Citizen and stick to the stronger side.

*Exit.*

## Act. 1. Scen. 3.

*Enter Mr. Raynsfoorth and young Mr. Forrest meeting.*

*For.* Pray let me speak with you.

*Raynsf.* With me Sir?

*Forr.* With you.

*Raynsf.* Say on.

*Forr.* Do you not know me?

*Raynsf.* Keep off upon the peril of thy life,  
Come not within my sword's length lest this Arm  
Prove fatal to thee, and bereave thy life,  
As it hath done thy brothers.

*Forr.* Why now thou knowest me truly by that  
token,  
That thou hast slain my brother, put up, put up,  
So great a quarrel as a brother's life,  
Must not be made a street brall, 'ts not fit  
That every Apprentice should with his shop-club,  
Betwixt us play the flicklers, sheath thy sword.

*Raynsf.* Swear thou wilt act no suddaine violence,  
Or this sharp sword shall still be interpos'd  
'Twixt me and thy known hatred.

*Young Forr.* Sheath thy sword,  
By my religion and that interest  
I have in Gentry, I will not be guilty  
Of any base revenge.

*Raynsf.* Say on.

*Forr.* Let's walk, trust me let not thy guilty soul  
Be jealous of my fury this my hand's  
Curbed and governed by an honest heart,  
Not by just anger, Ile not touch thee foully  
For all the world: let's walk.

*Raynsf.* Proceed.



*Forr.* Sir, you did kill my brother, had it been  
In faire and even encounter, though a child,  
His death I had not questioned.

*Raynf.* Is this all?

*Forr.* Hee's gone, the Law is past, your life is  
cleared,

For none of all our kindred laid against  
You evidence to hang you; y'are a Gentleman,  
And pittie 'twere a man of your discent  
Should dye a Felons death: See Sir, thus far,  
We have demeaned fairly like our selves;  
But think you though we winck at base revenge,  
A brothers death can be so soon forgot,  
Our Gentry baffel'd and our name disgrac'd?  
No t' must not be, I am a Gentleman  
Well known; and my demeaner hitherto  
Hath promist somewhat: should I swallow this,  
The scandal would outlive me: briefly then  
Ile fight with you.

*Raynf.* I am loath.

*Forr.* Answer directly  
Whether you dare to meet me on even termes,  
Or mark how i'le proceed.

*Raynf.* Say I deny't.

*Forr.* Then I say thou art a villaine and I chal-  
lenge thee,

Where ere I meet thee next, in field or town,  
Thy Fathers manners or thy Tennants grange,  
Saving the Church, there is no priviledge  
In all this land for thy despised life;  
No guard of friends, no night walks, or fly stealth,  
No jealous fear which in a murtherers eye  
Keeps hourly watch, shall have the priviledge:  
This even and ballanc'd fight body to body;  
Ile kill thee be it in thy bed, at meat,  
In thy wives arms; as thou tookest my brother,  
With thy back towards me, basely: answer me.

*Raynf.* Ile meet with thee; the hour?

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*Forr.* By fix to morrow morning, 'tis your privilege  
To appoint the place and weapon.

*Raynf.* *Hownfelow* the place, my choice of weapon  
this.

*Forr.* I can except at neither; fail the place,  
Or suit your weapons length, farewell. *Exit.*

*Raynf.* Yes 'tis thou meetest thy last farewell on  
earth, the appoynted hour's to morrow: let the same  
fate obscure his desperate head that fell upon his  
brothers.

*Enter Goodwin and Foster.*

*Goodw.* Now Cozen *Raynsforth*.

*Raynf.* Ile so swinge my yonker.

*Fost.* Why who hath rayfed this storm Sir?

*Raynf.* Wat'st thou what? The elder *Forrest* parted  
but even now,

Call'd me to question 'bout his brothers death,  
And since hath challeng'd me.

*Goodw.* Challenged?

*Raynf.* Challenged me.

*Fost.* Why hee's too weak for you.

*Raynf.* Yes, I shall weak him,  
My purpose is to teach the stripling fence:  
And you be honest Gentlemen stand but aloofe to  
morrow, and observe how I will swinge my youth about  
the field.

*Goodw.* And please Heaven ile be there.

*Fost.* And so will I.

*Raynf.* He seekes his fate, and murderers once  
being in  
( Wade further till they drown: sin pulls on sin. *Exit.*

*Explicit. Actus primus.*

Act. 2. Scen. 1.

*Enter Old Harding, William, John, Anne.*

*Will.* **T**Is true upon my life.

*Old Hard.* Say what thou wilt Ile not beleeve it boy.

*Will.* Do you beleeve me to be your Son *William.*

*Old Hard.* Wel.

*Will.* Do you beleeve I stand here?

*Old Hard.* On.

*Will.* That this Gentlewoman is your wife?

*Old Hard.* So.

*Will.* That *Jack Harding* here is my brother?

*Old Hard.* Good.

*Will.* That I speak to you, that you list to me? Do you believe any thing that is to be believed?

*Old Hard.* What of all this?

*Will.* Then beleeve my brother *Phillip* has married Mistress *Susan*. I saw them in the Church together; I heard them pronounce the words together, whether it be better or worse for them I know not, but they are in for better and worse, that I am sure.

*Old Hard.* As sure as thou art certain this is true, So sure Ile disinherite the proud boy:  
And all the Magazin that I enjoy,  
Devide 'tween you my sons.

*John.* Not all Father, alas, allow him some smal legacy to live on.

*Will.* If't be but a cast Farm, or some poor Cottage rather then nothing, it may be hee'l content himself with a little, you know somewhat hath some favour.

*Old Hard.* He that hath set me and my love at nothing, Ile leave him worth as little.

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*Anne.* Chide him you may, but yet not cast him off;  
For Fathers ought most chastise where they love;  
Parents as I have read, their rage should hide  
Where children fall through weaknesse, not through pride.

*Old Hard.* They are none such to me, my vow is past,  
My life may fade, but yet my will shall last.

*Enter Philip and Susan.*

*Will.* See where the four bare legs that belong to a bed come, I could almost pity him.

*Jack.* And why pity him, all the while that marriage is the first step to our making?

*Phil.* See Sir 'tis done.

*Old Hard.* And thou undone.

*Phil.* In losing your kind favour more undone  
Then in your casual wealth.

*Old Hard.* By all that I enjoy.

*Phil.* Oh swear not, spare that oath, Ile credit you,  
Although you speak but mildly.

*Old Hard.* So thrive I, if for this marriage made  
in dispiight of me I make thee partner of any substance that's accounted mine.

*Phil.* Not made in spight of you, unsay that language,

And then you chide me truly as I live.

And though on earth by you disherited

Hope to be heir to heaven; I matcht with her

In sincere love, but in no spleen to you,

Though you have sworn to give my fortunes from me;

You have not sworn to reave me of your love,

That let me have, let others take the land.

*Old Hard.* My love goes with my land, and in  
this marriage

Thou hast lost both.

*Phil.* Your substance I despise, )

But to lose that draws rivers from my eyes. 7

*Anne.* Oh bear a soft and more relenting soul,  
And look upon the vertues of your sonne,  
This Gentlewomans birth.

*Old Hard.* Wife, wife, if he have married her for  
birth,  
Then let her birth maintain him.

*Anne.* My kind sons,  
Speak to your father.

*Will.* Alas Mother, you hear my Father hath  
sworn, and do you love him, and would make him  
break's oath.

*John.* Ingage his soul, that were a wives part in-  
deed.

*Will.* As I live I would not wish him now he has  
sworn to alter his minde in the least circumstance,  
for more then Ile speak.

*Phil.* I am a kinder son then you be brothers,  
have you renounc't me for your son ?

*Old Hard.* I have.

*John.* You see he has.

*Phil.* You have not yet renounc't me for your  
servant,

That title let me bear, Ile be your man,  
And wear your Livery, since my poverty  
Inforces me to serve, let it be you.

*Will.* Grant him that good Father, when you want  
imployment for him, I may sometimes have occasion  
to use him my selfe.

*John.* A reasonable motion, you want a serving-  
man, since you must hire one on force, as good him as  
another.

*Phil.* He wants a Maid too, let him hire this  
woman, his servant not his daughter, give us but as  
you would do to strangers we are pleased.

*Will.* The motion's not amisse, can you milk sweet  
heart.

*Susan.* I can.

*Will.* And sweep a house, serve a hog, grope a hen, feel a duck, wash and wring.

*Susan.* What I have used, my soft hand best can shew,

But what I cannot Ile be glad to learn.

*John.* A good willing mind in troth, and can you bake and brew ?

*Susan.* I shall be easily taught.

*John.* Y'ad best look too't, for as you brew, so y'are like to drink.

*Old Hard.* Sirrah, sirrah, can you hold the plough and thrash, sow, reap, load a cart, drive a Teem.

*Phil.* These or what else Ile practice.

*Old Hard.* Come then of with these gay cloaths, no habit's fit for hyndes ; help boys to suit them as their fortunes are ; go search in the clowns wardrobe.

*Will.* Fear not wee'l fit 'em as wel as if we had tane measure of 'em.

*Anne.* To see this misery with such patience born, Makes me to pity where these others scorn.

*John.* Here Sir is that wil serve the turn if you employ him in the cornfields, Ile warrant him fright the birds, here's that wil make him look like a scarecrow.

*Will.* And here's that will change the copy of her case, though not of her countenance.

*Old Hard.* Too good for drudges, live now by your sweat,

And at your labour make account to eat.

*Phil.* Here's but a forry wedding day.

*Susan.* My sweet *Philip*

That thou shouldst suffer these extreames for me ;  
Onely for me.

*Phil.* Let that betwixt my soule  
And thine be witnesse of my constant love ;  
Alas for thee that thou must drudge and toyl,  
And having been a Mistres all thy life,  
Must now become a servant.

Ent. Clown.

*Clow.* This being the wedding day of my Masters eldest Son, I expect rare cheer. As first, the great spic'd Cake to go in, Cake-bread fashion, drawn out with Currans, the Jealous Formety must put on his yellow hose agen, and hot Pies come mincing after, the boyl'd Mutton must swim in a River of stew'd broth, where the channel's made of Prunes, Instead of peables, and prime reasons, and Currans in the stead of checker stones and gravel, to omit Geese and Guls, Ducks and Dotterels, Widgins and Woodcocks, of which there will be plenty. At our wedding dinner we shall have the Bride in her tiffety taffeties most sumptuous, and the Bridegroom as wel in brancht Sattin as brancht Rosemary most couragious. Ile in and see them in all their beauty, and give them the Joy, the boon Jour, the *Befilus Manus*, or to be more vulgar to the Incapable, the God give you good morrow.

*Phil.* Good morrow fellow simkin.

*Clow.* 'Tis he, no, no, 'tis not he.

*Suf.* Good simkin.

*Clow.* Her face, the trick of her eye, her leer, her blink, her askue, but to say it is she, *Proh deum atque hominum fidem*.

*Phil.* Art thou amazed to see me thus transformed,

Or her thus alterd, none but such a Father,  
Such a remorseless and hard hearted Father,  
Could so translate his children.

*Clown.* Oh Mr. *Philip*, I see your Father is no Scholer, but a meer Dunce, I protest I never red a more vilde translation.

*Suf.* Nor see so suddain and unmeet a change.

*Clow.* O young Mistris, *Ovids* Metamorphosis could never show the like ; but how comes this to passe, the manner, the manner my heart begins to condole,

and my conduit pipes to open, we shall have a showre presently ; the manner ?

*Phil.* This morning having married my betrothed,

For could I less do having vowed so much ?

I came to him and most submissively

Entreated pardon for my self and her.

*Clow.* Kind young man—— hold good heart.

*Phil.* He presently reviles us, then renounc'd us,  
Nor would he give us, should he see us starve  
And famish at his gate, no not a crust  
Of his hindes bread, or of his smallest beer  
Not a bare crusful should we dye for thirst.

*Clow.* 'Twil out, 'twil out, but now for the apparel.

*Suf.* When he renounc'd us for his children,  
We had no meanes reserved unless with baseness  
To beg our victuals, were resolved to work,  
So he at our entreaty hired us both  
To be his hindes and drudges.

*Clow.* Your apron good Mistris, and so and so,  
you were stript out of your silks and fattens and  
forc'd to put on these ruslets and sheepskins.

*Phil.* Even so.

*Clow.* O most tyrannical old Fornicator (old Master I would say). Well since 'tis so, no more young Master, but fellow servant ; no more Master *Philip* but *Phil* ; here's my hand Ile do two mens labours in one to save you a labour, and to spare your shoulders Ile help at many a dead lift : Come Ile go teach ye hayte and ree, gee and whoe, and which is to which hand ; next Ile learn you the name of all our Teeme, and acquaint you with Jocke the fore-horse, and Fibb the fil-horse, and with all the goda-mercy fraternity.

*Suf.* Succeed it as heaven please.

*Phil.* What must be, must be, heaven hath set it down,



At which they smile, why should we mortals frown ?

*Clow.* To see so brave a Gentleman turn Clown. )

*Exeunt.*

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Act. 2. Scen. <sup>2</sup>/<sub>1</sub>.

*Enter Goodwin and Foster.*

*Fos.* Are we not somewhat too early think you ?

*Goodw.* It appears so, for neither challenger nor defendant are yet in field.

*Fos.* Which way do you think the day will goe ? or whether of them do you hold to be the better man ?

*Goodw.* That I am not able to judge ; but if the opinion of the world hold currant, he that kild one brother, is thought will be the death of the other, but these things are beyond us : lye close for being seen.

*Enter Rainsforth and Forrest the younger.*

*Rainf.* Your resolution holds then ?

*Young For.* Men that are easily moved, are soon removed

From resolution, but when with advice  
And with foresight we purpose, our intents  
Are not without confederate reasons altered.

*Rainf.* Thou art resolved, and I prepared for thee,

Yet thus much know, thy state is desperate,  
And thou art now in dangers throat already  
Even half devoured ; if I subdue thee, know  
Thou art a dead man ; for this fatal steel

That fearcht thy brothers entrails is prepared  
 To doe as much to thee ; if thou survivest,  
 And I be slain, th'art dead too, my alliance  
 And greatness in the world will not endure  
 My slaughter unrevenged. Come, I am for thee.

*Young For.* I would my brother liv'd that this our  
 difference

Might end in an embrace of folded love ;  
 But 'twas heavens will that for some guilt of his  
 He should be scourged by thee, and for that guilt  
 In scourging him thou by my vengeance punishst,  
 Come I am both waies armed against thy steel,  
 If I be pierc'd by it, or against thy greatness  
 Mine pierce thee.

*Rainf.* Have at thee. [*Fight and pause.*]

*For.* I will not bid thee hold, but if thy breath  
 Be as much short as mine look to thy weakness.

*Rainf.* The breath thou drawst but weakly,  
 Thou now shalt draw no more.

[*Fight, Forrest loogeth his weapon.*]

*For.* That heaven knows,  
 He guard my body that my spirit ows.

[*He guards himself, and puts by with his hat, slips,  
 the other running fals over him, and Forrest  
 kils him.*]

*Goodw.* My Cofens faln, perſue the murderer.

*Foſt.* But not too near I pray, you ſee he's  
 armed,  
 And in this deep amazement may commit  
 Some deſperate outrage.

*For.* Had I but known the terrour of this deed,  
 I would have left it done imperfectly,  
 Rather then in this guilt of conſcience,  
 Laboured ſo far, but I forget my ſafety,  
 The Gentleman is dead, my deſperate life,  
 Will be overſway'd by his Allies and friends,  
 And I have now no ſafety but by flight.  
 And ſee where my purſuers come, away,  
 Certain deſtruction hovers o'r my ſtay.

*Exit.*

*Goodw.* Come follow, see he takes towards the City,

You bear the body of my Cofen hence  
Unto the neighbour village : Ile still keep  
Within the murderers fight, raise Hue and cry,  
He shall not scape our purfuit though he fly. *Exeunt.*

*Enter William and Philip.*

*Will.* Now will trusse me that point *Phil.* I could find in my heart to beg thee of my Father to wait upon me, but that I am afraid he cannot spare thee from the plough : besides I heard him say but the last day, thou wast more fit to make a hind then a serving man.

*Phil.* Sir, you were once my brother.

*Wil.* True, but that was when you were a son to my father.

*Phil.* I and my younger brother, I had then priority of birth.

*Wil.* But now it seems we have got the start of you, for being but a servant you are taken a button-hole lower.

*Phil.* When will this tedious night give place to day?

*Wil.* I hope I may command.

*Phil.* I must obey.

*Enter Joh. & Suf.*

*Joh.* My string *Sue*, are these shooes well mudded, down a your maribones good *Sue*, I hope you are not so straight lac'd but you can stoop : you acknowledg me one of your young Masters, if not, 'tis not unknown to you that I know the way to my father.

*Suf.* Yes Sir, and can tell tales, I know you can, and I have felt the smart on't.

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*Foh.* Whip me if you shall not if you begin once  
to grow stubborn : why when ?

*Suf.* As humble as your feet.

*Enter Mrs. Anne.*

*Anne.* Why how now maid is this work fitting  
you ?

And you Sir, you are lookt for in the stable,  
And should not loyter here, will you be gone ?

*Phil.* I am for any service. *Exit.*

*Suf.* And I too. *Exit.*

*Anne.* We shall find other things for you to doe.

*Wil.* If you cannot here be they that can, a drudge,  
a groom, Ile fend him of my errand.

*Foh.* And if I do not find work for her, Ile doe  
nothing but take Tobacco in every room, because  
twice a day Ile make her make clean the house.

*Exeunt.*

*Anne.* These think because I am their Stepmother,  
Their chiefeft torture is most my content,  
When I protest, to see them thus afflicted  
It grates my very heart-strings every hour :  
For though before their Fathers rathless eye,  
And their remorseless brothers, I seem stern,  
Yet privately they taste of my best bounty,  
And other of my servants are by me  
Hired to overcome their chiefeft drudgery.

*Within.* Follow, follow, follow.

*Ent. young For. with his weapon drawn.*

*Young For.* I am pursued, and there is no place of  
refuge

Left to my desperate life, but here's a woman,  
Oh if she harbour soft effeminate pitty  
She may redeeme me from a shameful death.

*Anne.* A man thus arm'd to leap my garden  
wall ;

Help, help.

*Young For.* As you are fair, and should be pittifull  
A woman therefore to be moved ; a Christian,  
And therefore one that should be charitable,  
Pitty a poor distressed Gentleman,  
Who gives his desperate fortune, life and freedom  
Into your hand.

*Anne.* What are you Sir, that with your weapon  
drawn  
Affright me thus ?

*Young For.* If you protect my life,  
Fair creature, I am a free Gentleman,  
But if betray me, then a poor man doomed  
Unto a shameful death.

*Anne.* What's your offence  
That such suspicious fear, and timorous doubts  
Waits on your guilty steps ?

*Young For.* I have kild a man  
But fairly as I am a Gentleman,  
Without all base advantage in even tryal  
Of both our desperate fortunes.

*Anne.* Fairly ?

*Young For.* And though I say it, valiantly.

*Anne.* And hand to hand ?

*Young For.* In single opposition.

*Anne.* In a good quarrel ?

*Young For.* Else let the hope I have in you of  
safety

Turn to my base confusion. Gentle creature  
I cannot now stand to expostulate ;  
For hark the breath of my pursuers blow

*A cry within follow, &c.*

A fearful air upon my flying heel,  
And I am almost in their fatal gripe.

Say will you save me ?

*Anne.* I will, then climb into that hovel.

*Young For.* Oh any where.

*Anne.* Nay quickly then.

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*Young For.* Your hand fair Lady.

*Anne.* Away, leave me to answer for you.

*Enter Old Harding, Goodwin, Foster, and Officers.*

*Old Hard.* Over my garden wall, is't possible?

*Goodw.* Over this wall I see him leap it lightly.

*Old Hard.* That shall we quickly know, see here's my wife,

She can inform us best.

*Fost.* Saw you not Mistress *Harding*, a young man Mount o'r this garden wall with his sword drawn?

*Anne.* My eyes were stedfast on my work in hand,

And trust me I saw none.

*Old Hard.* Perhaps he took down to the neighbour village,

And when he saw my wife, altered his course.

*Anne.* 'Tis very like so, for I heard a bustling About that hedge, besides a sudden noise Of some that swiftly ran towards your fields, Make haste, 'twas now, he cannot be far off.

*Old Hard.* Gentlemen, take my word, I am high Constable; it is part of my office, Ile be no shelter for any man that shall offend the Law: if we surprize him, I will send him bound to the next Justice, follow you your search.

*Good.* Farewel good Mr. *Harding*.

*Fost.* Your word's sufficient without further Warrant,

Continue our pursuit, all ways are layd  
(And ere he reach the City, shall be stayd.

*Exit. Good. & Fost.*

*Old Hard.* Adew good friends.

*Anne.* Pray what's the business Sir?

*Old Hard.* Two Gentlemen, went into the fields to fight,  
And one hath slain the other.

*Anne.* On what quarrel?

*Old Hard.* I had smal leifure to importune that,  
Onely this much I learnt, the man that's dead  
Was great in fault, and he that now furvives,  
Subject unto the danger of this fearch,  
Bare himfelf fairly, and his fortune being  
To kill a man Ally'd to Noble men,  
And greatly friended : is much pittied.  
But Law muft have his courfe.

*Anne.* If this be true  
I thank my fate, and blefs this happy hour  
To fave a life within Laws griping power.

*Old Hard.* Come then the mornings bleak, and  
fharp the Ayr  
Into the fire my girle, there's wholefome heat :  
Ile in and fee my fervants fet at meat.

*Anne.* Sir, ile but end this flower and follow you,  
If this fhould be fome bloody murderer,  
Great were my guilt to fhrowd him from the Law ;  
But if a gentleman by fortune croft,  
'Tis pitty one fo vallient and fo young  
Should be given up into his enemies hands,  
Whilft greatnefs may perhaps weigh down his caufe  
And ballance him to death, who thus efcaping  
May when he hath, by means obtain his peace,  
Redeem his desperate fortunes, and make good  
Th' forfeit made unto th' offended Law  
Prove as Heaven fhall direct, Ile do my beft,  
'Tis charity to fuccor the diftreft.

*Ent. Forrest above.*

*Young For.* Fair Miftrefs, are they gon, may I de-  
fcend ?

*Anne.* No fafety lives abroad, then pray forbear  
To fpeak of fcaping hence.

*Young For.* Oh but I fear.

*Anne.* My life for yours.

*Young For.* However poor I fare

May you of this your charitable care  
Tast happy fruit.

*Anne.* You did not kill him foully.

*Young For.* No I protest.

*Anne.* Nor willingly.

*Young For.* I willingly fought with him, but unwillingly

Did I become his death's man.

*Anne.* Could you now  
With him alive agen.

*Young For.* With his hands loofe,  
And yet he flew my brother.

*Anne.* Heaven hath sent  
This gentleman because hee's penitent,  
To me for succor, therefore till the violence  
Of all his search be past, Ile shrowd him here,  
And bring you meat and wine to comfort you,  
Free I protest from all unchaft pretence,  
Till by some means I may convey you hence.

*Young For.* The life you save if I orecome this  
plunge  
Shall be for ever yours, all my endeavours  
To your devoted service I will store,  
And carefully hoard up.

*Anne.* Sir, now no more.

*Exeunt.*

### Act. 3. Scen. 1.

*Enter Philip and Clown.*

*Clow.* C Ome good fellow *Phil*, what nothing  
but mourning and mowing, thy melan-  
choly makes our teems to vaile their foretops, and  
all our Jades crest faln, and to see thee wail in woe in  
the deep cart roots up to the bellies plunge in pain :  
my Mistris *Susan* shee's in the same pittiful pickle  
too.



*Phil.* Oh if this hand could execute for her  
All that my cruel father hath imposed,  
My toyl would seem a pleasure, labour ease.

*Clow.* Ease, what's that? there's little to be found  
in our house, now we have loosed the plough in the  
fields, they'll find work enough about home to keep us  
from the scurvey. Your hat *Phil*, see here comes our  
Mistress.

*Enter Mrs. Anne with Bread and a Bottle.*

*Anne.* The place is clear, none fees me, now's the  
time to bear my forrowful charge bread, meat, and  
wine: these six daies I have kept him undiscovered,  
neither my husbands, nor my servants eyes have any  
way discovered him. How now fellows, whither so  
fast this way?

*Clow.* Nay we do not use to go too fast for falling:  
our businesse at this present is about a little household  
service.

*Anne.* What businesse have you this way?

*Clow.* We are going, as they say, to remove, or  
according to the vulgar, to make clean, where Chan-  
ticleer and Damepartlet the henne have had some  
doings.

*Anne.* What doest thou mean by that?

*Phil.* By my Masters appoyntment, I must not say  
my Fathers, he hath commanded us first to make  
clean this hen-roost, and after to remove the hay out  
of that hay-loft.

*Ann.* Oh me, I fear the Gentleman's betray'd,  
what shift shall I devise.

*Clow.* By your leave Mistress, pray let's come by  
you.

*Anne.* Wel double diligence your labour's faved,  
'Tis done already, go and take your pleasure.  
Son *Philip*, when I heard my Husband speak  
Of such a base employment, I streight hired  
A labourer to prevent it, and 'tis done.

*Phil.* You are kinder Mother then my Father cruel, and save me many a toyle and teadious travail imposed on me by your husband.

*Anne.* O'r this place, Ile bear a jealous and watchful eye to prevent this discovery ; and wil you be gone ?

*Clow.* Yes sweet Mistrefs, if you would but give a wink, a word to the dayry maid for a mefs of cream betwixt my fellow *Philip* and I, It's good to be doing something, for you know my Master does not love we should be idle.

*Anne.* Wel Sir, perhaps I shal remember you.

*Clow.* Come *Phil* let's be gone, and if you chance to blush at what my Mistrefs hath promis'd, Ile tel you who cast milk in your face. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Susan with something in her Apron.*

*Anne.* Shal I compare his present misery With the misfortunes of this Gentleman, Which I might reckon greater, but leave them ; And to my charge we all must yeild to fate He casts us down that best can raise our state.

*Suf.* Oh through what greater plunges can I pass Then I have done already ; A fathers penury, The good old man dejected and cast down, My Husband even swept from the family Where he was born, quite forfok by him By whom he should be fostered, made a servant Amongst his servants, and his brothers scorn, These mischiefs make me wish my self unborn.

*Anne.* Agen prevented.

*Suf.* How hath this meditation drawn my thoughts From my intended business I forgot What I was sent about ? my Master bade me Scatter this Wheat and Barley 'mongst the hens And I will soon dispatch it.

*An.* What makes thee

So neer the place that I so strictly guard,  
What business have you there ?

*Suf.* Forsooth my Master  
Bade me go serve the poultry.

*Anne.* Come you shall not,  
For this time Ile doe 't for you.

*Suf.* Mother and Mistress too, 'tis courtesie in you  
to profer it, but should I suffer, you might hold it  
justly in me small manners.

*Anne.* I say it shall be so.

*Suf.* Shall any servant stand stil and see her Mis-  
tresse do her work, pray pardon me, I should condemn  
my self beyond imagination : shal I stand idely and  
see the work done by your hand ?

*Anne.* I say I will.

*Suf.* My words dare not say nay,  
But my more forward action brooks no stay.

*Anne.* Then doubtlesse hee's betray'd.

*Suf.* Oh me what's here ? why here's one that's  
come to steale your hens, a thief who'l filch your  
poultry.

*Anne.* 'Tis not so.

*Suf.* Shall I cry thieves aloud ?

*Forrest leaps down.*

*Anne.* For Heavens sake no.

*Young Forr.* Betray then hapless Forrest, once  
more I lie

Ordayn'd for pity, or prepar'd to die.  
What none but women and betray me ? then  
I see your hearts are flintier far then men.

*Anne.* Think not that Ile betray you, nor shall she,  
If she respect my love or her own life.

*Suf.* Betray my brother ? it shall nere be said  
I stopt his flight when he had means to scape.

*Young Forr.* Oh fortune beyond hope amaz'd I  
stand

To see my life laid in my sisters hand.

*Suf.* Dear brother.

*Young Forr.* My sweet sister.

*Anne.* A strange greeting,  
And 'twixt two hapless creatures happy meeting.

*Young Forr.* What change hath brought you to  
this downcast state ?

*Suf.* Nay what mishap hath ruined you ?

*Anne.* You both forget your dangers, then leave  
off

These passive fits, and study for the safety  
Of this distressed Gentleman your brother,  
Now in the ratheless mercy of the Law.

*Young Forr.* Sister you have heard my fortunes.

*Suf.* With sad cheer,  
Little surmising you had layed to neer,  
Deare Mother let us crave your farther assistance in  
furthering his escape.

*Anne.* I am all yours.

*Young Forr.* My safety lies in suddain expedition,  
Debar me I am dead.

*Anne.* I ha' a brother  
Lives at *Gravesend* an Owner and a Merchant,  
And could we but convey thee safe to him,  
He soon would ship you over into *France*.

*Young Forr.* All ways are loud, and hue and cry  
sent forth  
Through every hundred, how shall I reach thither  
Without discovery ?

*Suf.* Here stands an empty trunk in the next  
room, which should be sent by water to *Gravesend* to  
your brother, what if we should lock him fast in that ?

*Anne.* I like it wel, but whom shal we employ to  
bear it safe ?

*Suf.* Give it my husband and your man in charge,  
They two wil see it carefully delivered.

*Anne.* By them Ile write unto him earnestly  
In your behalfe, and doubt not of your usage.

*Young Forr.* The trunck, the trunk, Oh quickly, if  
you love me.

*Anne.* Come Ile to write.

*Suf.* Ile finde those that shal bear it.

*Young Forr.* The plot is likely, but heaven knows  
I fear it. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Mr. Harding, John, and William.*

*Old Hard.* Now boys no question but you think it  
long

To have my state made over to your use.

*John.* Oh Lord Sir.

*Old Hard.* To have your eldest brother quite disabled

Of any challenge or inheritance.

*Will.* We think it not long Sir, but if you should use all expedition possible, I should say beshrew their hearts that would hinder it, we do not wish our brother disinherited, but if it be your pleasure, Heaven forbid that we being your sonnes should any way contradict it.

*John.* We should not shew our selves obedient sons to perswad you to infringe your former vow ; For, Father if you remember you swore long since to do it ; And heaven forbid you should break your oath.

*Old Hard.* Boyes of mine own free spirit, mine own heart,  
And will you see him pine, beg, starve, nay perish  
Ere you will once relieve him.

*Will.* I'ft be your will, wee'le swear to do it.

*Old Hard.* And though the beggars brat, his Wife  
I mean,  
Should for the want of lodging sleep on stalls,  
Or lodg in stocks or cages, would your charities  
Take her to better harbor ?

*John.* Unlesse too cold harbor where of twenty chimneys standing, you shal scarce in a whole winter see two smoaking ; we harbor her ? Bridewel shal first.

*Old Hard.* Lads of my own condition, my own humour, cal me a Scrivner, reach me pen and ink Ile doe't immediately.

*Will.* Run for a Scrivener *Jack.*

*John.* Mean time post thou for Pen and Inck.

*Enter Mrs. Anne meeting them.*

*Anne.* Stay no such haste ;  
Sweet husband there be fitter times then these  
Made choice for such affairs, there's no enforcement  
To make your Will, being in such perfect health ;  
Pray if you love me do not talke of death,  
Nor to your safaty give such ill presage,  
Besides this expedition in your sons,  
Shews that they covet more your Lands then life ;  
Defer 't then somewhat longer for my sake.

*Old Hard.* Then for thy sake I will, but my kinde  
boys  
'Tis rather to sooth her, then your least wrong,  
I will delay a little though not long.

*Will.* It hath been long a doing, I would it were  
once done, if he should peak over the pearch now,  
and all fall to our elder Brother, we have used him so  
doggedly, the least he can do is to thrust us out of  
doors by head and shoulders.

*John.* Let him alone now, wee'l urge him too 't at  
more convenient leisure.

*Old Hard.* When heard you from your brother at  
*Gravesend,*  
Or how falls out his voyage, can you tell.

*Anne.* I had a letter from him two days since,  
In which he writes me all his goods are Shipt,  
His wares in hold well stowed, and nothing wants  
Save a fair gale to bring him to the Straits.

*Old Hard.* Heaven make his voyage prosperous,  
for thou knowest  
I have a venture of five hundred pound  
Enterred with him, my fortune joyns with his ;  
If he succeed it falls out well with me,  
If not, I am likely to impart his losse.

*Enter Old Mr. Forrest.*

*Old Forr.* You are well found Sir.

*Old Hard.* I what art thou fellow.

*Old Forr.* You knew me in my pride and flourishing state,

Have you forgot me now, as I remember  
We two were bred together, Schoole fellows,  
Boorded together in one Masters house,  
Both of one forme and like degree in School.

*Old Hard.* Oh thy name's *Forrest*.

*Old Forr.* Then in those days your Father Mr.

*Harding*

Was a good honest Farmer, Tennant too  
Unto my Father. All the wealth he purchast,  
Far be upbraiding from me, came from us  
As your first raiser ; and you called me then  
Your Landlord and young Master : then was then,  
But now the course of fortunes wheele is turned ;  
You climbed, we fell, and that inconstant fate  
That hurled us down, hath lift you where we sate.

*Old Hard.* Well, we are Lord of all those Man-  
nors now,

You then posselt. Have we not bought them deerly ?  
Are they not ours ?

*Old Forr.* I no way can deny 't,  
I rather come as a poor suitor to you,  
To entreat you for heavens sake and charities,  
To pity my lost daughter, your cast sonne.  
Sir, I in all had but three Children left me,  
Crutches to bear up my penurious age ;  
One of these three was butchered cruelly,  
His body piteously alafs pierc't through.  
Then had I but two left, my eldest Son,  
And hee's or dead, or fled to save his life ;  
If he still live, I have wasted ; sold and spent  
Even all that little that my fortunes left ;  
And now I have but one, one onely daughter,  
And her I am not able to relieve  
With ought save tears and pity, to these helps  
Oh lend your fair assistance ; thee is yours

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As well as mine.

*Old Hard.* All my part I disclaim,  
Both in my son and her ; they crost my pleasure,  
And they shall taste the smart, I was derided,  
They that love me, shall by my wil be guided.

*Will.* And that am I.

*Fohn.* And I too Father.

*Anne.* Base Parasites.

*Old Hard.* You even pleased me wel,  
And you shall mount the height from which they fel.

*Enter Philip and Susan.*

*Old Forr.* See, see, alas, those that seven Somers  
since  
Saw thy estate and look upon thee now,  
Would at lest pity, if not help thy wants ;  
How happy was thy Mother and my Wife,  
That slept their last sleep long before these sorrows  
Take their birth.

*Suf.* Dear Father succour us,  
Help to redeem us from this cruel man  
That thus insults upon our miseries.

*Old Forr.* Fair daughter adde not to my tedious  
woes,  
Thou bidst a blind man guide thee on thy way,  
And takest a broken staffe to be thy stay.

*Phil.* Good Sir release us.

*Old Forr.* It must be then with tears,  
For other help I have none, and they heaven knows  
Can little ease, but never help your woes.  
Sir, if your heart be not of Adamant,  
Or some hard mettall that's impenitrable,  
Pity your blood and mine, so soon grown deaf.  
Kinde Gentlemen, speak to your rathless Father,  
Shew your selves brothers, do you turn aside.  
Fair Mistres what say you, I see your eyes  
In all things with our passions sympathize  
And you are doubtlesse sprung from Gentle blood :



Gentry and baseness in all ages jar,  
And poverty and wealth are still at war.

*Old Hard.* Thou growest too tedious, prithee  
friend be gone.

*Old For.* I hope you do not scorn me.

*Old Hard.* The truth is, I feign would have thee  
leave me.

*Old Forr.* 'Tis no disparagement unto your birth,  
That you converse with me, if I mistake not,  
Sure, sure, I am as wel born.

*Old Hard.* And yet sure, sure,  
'Tis ten to one I shall be better buried.

*Old For.* I am as honest.

*Old Hard.* Nay there you are a ground.  
I am honefter by twenty thousand pound.

*Old For.* Are all such honest then that riches  
have.

*Old Hard.* Yes rich and good, a poor man and a  
knave.

Away about thy business, loyter not  
About my gates, I shal compel thee else,  
For thy request my will is peremptory,  
Thy softness makes me much more violent,  
Whom thou the more commiseratest I contemn,  
They are in my deepest hate: Wife, Sons, let's go.

*Old For.* With eyes in tears sunk, heart circum-  
volved in woe.

*Suf.* What shal we now do?

*Phil.* What? but endure the worst,  
When comfort's banish'd, welcome all extreams,  
Yet I have sent my fellow, or my man  
To prove some friends to help to stock a Farm,  
I have not yet their answer, 'tis the last  
Of all our hopes, that failing we have run  
Our latest course, outcast, and quite undone. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Merchant reading a Letter, and after him  
young Mr. Forrest.*

*Merch.* My Sister writes how your occasions stand,

And how you are to use my secrecie  
 In a strange business that concerns your life.  
 She hath left nothing unremembered here,  
 Or slightly urged to make me provident  
 And careful of your safety : gentle Sir,  
 Though I am a stranger to your fortunes,  
 Yet for her sake whose love I tender dearly,  
 I am all yours, my house to entertain you,  
 My purse to furnish you in any course,  
 My Ship if you'll to Sea, is at your service,  
 Make choice in which of these, in all, or any  
 You will employ my faithful industry.

*Young Forr.* Oh Sir your unexpected courtesie  
 To a poor Stranger, challenges the name  
 Of brother to the kindest Gentlewoman  
 That ever breathed this air, you cannot chuse  
 But be of one strain that such kindness use ;  
 You bade me to make choice of all your favours,  
 My poverty and my necessity  
 Do both of them in my extreame converse  
 To make me think the meanest of any meanes  
 That can unplunge me from this gulf of trouble,  
 To be much better then I can deserve,  
 To be much greater then I dare desire,  
 Being too poor to merit, too dejected  
 To aim at any hopes.

*Merch.* You wrong your worth,  
 You have desert sufficient, that she writes  
 In your behalf, and I commend her for't,  
 Me thinks I see such honest parts in you,  
 That upon weaker urgency then these lines  
 I would build much affection, on these gifts  
 That I see nature hath endowed you with ;  
 Indeed I flatter not, none flatter those  
 They do not mean to gain by, 'tis the guise  
 Of sycophants, such great men to adore  
 By whom they mean to rise, disdain the poor ;  
 My object is much otherwise intended,  
 I fain would lose by him whom I commended.

*Young Forr.* If ever this my weak ability  
Grow strong agen, I will employ it solely  
To shun the base sin of ingratitude  
Towards you and your fair sister.

*Merch.* Will you use me ?

*Young Forr.* But what shall I return you in exchange

Of those great favours.

*Merch.* Come your love, your love,  
'Tis more then all I can attempt for you  
Amounts unto, pray let me know the most  
Of my employment.

*Young Forr.* Then will you but provide me a safe  
waftage

Over to *France*, to *Flanders*, or to *Spain*,  
Or any forraign coast ; I dare not trust  
My native country with my forfeit life.  
Sir, this is all I would entreat of you.

*Merch.* Y'are modest in your suit, the more you  
use me,

The more I think you love me, therefore  
This night ile get you waftage ore for *France*,  
Such Sea apparel as I use my self,  
You shall accept part, here's ten pounds in gold,  
And wheresoever you shall live hereafter,  
Pray let me once a year receive from you  
Some brief or noat. Ile not return your love  
Idle, or empty handed.

*Young Forr.* My life's yours,  
And lesser satisfaction then my life.  
Is much too little.

*Merch.* Much too much, no more,  
No more I do entreat you, I am now  
Upon a voyage to the Straits my selfe,  
But 'twill be two days hence.

*Young Forr.* Heaven be your guide,  
As I find you, so find friends in your need,  
Blushing I run into your countless debts,  
More fums of love then all my hord can pay,

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But if these black adventures I survive,  
Even till this mortal body lie ingrav'd,  
You shall be Lord of that which you have fav'd.

*Merch.* Onely your love, come wee'l provide this  
night  
For your safe waftage, and your secret flight. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scen. 4.

*Enter Clown, Foster, Goodwin, and a Gentleman.*

*Fost.* Speak with us, why what's the businesse?

*Clow.* Nay, that's more then I can resolve you  
upon the suddain, it may be there's some great fortune  
fallen to him of late, and he would impart the benefit  
to you.

*Goodw.* Nay then let's go, where shall we find  
him?

*Clow.* A word to the wise, it may be that hee's in  
some monstrous extream necessity, and would gladly  
borrow some money of you, or so.

*Goodw.* I, saidst thou so? now I remember me, I  
needs must home, I have some business, Ile see him  
at some other time.

*Clow.* Nay but one word more.

*Fost.* We cannot stay now.

*Gent.* Nor I, a great occasion calls me hence.

*Clow.* Nay then I see you are apt to take a man  
at the worst still, if you knew what little need he hath  
to borrow, borrow quoth he, a good jest, you know  
he and I, my fellow *Phil* and I 'mongst other works  
that my Master uses to put us to, we use to dig and  
delve; now if we have found a pot a money, and  
would trust you with the laying of it out, why so?

*Fost.* How?

*Clow.* Marry even so, you know his Father is such

a dogged old Cormudgeon, he dares not for his ears acquaint him with.

*Gent.* Prithee go on.

*Clow.* 'Twere kindness in him to chuse you out of all the friends he hath in the world to impart this benefit to, were't not ? and say true.

*Gent.* Troth he was always a kind honest youth, and would it lay in me to pleasure him.

*Goodw.* Introth or me, he should command my purse and credit both.

*Foff.* Where might we speak with him.

*Clow.* Hard by Sir, hard by, but stay Gentlemen, suppose there is no such matter as finding of money, but what we mist in digging to supply his present necessities he hopes to find from you, I promise you I partly doubt such a matter.

*Foff.* How I forgot my selfe, I needs must home.

*Goodw.* Troth nor can I stay.

*Gent.* In sooth nor I.

*Enter Philip meeting them.*

*Phil.* Gentlemen whither so fast, I sent to speak with you.

*Clow.* I can assure you Sir, they are better to speak withall then to borrow money of, one word or two with you my friends (by your leave Master) Gentlemen I love you well, and that you may know I love you, I would make bold to reveal a secret to you, my young Master here, though you see him in these homely Accoutraments, simple as you stand here, he has more to take to then Ile speak of, he might, I marry might he, he might go brave and shine in pearle and gold ; he hath now in his instant possession a thousand pound thick.

*Foff.* A thousand pounds ?

*Clow.* Nay, old lads, he hath learnt his 1, 2, 3, 4, & 5. And never cost him ten shillings.

*Goodw.* Five thousand pound ?

*Clow.* You know where you hear it, Mum, here's your tale and your tales Man.

*Gent.* Good, good, proceed.

*Clow.* Now lift up your large ears and listen : to whom should he reveal all this wealth, but to some friend ? and how should he know a friend but by trying of him ; and how should he try a friend but by troubling of him ? and how should he trouble a friend but by borrowing money of him ? now Gentlemen it may be at first hee'll make his case poor and pitiful to you.

*Fost.* Onely to try us.

*Clow.* Onely to try you, have you no brains ? do you think we have need of money ? has any of you occasion to use a hundred pound ? need of money, as I said afore, so I say agen, onely to try you, he has done the like to four or five that I know ; now because they would not pity his supposed poverty, he would not acquaint them with this infinite mass of wealth ; you have wits, brains, apprehension, if he makes his case known to you lay it on, if I said lay it on, lay it on, you are not every body, if I had not seen some sparks in you, you had not been the men, lay it on.

*Fost.* Enough, enough, I understand thee fully, kind Master *Philip* will you use my aid in my fair employment.

*Goodw.* Sir or mine.

*Gent.* Or mine.

*Phil.* Worthy friends, even one as all  
 Freely to speak, as you are Gentlemen,  
 And I from my childhood have protested love,  
 As you are Christians ; therefore to the poor,  
 Such as I am, should be most charitable,  
 Help with your plenty to releeve my wants,  
 You know my labor, and have seen my need,  
 Then take some pity of my poor estate,  
 And help to ransom me from slavery,  
 By lending me some money.

*Clow.* Did I not tell you so? Lay it on.

*Fofl.* Sir you fhall have a hundred pound of me.

*Goodw.* What need you ufe him and my felfe fo neer.

*Gent.* Trouble not them Sir, you fhall hate of me :

*Clow.* Take't Mafter, take't all.

*Phil.* Oh Heavens ! where fleep't this friendship all this while ?

Who faid that charity was fled to heaven,  
And had no known abiding here on earth ;  
See thefe that know me difinherited,  
And to have no means to fupply my wants,  
Strive who fhould moft engage his purfe and credit  
To one fo much oppreff't with poverty.

*Clow.* Alas fir, you fee their kindnefs, I told you how ftrange he would make it ; Lay it on.

*Fofl.* Pray Sir accept my kindneffe.

*Gent.* *Goodw.* Pray take mine.

*Clow.* Pray Mafter take their courtesies.

*Phil.* Ile ufe them all,

And onely borrow twenty pounds a peece  
To flock a poor farm for my wife and me,  
Some threefcore pounds will do't.

*Clow.* Now, now, lay it on.

*Gent.* Take it all of me.

*Goodw.* Why all of you Sir, is not mine as ready ?

*Fofl.* When one can do't, what need you trouble three ?

But for the thoufand pound Sir, do not think  
But you may trust me with the whole employment  
Or all fuch moneys, and never trouble thefe.

*Phil.* What thoufand pound ?

*Goodw.* Though it be fix thoufand I durft be fteward of fo great a fum.

*Clow.* Why Mafter Fellow *Phil*?

*Phil.* Do you mock me Gentlemen,  
My wealth amounts not to a thoufand ftraws.

*Clow.* I told you he would make it strange ; lay it on.

*Fofl.* Make not your wealth fo dainty, for we know

You have at leaft fix thoufand pound in banck,  
You may impart it unto us your friends.

*Phil.* Who hath deluded you, derided me,  
And made a mockery of my poor eftate,  
Now I proteft I have not in the world  
More riches then thefe garments on my back.

*Goodw.* If poffible, why here's my tale and my tales man.

*Clow.* No Sir you are deceiv'd, here is your tale  
and you your felfe are your tales man, for you carry it  
about you ; the truth is Gentlemen that we have be-  
twixt us both no more croffes then you fee.

*Phil.* Onely the late hope of thofe fixty pounds  
Promis'd by you unurg'd and uncompeled  
May raife my ruined fortunes.

*Gent.* Will you difburft it all that were fo for-  
ward ?

*Fofl.* I have no money, do it you for me.

*Goodw.* It is but one mans labour do't your felf, if  
you have none I have lefs, God be with you, one  
ftaies for me at home.

*Gent.* Nay take me with you Sir.

*Phil.* Why Gentlemen will you revault your  
words.

*Fofl.* I have no money.

*Phil.* But now you ftived which man should lend  
me moft.

*Fofl.* But then we reckoned Sir without our  
hoft,

Then we fupposed you rich, but being grown poor,  
I have made a foolifh vow to lend no more. *Exit.*

*Gent.* I have made the like, you know your father  
threatens

To difinherit you, and should we lend,



You being poor, should of our purfes spend. *Exit.*

*Phil.* Though I be poor, heaven may enable me.

*Goodw.* Heaven may do much, that's all the beggers faying,

Let me hould wealth, you seek for wealth by praying. *Exit.*

*Phil.* The time may come ere long, fo I divine  
To punish thofe that at their power repine. *Exit.*

*Enter a Purfevant meeting the Clown.*

*Purfev.* Whither away fo fast firrah in the Queens name, I command you ftay.

*Clow.* What are you that look fo big?

*Purfev.* A Purfevant.

*Clow.* If you be fo purfey, can you lend's any money, I affure you it was the laft bufinefs we were about; or elfe tell me the reafon why you ftay my paffage.

*Purfev.* Sirrah I have a Proclamation to publifh and becaufe my felf am fomewhat hoarfe, and thou haft a large wide mouth and a laudible voice I charge thee for the better underftanding of the multitude to fpeak after me word by word.

*Clow.* If it be nothing elfe, do but advance me and Ile fpeak high enough, come now, and teach me my new leffon.

*Purfev.* Whereas two famous Rovers on the Sea.

*Clow.* Whereas two famous Rogues upon the Sea.

*Purfev.* *Purfer* and *Clinton*.

*Clow.* That loft their purfes at the Clink.

*Purf.* Long fince proclaimed Pirates.

*Clow.* Long fince proclaimed fpirats.

*Purf.* Notwithftanding her Majefties commiffion.

*Clow.* Notwithftanding her Majefties condition.

*Pur.* Stil keep out.

*Clow.* And will not come in.

*Pur.* And have of late fpoyled a Ship of *Exeter*.

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*Clow.* And have of late spoyled all the sheep in the Exchequer.

*Pur.* And thrown the chief Merchant over board.

*Clow.* And thrown the Merchants cheefes overboard.

*Purf.* I therefore in her Majesties name.

*Clow.* I therefore in the name of her Majesty.

*Purf.* Proclaim to him or them.

*Clow.* Proclaim to them or him.

*Pur.* That can bring in these Pirates Ships or Heads.

*Clow.* That can bring in these Pyecrafts or Sheeps-heads.

*Pur.* A thousand pound sterling.

*Clow.* A thousand Stares and Starlings.

*Pur.* If a banisht man his country.

*Clow.* If a man he shall be banisht his country.

*Pur.* If a condemned man liberty.

*Clow.* If a man at liberty condemned.

*Pur.* Besides her Majesties especial favour.

*Clow.* Besides her Majesties spectacles and favour.

*Pur.* And so God save the Queen.

*Clow.* And have you done now Sir?

*Pur.* I have, farewell.

*Clow.* Farewel Mr. Pursevant : he hath so fill'd my head with proclamations. *Exit.*

Act. 4. Scen. 1.

*A great Alarum and shot: enter Purser and Clinton, with store of Mariners, bringing in the Merchant bound prisoner with others.*

*Pur.* **N**OW valiant mates you have maintained this fight  
With courage and with woonted hardiment :  
The spoyle of this rich ship we will divide

In equal shares, and not the meanest of any,  
But by the custom of the sea may challenge.  
According to his place, rights in the spoyl :  
Though Out-laws, we keep laws amongst our selves,  
Else we could have no certain government.

*Clin.* A gallant prize, and bravely purchast too,  
With los of blood on both sides. A sea-fight  
Was never better managed nor exploitd  
With more exchange of hostile opposition,  
We did not look for such a valiant spirit  
In any Merchants breast ; nor did we think  
A ship of such small burden, so weakly man'd,  
Would have endur'd so hot and proud a fight.

*Mer.* Nor did I think the providence of heaven  
Would so have favoured men of base condition,  
Such as profess wrong, pyracie and theft,  
Have spoyled my men, and ranfackt every corner  
Of my surpris'd bark ; seised all my substance,  
And shared amongst you my best merchandise ;  
And not alone undone me, and in me  
All that are mine, but in overwhelming us  
Shook the estate of all my creditors.

*Pur.* Whats that to us ? men of our known condition  
Must cast behind our backs all such respects,  
We left our consciences upon the land  
When we began to rob upon the sea.

*Clin.* We know we are Pirates, and profess to rob,  
And wouldst not have us freely use our trade ?  
If thou and thine be quite undone by us,  
We made by thee, impute it to thy fortune,  
And not to any injury in us ;  
For he that's born to be a beggar know  
How e'r he toyls and trafficks must dye so.

*Mer.* If you must needs profess this thriving trade,  
Yet since the seas afford such choice of store,  
You might methinks have spar'd your own country-  
men.

*Pur.* Nay since our country have proclaim'd us  
pyrats,  
And cut us off from any claim in *England*,  
We'll be no longer now call'd English men.

*Mer.* *Clinton* I know thee, and have us'd thy skil,  
Ere now in a good vessel of my own,  
Before thou tookest this desperate course of life,  
Perhaps if now thou do'st me a good office,  
Time may enable me to quit thy love.

*Clin.* Troth I could wish we had light of any  
other,  
But since thy fate hath cast thee upon us,  
We must neglect no opportunity ;  
For they that intermit advantages,  
Must know occasions head is bald behind.  
My merry mates come top your cans apace,  
Pile up your chests with prizes to the lids,  
And stuffe the vast hold of our empty ship  
With such rich wares as this our prize affords ;  
Supple your biskets with such choice of wines  
As freely come brought by th' auspicious winds,  
To unlade themselves and seek for stowage here ;  
Since wine comes freely lets make spare of beer.

*Pur.* Let cans of wine pass round in healths  
through all,  
Such golden prizes come not every day,  
Nor can we alwaies meet such choice of spoils :  
First bind the Merchant, lay him fast in hold,  
And having seised all his best Merchandise,  
Pierce with your ordnance through his ships crafed  
keele,  
And sink her down into the deep abyfs,  
Whence not all the Cranes in *Europe* or the world  
Can weigh her out agen.

*Clin.* Let it be so,  
Lest she prove prize unto a second foe.

*Mer.* Be't as my fate shall please, my loss I value  
But as goods lent me, now to be paid back,

But that which most afflicts my sorrowful soul,  
Is that my friends have ventured largely with me,  
Especially my Sister, who I fear  
Will brook that ill which I with patience bear.

*Pur.* Place him below the hatches as our prisoner,  
And now to part our purchase bravely won,  
Even with the hazard of our dearest lives.

*Clin.* The danger past still makes the purchase  
sweet.

Come first drink round my merry mates, that done,  
Devide in peace what we by war have won. *Exeunt.*

*Enter young Mr. Forrest, like a Captain of a ship, with  
Sailors and Mariners, entering with a flourish.*

*Young For.* Gentlemen, and my merry mates at  
sea,

Those special favours you have crowned me with,  
Can never be deserved upon my part,  
So weak is my ability and knowledge  
In navigation and exploits at sea ;  
Yet since your love so far exceeds my worth,  
That of an unexperienc'd Gentleman  
You have preferred me above many other,  
To be your Captain, and command your Ship,  
I hope to bear my self so even and upright  
In this my charge, that it shall not repent you  
Of the least honour to my grace decreed.

1. *Mar.* Our Captain being lately slain in fight,  
We by your valour scap'd our enemies,  
And made their ship our prize, since we first knew you  
All our attempts succeeded prosperously,  
And heaven hath better blest us for your sake.

2. *Mar.* When first we took you to our fellowship,  
We had a poor bark of some fifteen tun,  
And that was all our riches, but since then  
We have took many a rich prize from *Spain*,  
And got a gallant vessel stoutly man'd,  
And well provided of Ordnance and small shot;

Men and ammunition, that we now dare coap  
With any Carra<sup>c</sup>t that do's trade for *Spain*.

*Young Forr.* We dare do any thing that stands  
with justice,

Our countries honour, and the reputation  
Of our own names; but amongst all our spoils  
I wonder we have scap'd the valiant Pirats  
That are so much renowned upon the sea,  
That were a conquest worth the hazarding,  
Besides a thousand pounds reward propos'd  
To that adventurer that can bring them in,  
My peace and pardon though a man condemned,  
Is by the proclamation ratified.

*i. Mar.* The ocean scarce can bear their outrages,  
They are so violent, confounding all,  
And sparing none, not their own countymeñ,  
We could not do our country greater service  
Then in their pursuit to engage our lives.

*Young Forr.* I could we meet those Rovers on the  
sea

So famous for their piracies and thefts,  
So fear'd of all that trade for Merchandise,  
So proud of their strong vessels and stout ging,  
That man her with their proud Artillery  
That thunders wrack to every ship alike;  
Oh with what ardour and enflamed desire  
Would we in the mid sea encounter them!  
Climb to the main-top, boy, see what you kenne there.

*Boy.* I shall, I shall Sir.

*Young Forr.* We seek for purchase, but we tak't  
from foes,

And such is held amongst us lawful spoyl;  
But such as are our friends & countrymen  
We succour with the best supply we have  
Of victuals or munition being distrest.

*Above, Boy.* Ho there.

*i. Mar.* Ha boy.

*Boy.* A sayl.

*i. Mar.* Whence is she?

*Boy.* 'That I cannot kenne ; she appeares to me  
out of our hemisphear no bigger then a Crow.

*Young For.* Discry her better,  
Oh that it were the desperate Pirates Ship,  
On that condition we might grapple straight,  
And try our desperate fortunes on even change,  
But I that have been born to misery  
Can never be so happy ; oh my fate  
When shall I pass away this tedious night,  
Or when my stars will you burn out more bright.

*Boy.* Boatwain, ho.

1. *Mar.* Whence comes thy kenne ?

*Boy.* She makes from South to West.

2. *Mar.* How bears she ?

*Boy.* To the Leeward.

*Young For.* Clap on more sails and quickly fetch  
her up. What colours bears her main-top ?

*Boy.* She's not so near in kenne.

*Young For.* Discover her more amply, now my  
mates

Prepare your selves, for it may be some prize ;  
You Master Gunner load your ordnance wel,  
And look wel to your cartridges and fire ;  
See that your gunner room be clear and free,  
Your matches bear good coals, your priming powder  
Pounded, not dank ; next charge your Murderers  
For fear of boarding : Stearfsman part the Helm,  
And bear up towards them, be they friends or foes  
We'll hale them if heaven please ; and Master you  
Heed wel your compass, Boatwain with your whistle  
Command the Saylor to the upper deck  
To know their quarters, and to hear their charge.

*Boy.* Captain, ho.

*Young For.* The news ? whence is her flag ?

*Boy.* She bears the Crofs of *England* and *St.*  
*George.*

*Young For.* Then she's a friend for *England* and  
*St. George*  
Our gallant vessel in her main-top bears,

And all our preparations needles then.

*Boy.* Arm rather, for I see them from a far  
Make all provision for a present fight,  
They have managed their hatches, hung their pen-  
dants out, display'd their Ensignes, up with al their  
feights, their matches in their cocks, their smoaking  
Linstocks are likewise fired within their Gunners hands :  
and hark they shoot already. *A peece goes off.*

*Young For.* Come descend ;  
The Pirat, Fortune thou art then my friend.  
Now valiant friends and souldiers man the deck,  
Draw up your feights, and lace your drablers on,  
Whilst my self make good the Forecastle,  
And ply my Musket in the front of death,  
Quarter your selves in order, some abaft,  
Some in the Ships waste, all in martial order ;  
Our Spright-fayl, Top-fail, and Top-gallant, our Main-  
fail, Boar-spright, and our Mizen too are hung with  
waving pendants, and the colours of *England* and  
*St. George* ply in the Stern.  
We fight against the foe we all desire,  
Alarum Trumpets, Gunner straight give fire. *Exeunt.*

*Alarm.* Purser and Clinton with their Mariners, all  
furnisht with Sea devices fitting for a fight.

*Clin.* Give them a full broad-side ; oh Mr. Gunner  
your upper tire of Ordnance shot over ; you gave not  
one shot betwixt wind and water in all this skir-  
mish.

*Gun.* Sir, you speak not wel, I pierc'd them with  
my chafe piece through and through ; part of their  
Capstring too I with a Piece abaft shot overboard.

*Pur.* Oh 'twas a gallant shot, I saw it shatter  
some of their limbs in pieces : Shall we grapple, and  
lay their Ship aboard ? where be these Irons to hook  
'em fast ?

*Clin.* I fear they'r too well man'd ;  
For see the Gunner ready to give fire



Unto their Murderers if we stay to board 'em ;  
Shall we set sayl and leave 'em.

*Pur.* How can we when our Ship has sprung a leak ?

Being ready now to found<sup>r</sup> in the sea ;  
Some ply the Pump : oh for one lucky bullet  
To take their Mainmast off ; he that can make it  
Shall have a treble share in this next prize.

*Gun.* I shall go near it from my lower tyre.

*Clin.* Gunner do that, 'tis all that we desire.

*Exeunt.*

*Alarum : Enter young Forrest and his Mariners.*

1. *Mar.* Where is the Gunner Captain ?

*Young For.* Where he should not be, at his prayers  
I think :

Is this a time to pray, when the Seas mouth  
Seems to spit fire, and all the billows burn.  
Come hand with me,  
And we will board the Pirates instantly.

1. *Mar.* Hoyst up more sails, and fetch 'em roundly  
up,

And with their gallant vessel grapple straight.

*Young For.* I spy the Pirates in the very prow  
And forehead of their Ship, both waisting us  
With their bright swords ; now Steersman take thy  
turn ;

And Boatwain with your baser trumpets found  
Mingle your whistles shril, oh 'tis a Musick  
The Maremaids love.

1. *Mar.* Who hates it thats a souldier ?

2. *Mar.* Thy Linstock Gunner, take thy level  
right,

The wind is ours to help us in the fight.

*Young For.* It blowes a stiffe gale, it makes all  
for us,

Every Commander once more to his charge,  
He that this day shall dye dies honourably ;

The Canons Basilisks, and Ordnance  
 Shall tooll his funeral peale, and some now found,  
 Shall dye three deaths in one, shot, burnt, and  
 drown'd.

Come spare no powder till you see our Ship,  
 Whose hard tough ribs hewed from the heart of oak,  
 Now black with pitch be painted blew with smoak.

*Exeunt.*

*A great Alarum. and Flourish. Enter young Forrest and his Mates with Purser and Clinton with their Mariners prisoners.*

*Young For.* First thanks to heaven for this great  
 victory  
 Bought with the fearful hazard of our lives,  
 And larg expence of blood on either part:

*Pur.* We now are captives that made others  
 thrall,  
 Thus ebbs may flow, and highest tydes may fall.

*Clin.* The latest day must come to have his date ;  
 Stars govern all, and none can change his fate.

*Young For.* Such prisoners as these Pirats keep in  
 hold,

Release them straight, the riches of their ship  
 We 'mongst you will divide in equal shares,  
 To every mans defart, estate, and place.

*Pur.* Fortune I spit defiance in thy face:  
 Thy best we have tasted, and thy worst we know,  
 We can but pay what we to nature owe.

*Enter the Merchant brought in with other Prisoners.*

*Mer.* Surprised agen, whose prisoner am I now ?  
 I am Fortunes ball, whither am I bandied,  
 Having lost al before, is 't possible  
 That I can now be made a second prize ?  
 I lost my wealth in my first hostile strife,  
 And nothing now is left me save my life.

*Young For.* These prisoners we will 'at our further  
leasure

Peruse and know their fortunes and estates.

*Mer.* That captain I should know, that face of his  
Is with mine eye familiar, sure 'tis he  
Whose life I by my Sisters means preserved,  
With mony and apparel furnisht him,  
And got him place at sea, and hath he now  
Forgot me, what not know me, the world right,  
When rich we honour, being poor we spight :  
N'er look so strange, I do not mean to claim  
Acquaintance of such men as are ingrate :  
All my good deeds once done I throw behind,  
Whose meed in heaven, not earth I look to find.

*Young For.* That Merchant I have known, and  
now I better

Surveigh him, 'tis the man to whom I owe  
All that I have, my fortunes, nay my life ;  
What reason have you Sir to fly me so,  
Since unto you, and to my brothers wife,  
My hopes, my power, my whole estate is due,  
From whom my means and all my fortunes grew.

*Mer.* Do you know me then.

*Young For.* Think you I can forget,  
Or slightly cancel such a countles debt,  
Behold my ship, my conquest, and my prize,  
These prisoners with my full command is yours ;  
Yours, only yours, they at your service rest,  
Alas dear friend how came you thus distrust ?

*Mer.* These Pirates robbed me, and have ceised  
my goods  
With which they have stufte their hold ; my brothers  
venter

With mine own substance they have made their spoyl.

*Young For.* All which behold I re-deliver you,  
And to the utmost farthing will restore ;  
Besides I make you partner in our prize,  
And herein am I onely fortunate  
To prove a grateful debtor.

*Mer.* Your gratitude exceeds all curtesie,  
Both of my Sisters party and my own.

*Young For.* It comes much short of either; oh  
dear Sir

Should I forget your friendship shewed in want,  
And done in my extreamest poverty,  
It were a sin, of heaven unpardonable;  
This Pirats Ship load with your merchandise  
You shall freight man for *England*; where arrived,  
Commend me to the mirror of her sex  
Your Sister, in the humblest phraze you can,  
To whom deliver, as from me, this jewel,  
The best our voyage yeelds; tel her from me,  
That Gentleman whose innoeent life she saved,  
Hath by that token her remembrance craved,  
To my brother, and my Sister this small summe  
To buy their service from their fathers hand,  
And free them from his slavish servitude.

*Mer.* I shall doe all your will, and thus o'r-  
fway'd,  
Needs must report your debts are doubly payd.

*Young For.* Having my pardon purchast, and my  
prisoners  
Delivered to the sentence of the Law,  
My next affairs shall be to visit her.

*Purf.* Our case is otherwise, our next affairs  
Is to betake us to onr Beads and Prayers.

*Clin.* Be as be may, base fortune I desie,  
We bravely liv'd and Ile as boldly dye.

*Young For.* Hoyst sayl for *England* with our long  
wisht prize,  
Whilst we applaud that fortune he desies. *Exe.*

*Enter old Mr. Harding, Anne his wife, Foster and  
Goodwin, William and John, Philip and Susan  
setting forth a Table.*

*Old Hard.* Y'ar welcom Gentlemen, come take  
your places

As your degrees are : wife the chair is yours ;  
My loving boyes sit, let th' servants wait.

*John.* Brother, that's you.

*Old Hard.* This day I do entreat you Gentlemen  
After the Tables ended, to be witness  
Unto some deeds that must inherit these,  
And him that is my eldest quite disable,  
To which I must entreat your friendly hands.

*Fof.* Mine stil is at your service.

*Goodw.* So is mine Sir.

*Will.* O day long lookt for.

*Joh.* Now shall we live like two young Emperors ;  
oh day worthy to be writ in the Almanack in red Let-  
for a most famous holyday.

*Phli.* Well jest on Gentlemen, when all is try'd,  
I hope my patience shall exceed your pride.

*Will.* Wait at my elbow with a clean trencher  
*Phil:* doe your duty, and have your due, you know  
your place, be ready with a glafs of beer, and when I  
say fil, fil.

*Enter the Clown.*

*Clow.* If please your worship here is a manner, or  
a kind of some foul desire to have some conference with  
you.

*Old Hard.* A sea foul ?

*Clow.* Yes a Sea-gul, I mean a Mariner, he saies  
he hath some news to tell you from my Mistris her bro-  
ther at sea.

*Old Hard.* Touching my venter, prithee guide  
him in.

*Clow.* He smels as they say of pitch and tar, if  
you will have him to perfume the room with his sea  
musk. Ile shew him the way instantly.

*Old Hard.* I prethee do, and that with expe-  
dition.

*Anne.* I did not look thus soon to hear from  
him.

*Old Hard.* I fear some strange mishap hath late befallen him.

*Enter Saylor and the Clown.*

*Anne.* Now honest friend the news, how fares my brother?

*Old Hard.* How doth my venter prosper?

*Sail.* Sir, your Ship is taken, all your goods by Pirats seized, your brother prisoner, and of all our venter there's not the value of one penny saved.

*Old Hard.* That news hath pierc'd my soul, and enter'd me

Quite through my heart, I am on the sudden sick,  
Sick of I fear a mortal malady;  
Oh, oh.

*Foh.* How is it with my father?

*Old Hard.* Worse and worse, the news of such a great and weighty loss kills all my vitals in me.

*Will.* Father, for heavens sake father dye not yet before you have made over your land.

*Foh.* That were a jest indeed, why father, father?

*Old Har.* Trouble me not, if I survive this night, you two shall be my heirs.

*Will.* This night if it be thy will.

*Anne.* Alas, how fare you Sir?

*Foh.* Take courage father.

*Old Hard.* Son lead me hence, and bear me to my bed,  
My strength doth fail, I cannot help my self.

*Will.* Run, run for the writings, they are ready drawn at the Scriveners, bid him bring them quickly with a vengeance.

*Old Hard.* Let them alone, my hand hath not the strength

To guide my pen, let them alone I say,  
Support me to my bed, and my kind neighbors,  
Assist me with your prayers, for I divine  
My soul this night shall amongst Angels shine.

*Foh.* Marry heaven forbid, can he find no time to die but now? come let's in, & haunt his ghost about

the writings.

*Exe. man.* Good & Fost.

*Fost.* 'Tis strange the bare report of such a loss  
Should strike a man so deeply to the heart.

*Goodw.* I oft have read the like, how some have  
dyed

With sudden joy, some with exceeding grief.

*Fost.* If he should dye Intestate, all the land  
Falls to the elder brother, and the younger.  
Have nothing save meer from his curtesie.

*Goodw.* I know it, neither lands nor moveables.  
Come lets hear what further news within.

*Enter the Clown.*

*Clow.* O my Master, my Master, what shal I do for  
my poor Master, the kind churl is departed, never did  
poor hard-hearted wretch part out of the world so like  
a lamb ; alas for my poor usuring, extortioning Master,  
many an old widdow hast thou turned into the street,  
and many an orphan made beg their bead ; oh my  
sweet, crul, kind, pittilefs, loving, hard hearted Master,  
he's dead, he's dead, he's gone, he's fled, and now full  
low must lye his head. Oh my sweet, vild, kind,  
flinty, mild, uncharitable master.

*Fost.* Dead on the suddain ! 'tis exceeding strange,  
Yet for the eldest son it happens well.

*Goodw.* Ill for the younger brother.

*Enter Jack and Will.*

*Will.* *Jack.*

*Jack.* *Will.*

*Will.* The land's gon.

*Jack.* Fathers dead.

*Will.* We have made a fair hand on't, have we  
not ? who shall fil the glafs now, and wait upon our  
trenchers ?

*Jack.* Nay who must go to plough, and make clean  
the hen-roust, rub horse-heels, lead the wains, remove

the billets, clenſe the ſhoules, and indeed who muſt do all the drudgery about the houſe?

*Will.* Could he find no time to dye but now? I could even cry for anger: here they come.

*Enter Phil. & Suf. wel habited, Anne and others.*

*Phil.* My fathers dead.

*Ann.* Alas for my dear husband.

*Phil.* Comfort your ſelf, although he die inteſtate  
It ſhall not hurt you; we have found you kind,  
And ſhall be now as willing to requite you,  
As able: How now brothers, do you weep?  
And bear a part with us in heavineſs?  
No, no, your griefs and ours is contrary;  
I grieve I have loſt a father, ſhe a husband,  
This doth not move you; you lamenting ſtand,  
Not for a fathers loſs, but loſs of land:  
Do you remember with what rude deſpight,  
What baſe contempt, and ſlavish contumelie  
You have deſpis'd me and my dear lov'd wife.

*Fac.* We partly remember it.

*Phil.* So do not I; I have forgot it quite,  
In ſign whereof, though had you got my lands,  
Heaven knows how ill you would have dealt with me,  
Thus Ile uſe you receive your patrimony.

*Clow.* No more fellow *Phil* now, but here receive your proportions.

*Phil.* Your diet if you pleaſe is at my table,  
Or where you pleaſe if you reſuſe my kindneſs.

*Will.* Kindneſs unlookt for, thanks gentle brother.  
*Fac.* why this gold will never be ſpent.

*Clow.* Oh it is an eaſie thing to bring this mountain to a molehil.

*Fac.* This is more of your curteſie then our deſerving, to trouble your table being ſo many Ordinaries in town, were ſomewhat ſuperfluous.

*Phil.* Spend but in compaſs, rioting eſchew,  
Waſte not, but ſeek to encrease your patrimony,



Beware of dice and women ; company  
With men of best desert and qualitie ;  
Lay but these words in your hearts inrold,  
You'll find them better then these bags of gold.

*Wil.* Thanks for your coyn and counsel : Come  
*Fack* this shall be lavisht among the suburbs ; here's  
drink mony, dice mony, and drab mony, here's mony  
by the back, and mony by the belly ; here's that shall  
make us merry in Claret, Muscadine, and Sherrey :  
farewel, brother.

*Fac.* My most bounteous brother.

*Clow.* Farewel young Masters.

*Phil.* And now my vilde friends, such as fawn on  
plenty,  
And cannot bear the very name of want.

*Clow.* We have found the Mine now.

*Phil.* You that disabled once the power of heaven,  
And scorn'd my state unable to be rais'd.

*Clow.* You see here's your Tale, and your Talef-  
man.

*Phil.* Take heed lest here for your unthankfulness,  
That once rais'd, doe not remove your estates  
(God be with you) henceforth howe'r you speed,  
Trust not in riches, and despise not need.

*Clow.* One threescore pound will do 't.

*Phil.* Mother, the thirds of all my Fathers lands  
Are yours ; with whatsoever you like else ;  
And now sweet *Sue* it glads me I shall make thee  
Partner of all this plenty that borest part  
With me in all extream necessities.

*Suf.* You are all my wealth, nor can I tast of  
want

Whilst I keep you ; O would these fortunes raise  
My down cast Father, or repeal my Brother,  
My banisht brother to his native home,  
I were in all my thoughts at peace with heaven.

*Phil.* All that I have is theirs, my only sorrow,  
Next to my father, is in part for them,  
And next for your dear brother tane at Sea,

Whose losse if he survive we will repair  
 Even with the best of our ability ;  
 But come unto our fathers burial first,  
 Whom though his life brought sorrow, death content,  
 We cannot but with funeral tears lament.

*Clow.* And now no fellows unless it be at foothal.

*Enter Merchant.*

*Anne.* Heaven being just could not deal longer  
 roughly

With one so virtuous and compleatly honest,  
 He merits all he hath, but to my state.  
 I am at once doubly unfortunate,  
 I have lost a husband and a brother too.

*Mr.* A husband, Sister, but no brother, lo  
 That brother lives.

*Anne.* And can it heaven be so ?

*Mr.* You are the cause I live.

*Anne.* I brother ? how ?

Tidings were brought into this place but now  
 Your ship was spoyl'd, you prisoner.

*Mer.* And 'twas true,  
 Yet all these losses I regain'd by you.

*Anne.* By me ?

*Mer.* By you, and Sister thus it was ;  
 You sav'd the life of a young Gentleman,  
 Whom for your sake I furnisht out to sea,  
 He when my ship was taken, I surpris'd,  
 And bound, and cast in hold, restor'd my fortunes,  
 And besides all my merchandise restor'd,  
 Wherein you bare chief venter, made me sharer  
 Of the rich Pirats prize.

*Anne.* That Gentleman !

*Mer.* The self same in whose life you did save  
 your self some thousand pounds, I have as further  
 token of his gratitude, in this choice jewel he com-  
 mends to you millions of gratulations and kind thanks,  
 besides unto his Sister store of gold to redeem her  
 wretched husband and her selfe from my deceased

brothers slavery; which now I see pale death hath done for them.

*Anne.* You speak of unexpected novelties,  
With which we will acquaint their sorrowful souls;  
These tokens will be joyful to them both,  
And tidings of his safety welcomer  
Then that great summe by him regain'd at sea.

*Mer.* We do them wrong to keep news of such joy  
So long from them, which wee'l no longer smother,  
Two thousand pounds I bring you and a brother.

*Exeunt.*

---

Act. 5. Scen. 1.

*Enter the Sheriffs, the silver Oare, Purser and Clinton  
going to Execution.*

*Pur.* **N**OW how is't with thee *Clinton*?

*Clin.* Well, well.

*Pur.* But was't not better when we reign'd as  
Lords,  
Nay Kings at Sea, the Ocean was our realm,  
And the light billows in the which we sayl'd  
Our hundreds, nay our shires, and provinces,  
That brought us annual profit, those were daies.

*Clin.* Yes golden daies, but now our last night's  
come,  
And we must sleep in darknes.

*Pur.* Worthy mate  
We have a flash left of some half hour long,  
That let us burn out bravely, not behind us  
Leave a black noysom snuf of cowardise  
Ith' nostrils of our noble countrymen;

Lets dye.no base example.

*Clin.* Thinks *Tom Watton*,  
Whom storms could never move, tempests daunt,  
Rocks terrifie nor swallowing gulphs affright ;  
To whom the base abyffe in roughest rage  
Shew'd like a pleasant Garden in a calm,  
And the Sea-monsters but like beasts at land  
(Of profit or pleasure *Clinton* can be  
Affrighted with a halter ? hemp him strangle  
'That thinks of him so basely.

*Pur.* In that word  
Thou hast put a second sentence of our lives ;  
Yet *Clinton* never was't my thoughts of thee :  
Oh the naval triumphs thou and I have seen,  
Nay our selves made, when on the seas at once  
Have been as many bonfires as in Towns,  
Kindled upon a night of Jubilee,  
As many Ordnance thundring in the Clouds  
As at Kings Coronations, and dead bodies  
Heav'd from the hatches, and cast over-board,  
As fast and thick as in some common Pest  
When the Plague sweeps Cities.

*Clin.* That it had swept us then too, so the seas  
Had been to us a glorious monument,  
Where now the fates have cast us on the shelf  
To hang 'twix air and water.

*Sher.* Gentlemen, your limited hour draws nigh.

*Pur.* I that's the plague we spoke of, yet no  
greater  
Then some before have tasted, and hereafter  
Many be bound to suffer (and if *Purser*,  
As dying men seldom deeme amiss)  
Presage not wrong, how many gallant spirits,  
Equal with us in fame, shall this gulf swallow,  
And make this silver oare to blush in blood ?  
How many Captains that have aw'd the seas  
Shall fall on this infortunate peece of land ?  
Some that commanded Ilands, some to whom  
The Indian Mines pay'd Tribute, Turk vayl'd :

But when we that have quak'd, nay troubled flouds,  
And made Armadoes fly before our stream,  
Shall founder thus, be spilt and lost,  
Then be it no impeachment to their fame,  
Since *Purser* and bold *Clinton* bide the fame.

*Clin.* What is our Ship wel tackled? we may  
lanch  
Upon this desperate voyage.

*Hang.* Corded bravely.

*Pur.* Call up the Boatwain, soundly lash the slave  
With a ropes end; have him unto the Chest,  
Or duck him at the Mainyard.

*Hang.* Have me to the chest, I must first have you  
to the Gallows, and for Ducking, I'm afraid I shall see  
you duckt and drakt too.

*Pur.* Oh you brave Navigators that have seen,  
Or ever had your selves command aboard,  
That knew our Empire there, and our fall now,  
Pitty at least us that are made the scorn  
Of a base common Hangman.

*Shr.* Thou doest ill to offend them in their deaths.

*Hang.* I have, and long to make an end of them.

*Pur.* Hadst thou but two months since wrinkled a  
brow,  
Look'd but askew, much less unloos'd thy lips,  
To speak. Speak said I? nay but lodg'd a thought,  
Or murmur of the least affront to us,  
Thee, basest of all worms meat, I had made  
Unwholsom food for Hadocks: But I ha' done.

*Clin.* Enough *Tom Watton*, with these sheets not  
failes,  
A stiff gale blows to split us on yon rock.

*Pur.* And fet sail from the fatal Marshal seas,  
And *Wapping* is our harbour, a quick sand that shall  
swallow many a brave Marine souldier, of whose valour,  
experience, skil, and Naval discipline, being lost, I  
wish this land may never have need: but what star  
must we fail by? or what compass?

*Hang.* I know not the star, but here's your compass.

*Pur.* Yes that way points the Needle, that way we steer a sad course, plague of the Pilot; hear you Mr. Sherif, you see we wear good clothes, they are paid for, and our own, then give us leave our own amongst our friends to distribute: There's, Sir, for you.

*Clin.* And you.

*Pur.* The work man made them took never measure on a Hangmans back; wear them for our sakes, and remember us; there's some content for him too.

*Hang.* Thank your worships.

*Clin.* I would your knaveship had our worships place,  
If hanging now be held so worshipful.

*Pur.* But now our Sun is all setting, night comes on,  
The watery wilderness ore which we reign'd,  
Proves in our ruins peaceful, Merchants trade  
Fearless abroad as in the rivers mouth,  
And free as in a harbor, then fair *Thames*,  
Queen of fresh water, famous through the world,  
And not the least through us, whose double tides  
Must overflow our bodies, and being dead,  
May thy clear waves our scandals wash away,  
But keep our valours living; now lead on  
*Clinton*, thus arm in arm lets march to death,  
And wheresoe'r our names are memoriz'd,  
The world report two valiant Pirates fell,  
Shot betwixt wind and water; so farewell.

*Exeunt as they entered.*

*Enter old Forrest and young Forrest.*

*Old For.* A fathers blessing, more then all thy honours  
Crown thee, and make thy fortunes growing still:

Oh heavens I shall be too importunate  
To ask more earthly favours at your hands ;  
Now that you after all these miseries  
Have still reserv'd my son safe and unscorn'd.  
Besides thy pardon and thy countries freedom,  
What favours hath her Grace conferr'd on thee ?

*Young For.* More then my pardon and the meed  
propos'd,  
To grace the rest, she styl'd me with the order  
Of Knighthood, and for the service of my country,  
With promise of employments of more weight :  
The Pirats were committed to the Marshalseas,  
Condemn'd already, and this day to dye :  
And now as part of my neglected dutie,  
It rests I visit that fair Gentlewoman  
To whom I stand indebted for my life ;  
That necessary duty once perform'd,  
Out of my present fortunes to distribute  
Some present comfort to my Sisters wants.

*Old For.* A grateful friend thou art, a kind dear  
brother,  
And a most loving son.

*Enter Philip, Susan, Merchant, Anne.*

*Phil.* Sir, more then all these fortunes now befall  
me,  
A fate 'midst all disaster unexpected,  
My noble brothers late success at sea  
Hath fill'd me with a surplussage of joy,  
Nor am I least of all endear'd to you,  
To be the first reporter.

*Mer.* 'Tis most true,  
And I the man that in the most distress  
Had first share of his bounty.

*Anne.* Of his goodness we have had sufficient taste  
already, but to be made more happy in his sight would  
plenally rejoyce us.

*Suf.* It would prove like furfet after sweet meats.

*Young For.* See all my friends, but first let me salute her to whom I am most bound.

*Suf.* My most dear father.

*Old For.* My blessings meeting with a husbands love

Make thy yeares long and happy.

*Anne.* You are most grateful

And much beyond my merit.

*Suf.* O spare me, Sir, to fly into his arms  
That hath so long fled from me.

*Young For.* My sweet Sister.

*Phil.* Bar me not all the best fruition  
Of what in part you have tasted : Sir, I am one  
Amongst the rest that love you.

*Young For.* I take my Sisters husband, unto me  
Therefore one most intir'd.

*Mer.* Sir the same,  
And I though last in my acknowledgement,  
Yet first in due arrearage.

*Young For.* You I know  
To be a worthy Merchant and my friend,  
To whose, next to your sisters courtesie  
I stand engag'd most for a forfeit life :  
But he next to the powers divine above  
I ever must adore ; and now faire creature  
I dare more boldly look upon the face  
Of your good man then when I saw you last.

*Mer.* And that's some question.

*Young For.* Wherefore hath that word struck you  
with sudden sadness.

*Anne.* My husband !

*Phil.* He's late dead, and yet hath left her none  
of the poorest widdows.

*Young For.* Dead did you say,  
And I a Batchelor, now on whom better  
Or justlier can I confer my self,  
Then to be hers by whom I have my being,  
And live to her that freely gave me life ?



There is a providence that prompts too't,  
And I will give it motion : Gentle Lady,  
By you I am, and what I am by you  
Be then to me as I have stit'd you last,  
A Lady ; heavens have made you my preserver,  
To preserve me for your self, loosing a husband,  
Who knows but you have sav'd me to that end,  
That lost name to recover ; and by me  
Sweet interchange and double gratitude :  
I left you sped, but find you now dispoyl'd :  
Married you venter'd for my single life ;  
Widdow'd, by me to gain the name of wife.

*Mer.* What, pause you at the motion ? you are not  
my Sister if you deny him.

*Phil.* Let me plead for him.

*Suf.* O doubly link me to you, be you stit'd my  
Brother and my Father.

*Old For.* With you let my age joyn, and make me  
proud to say, that in my last of daies, barren of issue,  
I have got so fair a daughter.

*Young For.* Sweet, your answer.

*Anne.* Sir, I should much mistake my own fair  
ends,  
Should I alone withstand so many friends.  
I am yours and onely so.

*Young For.* I yours the same,  
And Lady now I kisse you by that name.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clown.* What kissing already ! then I smel another  
wedding towards, and in no fitter time then now :  
prepare your selves Gentlemen and Gentlewomen ;  
make a hall ; for I come to present you with a Mask.

*Phil.* What Mask ?

*Clow.* Not such as Ladies wear upon their faces,  
to keep the foul from the fair, but a plain Mask, or  
rather more properly I may call it a Muming,  
because the presenters have scarce a word to speak  
for themselves.

*Phil.* If there be any that appear as friends, and come to grace our feast in courtesie, admit 'em prithe.

*Clow.* That shal I Sir, and with all expedition, And that without drum, without fife, or musitian. These two lines shall serve for the Prologue : now enter *scena prima, Dramatis personæ* ; these be the Actors, yet let me entreat you not to condemn them before you hear them speak.

*Phil.* Amazement startles me : are these my brothers ?

*Clow.* By the Fathers side it should seem ; for you know he was a hard man, and it should seem 'tis but a hard world with them.

*Phil.* And these my false friends that distrust heaven, and put their faith in riches ; I pray Gentlemen how comes this charge ?

*Foh.* How comes this change say you ? no change of pastors, which they say make fat calves, but change of drink, change of women, change of ordinaries, change of gaming, and one wench in the change, all these helpt to make this change in us.

*Wil.* And change is no robbery, I have been robbed, but not at ruffe, yet they that have robbed you see what a poor 'stock they have left me : A whore stole away my Maidenhead, ill company my good conditions, a broaker robbed me of my apparel, drink of my wits, and dice of my money.

*Phil.* This is no more then expectation : but how come you thus altered ?

*Clow.* If you had said haltered, Sir, you had gone more roundly to the business.

*Foh.* Sir, there was coyning laid to my charge, for which (though I acquit my self) I made my estate over unto a friend (for so I thought him) but now he has cosened me, and turned me out of all.

*Goodw.* In dead of night my counting house was broak ope by theeves, and all my coyn (which was my whole estate, and god I then did trust in) stole away, I left a forlorn beggar.

*Phil.* O wondrous, why this passes.

*Clow.* It may pass amongst the rest for a scurvey jest, but never like Mother *Passes* Ale, for that was knighted.

*Mer.* Ale knighted ! how I prithee ?

*Clow.* You have heard of Ale Knights, therefore it is not improbable that Ale may be knighted.

*Mer.* Thy reason ?

*Clow.* Why there is Ale in the town that passes from man to man, from lip to lip, and from nose to nose, but mother *Passes* double Ale I assure you, Sir-passes, therefore knighted.

*Phil.* Leave trifling, for more serious is the object. Offered before our eyes : In these heavens justice, In these a most remarkable president To teach within our height to know our selves ; Of which I make this use ; you are my brothers (A name you once disdained to call me by) Your wants shal be relieved : you that distrusted Heavens providence, and made a mock of want And others misery, no more deride ; Part of your losse shall be by me supplied According to my power.

*Young For.* My noble brother,  
You teach us virtue, of which I could wish  
All those that see good daies make happy use,  
So those distrest ; for both theres president,  
But to our present nuptials ; reverent Father  
Dear Lady, Sister, Friend, nay brothers too,  
But you Sir, most conjoynd and endeared.

*In us the world may see our fates well scan'd,  
Fortune in me by Sea, in you by Land.*

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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### PAGE I.

#### *The Royall King, and the Loyall Subject.*

Reprinted in the sixth volume of Dilke's old Plays (1816).

Printed for the Shakespeare Society, together with *A Woman Kild with Kindnesse*, with an Introduction and Notes by Mr. Payne Collier, in 1850.

It had not been reprinted since the publication of the old edition in 1637. Whether the poet then authorized the appearance of it in type is not stated; probably not, or he would have preceded it, as in most cases when he was a consenting party, by a dedication to some friend or patron, or by a brief address to the reader.

The preliminary matter consists only of a "Prologue to the Stage," which was, most likely, recited when the drama was originally acted: the "Epilogue to the Reader," which was not intended for an audience, shows that the drama had been written many years before it came from the press: indeed, the form and style of composition bears evidence of considerable antiquity; and Heywood himself remarks upon his frequent introduction of rhymes—a practice that prevailed, as most persons acquainted with the productions of our early stage are aware, in the comparative infancy of our theatres, when a successful effort was made, by a mixture of blank-verse and rhyme, and by the employment of "strong lines," to compensate for the partial absence of that constant jingle to which the ears of popular spectators had been accustomed. Heywood tells us—

"We know (and not long since) there was a time  
Strong lines were not look'd after, but if rhyme,  
Oh! then 'twas excellent."

So that we have the testimony of the author to establish, that his *Royall King and Loyall Subject* was written "not long since" the period when rhyme was in general use on the stage.

Were we to venture a conjecture as to the date when *The Royall King, and Loyall Subject* was produced, we should say, that it was shortly before the year 1600; and Heywood adds, in his Epilogue, that it was when

—"doublets with stuff'd bellies and big sleeves,  
And those trunk hose which now the age doth scorn,  
Were all in fashion."

It would be out of place here to enter into any discussion on the construction of the plot, or on the delineation of the characters; but we may observe that the first is remarkably simple, and the last somewhat feeble and deficient in variety.

#### PAGE 6.

##### *opposite hatred.*

"Opposite hatred" means the hatred of opposites, or *enemies*, a sense the word often bears in our old poets: it occurs again in the next line but two—"Guirt with the opposite rankes of Infidels." It cannot be necessary to cite instances, many of which may be found in Shakespeare, and a striking one on p. 55 of the present play.

##### *Ib.*

##### *my operant parts.*

This passage is quoted by Steevens, in a note on *Hamlet*, act iii., sc. 2, to show that the meaning of "operant" is *active*.

#### PAGE 7.

##### *With double use.*

With double *interest*, or *usance*.

#### PAGE 10.

##### *Ey, and hyperbolize in all his deeds.*

The most usual mode of spelling "Ay," in our old dramatists,

is by the letter I, used as an interjection ; but Heywood's printer in this play has adopted a new mode—*Ey*.

## PAGE 11.

*Our further plots digest.*

In our old writers, "digest" is a word that is often used for *digest*. It occurs, among others, in Webster and Middleton, but it is not necessary to quote the passages.

*Ib.*

Hollow *him* freight.

Both Dilke and Collier read "Follow," on the assumption that "Hollow" is a misprint. But it may be only the spelling that is at fault, and that the Marshal directs his servant to "Holla" or *cry out* after the King.

## PAGE 13.

To Burchen-lane *first*, to have suited us.

Birchin Lane was principally famous, at this time, for shops where clothes were sold : see Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, p. 55, 2nd edit., where many authorities on the point are collected. See *King Edward IV.* Part I. (Vol. i., p. 11.)

## PAGE 18.

*Whither wilt thou ?*

A proverbial expression, occurring in various old writers. Steevens quotes the passage in the text in his note upon *As You Like It*, act iv., sc. 1.

## PAGE 21.

*And venter lashing in the Porters Lodge.*

"The porter's lodge," says Gifford (in a note on Massinger's *Duke of Millain*) "in our author's days, when the great claimed, and indeed, frequently exercised the right of chastising their servants, was the usual place of punishment."

## PAGE 24.

*Here's a short horse soone curried.*

A proverbial expression, implying apparently that the business

in hand has been soon despatched. It is found in the *Valentinian* of Beaumont and Fletcher, where the Emperor and his courtiers are playing at dice, and one of them having lost his money stakes his horse—

*Chi.* At my horse, fir.

*Val.* The dappled Spaniard?

*Chi.* He.

*Val. (throws.)* He's mine.

*Chi.* He is so.

*Max.* *Your short horse is soon curried."*

PAGE 29.

*To grace where you appoint?*

So the original edition, from which Mr. Collier does not deviate. Mr. Dilke reads "to grace where *we* appoint."

PAGE 30.

*feed and be fat, my fine Cullapolis.*

Steevens, in his note on *Henry IV.*, Pt. II., act ii., sc. iv., quotes various old authors who, like Shakespeare, have employed this line, or something resembling it: it is parodied, or taken, from *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, which has been imputed to Peele. The only difference between Shakespeare and Heywood in the use of the passage, is that the former has "fair," where the latter has *fine*. In neither does it stand exactly as Peele gives it—"Feed, then, and faint not, my fair Calepolis." Elsewhere, with reference to another person, we have, in the same play, "Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe."

PAGE 43.

*Give expeditious order for the rites.*

The necessary prefix of *King* is omitted in the old copy before this speech, which is given as part of that of Isabella.

PAGE 46.

*With a standing bed in't, and a truckle too.*

Steevens quoted this passage in illustration of "his standing bed and his truckle bed," in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv. sc. 5.



## PAGE 47.

*and are so strange.*

The old copy has *strong* instead of "strange," which is clearly the right word.

*Ib.*

*old bully bottom.*

An expression adopted, possibly, from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 1, and differently applied.

## PAGE 49.

*Will you get you out of my doores, or shall wee scold you hence?*

"Scold" is the reading of the original quarto and of the Shakespeare Society's edition. I am inclined, however, to think that Mr. Dilke is undoubtedly right in reading "scald," both from the nature of the Clown's reply, and from the fact that the Bawd has already (p. 45) threatened the Captain and his servant to "wash them hence with hot scalding water," when the Clown makes a similar play upon the word. I have not ventured, indeed, to adopt the emendation: but any reader who is convinced of its necessity can easily alter the *o* into *a* with his pen.

As an instance of the looseness and inaccuracy of previous reprints of Heywood's plays, I may mention that in the passage cited above, Mr. Dilke prints, "Will you out of my doors," and Mr. Collier, "Will you get out of my doors;" the latter omitting one and the former two words of the text.

*Ib.*

*Goe you then, with your paire, &c.*

The terms "oars" and "sculls" were as well understood in Heywood's time as in our own, and the Clown here plays upon them.

## PAGE 50.

*With the French Fly, with the Sarpego dry'd.*

The disease here alluded to was often imputed to the French: respecting the "dry serpigo," see Steevens's note to *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii. sc. 3.

## PAGE 50.

*But Ile be modest.*

In the old copy, this declaration is made part of the speech of the Captain, but it clearly belongs to the woman, who, at the same time, offers to return the money.

## PAGE 51.

*Thinke the Plagues crosse, &c.*

The placing of a cross upon the doors of houses, the inhabitants of which were infected with the plague, is alluded to by various old writers : it was often accompanied with the words, "Lord, have mercy upon us." *Vide infra.*

*Ib.**Nay will you goe.*

The above scene is extremely gross, but it shows the manners of the time ; and is not more so than many portions of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, and those of other dramatists, which do not convey a moral so admirable and forcible. Heywood's laudable object was to disgust, not to excite.

*Ib.*PRINCE. *This noble Lady, &c.*

This speech is erroneously assigned to the Princess in the old copy. She speaks next.

## PAGE 55.

*The best of these, &c.*

Perhaps we ought to read, "The last of these," viz., her father's love : the misprint was easy.

## PAGE 57.

*Nothing more sure.*

In the old copy, the words, "than that" are made to begin the next speech of the Marshal. Mr. Collier thinks they should form part of the Queen's reply.

## PAGE 59.

*Fixt upon wealth, to want unnaturall.*

The sense is perhaps incomplete, in consequence of the sudden entrance of Match and Touch-boxe.

*Ib.*

*God-a-mercy horse.*

A proverbial exclamation. See *Tarlton's Jests*, printed by the Shakespeare Society in 1844, p. 23.

## PAGE 66.

*This must not hold, &c.*

From the number of rhyming lines in this play, we may perhaps suspect an error here, and that Heywood intended a couplet :—

“ This must not hold, prevention out of hand,  
For if the Martial rise, *not long we stand.*”

Possibly, however, the poet purposely meant to avoid the jingle : the same remark will apply to what immediately follows between Clinton and Chester :—

“ *Clin.* Our wits must then to worke,  
*Chest.* Of force, they must ;  
This is not that to which our fortunes trust.”

In printing the play, in 1637, the author may have introduced the change, in order to give it a more modern appearance, and to expunge rhymes which, at the time the drama was originally performed, were acceptable.

## PAGE 67.

*That force perforce our subject must give place.*

An expression hardly requiring a note, since it frequently occurs in Shakespeare. See, particularly, *Henry IV.*, Part II., act iv. sc. 1, and act iv. sc. 4.

## PAGE 70.

*my Bandileero.*

The *bandileer* was a leathern belt worn by the musketeers over the left shoulder, to which was suspended a bullet bag, a primer, a priming-wire, and ten or twelve small boxes, each containing a charge of powder.

## PAGE 70.

*my Pike to a Pickadevant.*

This expression is found in the *Midas* of Lyly, and seems to have been the affected term for the beard when so dressed as to taper to a point, or what the courtly barber there calls a *bodkin* beard.

*Ib.*

*our provant.*

*i.e.*, our provision—what was provided for soldiers in the way of food, and sometimes clothing and arms : thus in old authors we read of “provant breeches” and “provant fwords.”

## PAGE 80.

*Prais'd for your hospitall vertues.*

“Hospital” for *hospitable*.

## PAGE 84.

*The Epilogue to the Reader.*

The Prologue was “to the Stage,” but this Epilogue was, of course, not recited, but intended as an excuse for the revival of an old play, by the publication of it. Among other points, it refers to the period when rhymes were mainly in request with audiences, and they are abundantly sprinkled throughout the different scenes.

## PAGE 355.

*Prologue, &c., to the Famous Tragedy of the Rich Jew of Malta.*

This play was written by Christopher Marlowe, and published by Heywood in 1633 with a Dedictory Epistle “To my worthy friend, Mr. Thomas Hammon, of Grayes Inne.

“This play, composed by so worthy an Authour as Mr. *Marlo*, and the part of the Jew presented by so vnimitable an Actor as Mr. *Allin*, being in this later Age commended to the Stage : As I vther'd it unto the Court, and presented it to the Cock-pit, with these Prologues and Epilogues here inserted, so now being newly brought to the Presse, I was loath it should be published without the ornament of an Epistle ; making choyce of you vnto whom to deuote it, then whom (of all those Gentlemen and ac-

quaintance, within the compasse of my long knowledge) there is none more able to taxe Ignorance, or attribute right to merit. Sir, you have bin pleased to grace some of mine owne workes with your curteous patronage: I hope this will not be the worfe accepted, because commended by mee; ouer whom, none can clayme more power or priuilege than your selfe. I had no better a New-yeares gift to present you with; receive it therefore as a continuance of inuiolable obliegement, by which, he rests still ingaged; who as he euer hath, shall alwayes remaine *Tuissimus*: THO. HEYWOOD."

PAGE 359.

FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA.

This play, together with the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, was edited by Mr. Barron Field, and printed for the Shakespeare Society, in 1846.

"Although this play was acted 'by the Queen's servants,' it was not published till the year 1655, after the death of its authors, and during the Protectorate of Cromwell, when plays could only be read, not acted. There is only that one edition, which is very badly printed, with all the blank verse like prose, to save space. With the exception of the fourth scene of the third Act, it is a very good drama, full of spirit and poetical justice. It would seem unnatural, now-a-days, that an eldest son, for marrying a young lady with no fortune, should by his father be not only disinherited, but made, together with his wife, domestic servants to the father and younger brothers; but in Heywood's days such patriarchal tyranny could be practised with no check from public opinion. The land was almost the only property: that generally went by heirship; and younger brothers, under pretence of having the run of the house, were virtually servants to the heir, unless they had the spirit to go abroad, as soldiers or sailors, or the wit to enter into one of the learned professions."—BARRON FIELD.

It may be noted that, in the original edition of this play, the names of both the authors are wrongly spelt; an error of which I believe in the case of Heywood no other instance exists.

PAGE 376.

*Betwixt us play the sticklers.*

The *sticklers* were the moderators of a combat, Steevens thinks

from their carrying sticks, but Nares from the verb "stickle," (to arbitrate). The expression, "with his shop-club" in this passage, seems to favour the former interpretation. See *Troilus and Cressida*, act v. sc. 9 :—

"The dragon-wing of Night o'erspreads the earth,  
And *stickler-like*, the armies separates."

PAGE 379.

*you know somewhat hath some savour.*

This is the first half of an old proverb. The whole of it is in Swift's *Polite Conversation*: "Something has some savour but nothing has no flavour."

PAGE 380.

*the four bare legs that belong to a bed.*

In Swift's *Polite Conversation* we have :—"Confider, Mr. Neverout, four bare legs in a bed ; and you are a younger brother."

PAGE 384.

*Ile go teach ye hayte and ree, gee and whoe.*

"In the eastern counties, according to Forby and Moore, the ejaculation *Hait-wo!* or *Height!* is now used only to turn a cart-horse to the left ; and *Ree!* is given by the latter as a command which causes a movement to the right. In Yorkshire, for *gee-oo* the carters say *hite* and *ree*. "Height nor ree," (neither go nor drive) spoken of a wilful person."—Way's *Promptorium*, in v. Hayght. In Nash's *Summer's Last Will and Testament* (1600), is another account of *hay-ree*.

"*Harvest*. Hay, God's plenty, which was so sweet and so good, that when I jerted with my whip, and said to my horses but *hay*, they would go as they were mad.

*Summer*. But *hay* alone thou say'st not, but *hay* and *ree*.

*Harvest*. I sing *hay-ree*, that is, hay and rye, meaning that that they shall have *hay* and *rye*, their belly-fulls, if they will draw hard."

In the old Interlude of "John Bon and Maist Person" we see the words in action :—

"With *haight*, black Hab !

Have again, Bald, before, *hayght*, *ree*, *whoo!*

Cherely, boy : come off, that homeward we may go."

PAGE 389.

ANNE : *And hand to hand?*YOUNG FOR. *In single opposition.*

"In single opposition, hand to hand," is a line from Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* Part I. (act 1, sc. 3). Rowley (Heywood's partner in this play) has the same line in Webster's and his *Thracian Wonder* (act v. sc. 2).

PAGE 397.

*Unlesse too cold harbor.*

Cold-harbour, or Coldharborough, was an old building in Dowgate Ward. Stow (*Survey*, p. 188, ed. 1528,) tells us, "The last deceased Earle [of Shrewsbury] tooke it down, and in place thereof builded a great number of small tenements, now letten out for great rents to people of all forts."—Debtors and persons not of the most respectable character used to take refuge there. Middleton calls it the "devil's sanctuary." *A Trick to catch the old one.*—*Works*, ii. 55, ed Dyce.

PAGE 415.

*next charge your Murderers.*

The small cannon placed in the forecastle of a ship-of-war were formerly called *murderers*. See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Honest Man's Fortune* (act v. sc. 3):—

"She has a *murderer* lies in her prow  
I am afraid will fright his mainmast."

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.











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